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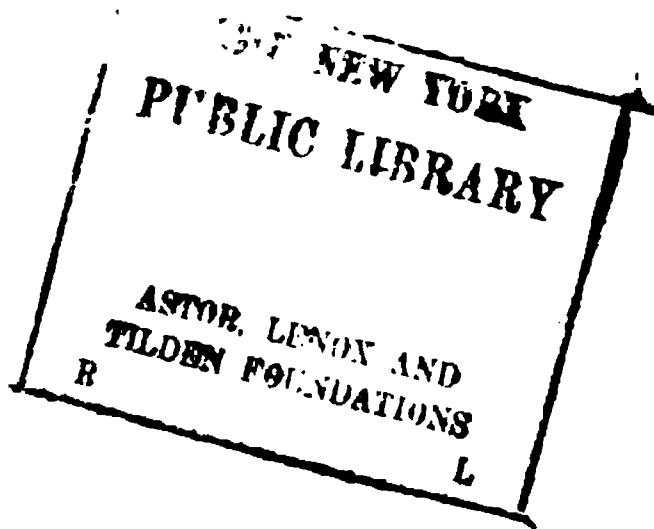
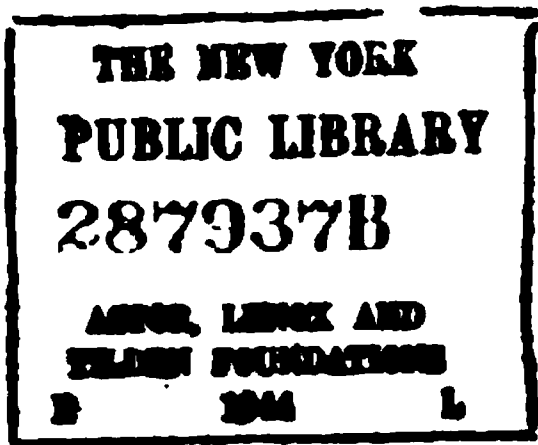
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Private and by the at 23 November. 23 November 2000. 2000

LAST 100 YEARS

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.
OR
Monthly Calendar
of the Transactions of
The Turf, The Chase,
AND
EVERY OTHER DIVERSION,
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprise, & Spirit.
VOL 7. SECOND SERIES.
or Vol 82. Old Series.

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Embellished with

I. THE FIND.—II. THE TROUT.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, APRIL 8.

SIR,

WHETHER from the fickle weather, scanty supplies, decline in taste for good old English sports, or some other cause beyond the reach of my penetration, I know not ; but the Meeting on the first day was certainly a thin one, though in character and respectability quite equal to those of former years. The arrivals were principally on Saturday and Monday morning. Formerly Sunday used to be the great day for travelling here ; for exhibiting the horses in the afternoon, which created a sort of disorderly fair for the villagers, a market for the *legs*, and a sort of mart for Gentlemen that were not over nice where they might lay out their money to any amount.

Happily these practices, for many reasons, have been fast declining for years, and are now altogether gone, without even one hint from Sir Andrew Agnew ! and, to the honour of the Turf, few churches are better filled, or few towns more orderly, than Newmarket on a Meeting Sunday.—Monday is certainly another thing : here Lords, grooms, jockeys, and others are all in motion, and a Poet might say—

To see the race, some drive, some ride,
some run ;
Some to do others, some to be undone :
While some look calmly on, dare not
begin ;
From fear of losing, are afraid to win,
For the comfort and convenience of

A

those who choose to make a little exertion on the MONDAY, in order to rest themselves, their servants and horses, on the day previous, the sports did not begin till two o'clock—in the following order: The Craven Stakes, according to custom, the first race; but Sir Mark Wood's Camarine, from what has been said of her, and from what she has done, spoiled the show as well as the trade. Where is the interest and the expected pleasure of seeing a parcel of countrymen on foot running after a wild stag? and where the chance of gain by betting, when all the people are of one opinion?..... four to one being offered on every side on Camarine against eleven others, and no takers—though amongst them were names of note, and others with secret pretensions, but with hopes so slender and money so scarce, the peoples are from necessity become too wise to throw it away. There was a little bungling in the start—the man, perhaps, a little nervous from not being quite warm in office after such a long winter; so that, after the race was over, it was deemed to have been a false start, which Camarine won by a length in a most tantalising canter—rode, I was going to say, by Robinson, but there was really no riding in the case. Boyce, on Rubini, was second; the rest anywhere (except in front), everywhere, and nowhere. Mr. Wagstaff's Fang and Lady Charlotte now claimed the privilege of exposing themselves, not having taken any share in the last; the others having already had enough. These two undertook to pluck the laurels from the unconquered Camarine, and got beat for their temerity by about six lengths, with the odds at eight to one (and more) against them.

The second race was a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for two and three years old, Ab. Mile, Handicap, for which eighteen started, the betting not very brisk, and the odds four and a half to one, "pick where you will." There were only about four out of the eighteen that came up to this price; and the odds against the winner anything you might choose to name. This was Mr. Forth's colt by

Whisker, his dam Scandal, rode by Charley Edwards, at 7st. 11lb., well jockeyed at the weight, and won by two lengths: Mr. T. Wood's Ambrosio second, beautifully brought out by G. Edwards as both groom and jockey; but nine stone could not contend against one of the same year and almost the same pretensions, giving seventeen pounds. Sam Chifney rode his brother's Emiliana delightfully, giving thirteen pounds, but with all his skill could not do impossibilities. Nothing else seemed able to get up, or to remain there even if they had done so.

The Nineteenth Riddlesworth Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—where the dam had not been tried as a brood mare, to be allowed 3lb., or where the sire had not been tried, 3lb.; if both, 5lb.—There were nineteen named to this great adventure, now rising three years old, but at the last moment three only were prepared to start that were opposed to each other. Lord Jersey, by way of mystifying the thing, brought out two, winning with Lucius by Emilius, his dam Cobweb (the mare that so delightfully graced the *Sporting Magazine* about three years ago). Robinson rode him to the very stride, I should think, of his employer's wishes, and won it by a length without letting us know whether this was all he could do, or whether he could have done more. Lord Tavistock's Anglesea second, rode by G. Edwards, equally well managed, though unsuccessful; Mr. Wilson's Silvertail colt third, directed by Wheatley, who must have had an unpleasant ride of it, from his horse running unkindly with him. If this was occasioned by the pace being too fast at first, he ought to have forgotten it, as it was very accommodating at the finish; and, as far as appearances go, if these are the cream of the year, the milk must be like that from the Alderney Dairy, where the master and man both watered it. The betting also was of the passive kind: you might have had any one of the three on the same terms.

The Desert Stakes of 100 sovs.

each, h. ft. : colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb., five subscribers—four of them ran, and Lord Tavistock's Phantom colt paid, A. F. (Across the Flat). They came a smart pace to Ab. M. Bottom, when Weeper became *cheerful* all at once, and went in, with Connolly *smiling* upon her, a good length first: Mr. Payne's Miss Stephenson colt second. Lord Conyngham's Brother to Blythe ceased to be *gay*, and the Duke of Richmond's Ketchup (though from the real Mushroom) would not *keep good*, and the two were both left behind.

Lord Chesterfield's Brother to Marcus cantered over for a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. to which Lord Lichfield's Elizabeth filly, Lord Verulam's Camel colt, Lord Exeter's Mountebank colt, and the Duke of Rutland's Lunatic colt, had the mortification to pay.—Four other engagements were disposed of in a similar way, as far as paying goes, which is the least loss with a bad horse, as well as a saving of time, and prevents disappointment.

TUESDAY's list gave us some reason to expect five races, but four only were decided which could go the fastest and last the longest. The first of these, a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for foals of 1880: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. R. M.; three pounds allowed for untried sires, and the same for dams, but not both—four started and came well together to within twenty yards of home, the Duke of Grafton's colt Fidalgo the favorite at two and a half to one on him, when Arnall just won "a head" by very good riding on Mr. Shard's, or rather Gen. Grosvenor's Falernia by Chateau Margaux, her dam Selina by Delpini; Fidalgo second; Mr. Mills's colt by Lapdog, his dam Effie Deans, third—beat half a length only by the winner, and the fourth well up:—a pretty smart race, well got up, but with nothing wonderful in the materials.

Sweepstakes of 150 sovs. each, h. ft. six named, and three ran, which was won by Mr. Houldsworth's Despot by half a length; rode to perfection, of course, by Robinson; Mr. Chifney's

Shoveler filly second, rode by Henry Edwards, equally elegant, but not so successful; Lord Exeter's Marinella colt third. Darling tried every variety in the art of persuasion, but could not win. Mr. Thornhill paid forfeit with his Merlin colt out of Specie.....out of Specie! what a horrible sound in a pedigree! Mr. Scott paid with his Zoe colt: this, I suppose, has something *to do* with *specie* too, and Mr. Chifney to be made first favorite, and not winning, is *not to be done* without.

Lord Orford's Clearwell, by Jerry, 8st. 7lb. beat Lord Chesterfield's Weeper, 7st. 11lb. a very interesting match for 200 sovs., the Two-Year-Old Course, each party decidedly sanguine, although the betting was 6 to 4 on the offspring of Sorrow; but Clearwell was on his favorite course, was always, or could have been, a length first, and with this advantage the race ended.

The Oatlands Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., D. I., now engrossed every consideration, and if the weather had been fine, the company more numerous, and money plentiful, we should have had some spirited betting, as there were four or five favorites on nearly equal terms, 4 and 5 to 1 against, with backers and takers, though not numerous, yet strong and willing: it is, however, by no means uncommon, when people have great things to look upon, to neglect little ones altogether. This was the case on the present occasion: some sly handicapper, while others were dazzled by great names, put 6st. 12lb. on Mr. Hunter's Rouncival, one of the prettiest powerful horses on the Turf, and a weight just suited to Natty, one of the best light weights now in practice. Every three-year-old in the Stakes gave him weight—Beiram, for instance, 17lb.—a long distance, hilly course, and heavy ground: Rouncival of course won; the Duke of Cleveland's Trustee very near it, *very forward*, and Tommy Lye upon him *much more so*. Many think this lucky jockey "sets to," as they call it, much better on the North of the Trent than on the South of it; but

this must either be fancy or comparison: Mr. Walker's Consol, finely rode by Wm. Scott, was well up; as was Mr. Gully's Lady Fly. Beiram, Mouse, and Argent, all began to fail together somewhere near to the Duke's Stand. Many thought the pace Across the Flat far from killing. Be that as it may, it was the wet state of the ground that made it so distressing. I could not learn that anything like sums of money were won by any one but Mr. Hunter; and to prove that "it never rains but it pours," he received forfeit in the next race of 100 sovs. each, seven subscribers, to Forester, his Derby horse.

The list for WEDNESDAY presented us with the appearance of four interesting races, promising a slight peep into futurity; but the horses were either so well rode, or other matters so well managed, that we left the Heath with about the same stock of knowledge we took up with us.

The first race was the Column Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., R.M.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; mares that had not bred a winner allowed 3lb., sires the same; and if both, 5lb.—fifteen subscribers. Eight came to the post, and seven paid forfeit. Mr. Batson's Revelry, by Reveller, very nicely rode by Natt, got placed first by half a length, after being second in the betting; Lord Chesterfield's Dirce, first favorite, second (Connolly): Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Tarrare colt, although rode by Robinson, and his mother a witch, could only get third, but beat only half a length from the second. In Abingdon Mile Bottom the three looked like winning, with confidence in their faces, whatever their private notions might be; Revelry, however, shewed in the last few strides that she was equal at heart and better in stride. "How lucky Mr. Batson is, always to have a racer or two, and never keeps more than three or four horses!" Lucky! Oh! how (but for one reason) I hate the word, as if there was no such thing as merit in breeding, rearing, training, and riding. If I am to be on the Turf, pray let

me build my hopes on these, and not on luck.

Subscription for a 50l. Plate: two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 7lb.; and four, 9st.—Sir M. Wood's Contriver, his dam a Sister to Scheme, came in first. The people were delighted, particularly those that won, with the name Sir *Mark* gave his colt, and his plan of winning the race, which was done by a head, and the workmanship by Pavis, his jockey, quite equal to the design; Lord Berners's Oscar filly, Camarine's dam, was second, but hanging to the left the last hundred yards no doubt made her lose ground: the other three being well up, made the thing quite complete. Lord Jersey liked the arrangement so much that he withdrew his *Blunderer* from fear of spoiling it; but those who lost their money lost their taste and good manners, when they told his Lordship he ought to have done it.

The Anson Dinner Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb., Across the Flat.—Nine promised to be of the party at this sumptuous meal, but four of them made excuses and three deaths (which is no excuse, as you pay the same, dead or alive, unless you die yourself). This reduced the company to two. Lord Exeter took the head of course, with his colt by Sultan, his dam Emeline, proposed by General Yates, and waited upon by Sam Darling. Lord Lichfield's filly by Sligo, which is *no go* "at all, at all," was lucky enough to be second when two started.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds, Ditch Mile.—Three ran, and two paid:—a smart race; won by Colonel Peel's Malibran, half a length, rode by Natt with his usual excellence; Lady Charlotte second, equally well steered by little Rogers, who gives progressive promise of being first-rate; Mr. Ridsdale's Emperor third, beat by a head only from Lady Charlotte. Great desire being expressed by many to see Mr. Wood's Landscape colt in this race, Mr. Wood politely assured them that according to his notions of the fine arts, a Landscape never looks so well as in fine weather.

THURSDAY's sport (if it be sport to be drenched to death with rain, pelted with hail, and starved with cold) consisted of six races, three of them won by General Grosvenor, who thought the weather—from being an *old soldier, perhaps*—far from being so disagreeable as many others thought it. He won the first with Falernia, by Chateau Margaux, 8st. 3lb., from Mr. Cosby's Temperance, 8st. 7lb., R. M., 100 sovs. Thus Arnall, with his Claret, beat Robinson with his Temperance.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb., Ditch Mile, won "three parts of a length" by Lord Verulam's Sultan colt—his dam Tredrille—with little opposition; so that a pretty-looking horse, a good-looking jockey (Connolly), and a Stakes of 800 sovs., are attractions, not only worthy of the notice of the Descendant, but of the great Bacon himself, if he were here: the pace, however, was as slow as law proceedings when there is plenty of money in the case. Robinson, on Lord Worcester's Zealot colt, was second; and John Day, on the Duke of Grafton's Fidalgo, third. Ishmael forfeited; one *paid this* and the debt of Nature too.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds, T.Y.C., six subscribers.—General Grosvenor's Falernia (Natt) won it easy by a length; Mr. Payne's Whiteboy colt second, Sir M. Wood's Dromedary third, and three paid forfeit.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for two-year-olds, four subscribers.—This Pavis won, on the Duke of Richmond's Ketchup, by three lengths, quite in a canter, but a regular mushroom hunting pace; Arnall, on Temperance (free from the gout of course), second; Felucca, third; Mr. Forth's Woful filly lastbut why point at Mr. Forth's *Woful filly*, when there was so much of that family in the lot!

General Grosvenor's filly Blue Eyes, her dam Blue Stockings, shamefully beat Lord Verulam's filly by Sultan, her dam Manille. Either through *obstinacy, timidity, or inca-*

pacity, she never exerted herself, though strenuously called upon by Connolly on every point; while John Day went in lovingly with Blue Eyes, taking any place or pace he wished to choose.

The Forfeit Class of the Oatlands, an affair of great excitement but not of wealth, being for 10 sovs. each, thirteen subscribers, and three only expected to run—Emancipation, Oxygen, and Dinah; when at the *last moment* the Duke of Cleveland drew his horse, which petrified both *black-legs* and *white-feet*; but I say to them what I have ever said, that if a man enters into an engagement, and fulfils all the conditions specified, he has a right to use his own discretion. Custom is not a law, in spite of self-interest, ignorance, and insolence. His Grace no doubt acted on the score of humanity, and at the last struggle could not, for a minute's pleasure to himself, or to gratify the avarice of others, destroy such a beautiful and valuable creature as Emancipation, a delicate animal, with 9st. 9lb. on his back—a long and severe course at all times, the ground as deep as ever was known, some of it new made, and raining in torrents at the time, with a distant chance of winning a paltry stake of 120l. No! No! I am glad the Duke of Cleveland is still a consistent Reformer, and a friend to *Emancipation*. Now if His Grace, on the strength of not letting his horse run, and keeping it a secret to the very last, had interfered in the betting about the other two, there is no doubt but some, even upright men, would have said, "this is too cunning and too low for exalted rank;" but nothing of the kind did take place. Dinah and Oxygen made one of the finest races that was ever seen at Newmarket or elsewhere, and during every part of the contest no other remark would apply. The good riding of John Day, the honest heart of Oxygen (giving nine pounds), and the present state of the ground on one side; against the beautiful muscular Dinah, her light weight, and the perfect horsemanship of Connolly, on the other—indeed we never saw

him to such advantage before, sitting well back on his saddle, keeping exact time with his own action and the horse's exertions: to this nicety Mr. Kirby is indebted for the Forfeit Class of the Oatlands, winning it by a head.

The next race, and one of the greatest consequence, was the Claret Stakes—had it been called the *Brandy Stakes*, half the people being almost perished with cold, it would not have been neglected. There was *much money* also attached to it: this is a great improvement to Claret, whether to the palate of the peer or the palette of the painter. The Stakes had eight subscribers of 200 sovs. each: four came to the post, this made the Claret worth 1000*l.* *really rich and good.* There are, however, few hands now-a-days wherein it would keep; but if any one *can do it* the winner is "the one." There was nothing particular in the start nor in the pace Across the Flat, but on nearing the Duke's Stand, from want of health, condition, or both, poor Margrave fell into the rear quite powerless. Strength and speed in horses, with the three jockeys now left, were called upon in one moment, as if by magic, when a more beautiful race than can ever be described took place, and no man with any pretensions to sporting knowledge (who saw it) will ever forget: Chifney on Trustee won it by a head in the last three strides: if he had gone a yard sooner, he could not have lasted; and if he had waited a thought longer, he would have been too late. Robinson rode Minster, and went as far as human knowledge and human nature can go. There were some who thought his horse rather lusty; but the man that gives up his time, his industry, his penetration, and practice, is, from one horse differing from another, much more likely to be the best judge, particularly if his subject is in a fit state to exercise his abilities upon. Beiram ran an extraordinary good horse, and, though he was not second, was only beat half a length. Beiram is much furnished since last year, and may now be placed in the very front rank with our far-famed English racers,

not only vieing with them in beauty, but rivalling them in speed and stoutness.

FRIDAY—a long day's racing: none, however, but a lover of the sport, or an interested one, could stay to see it out, the wet and cold, though the 12th of April, being excessive. The first race was a harmless little Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, three subscribers, which Lord Verulam's Tredrille colt won by two lengths, with Connolly's place. a sinecure; Robinson on Mr. Cosby's Giantess, second; Blue Eyes third, with the odds 4 to 1 upon her. Natt tried all he could, but that is nothing; it was a bad day for *Blue Eyes*, and not very good for *red ones*: *black legs*, I believe, fared a little better.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M.—three started and two paid. It would be risking one's reputation to call this a race, though won a head only by the Duke of Richmond's (Lord Uxbridge's) Miss Craven's dam filly, rode by Boyce, whose best exertions could not keep her quite straight. In colour, and at first sight, this thing is very like Miss Craven; but on a closer inspection the great difference, as the Doctors say, is in the "regions of the chest." Mr. Vansittart's Elisena (Arnull) was second, and Lord Lowther's Scurry a long way last.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for two and three-year-olds, T.Y.C., the winner to be sold for 40*l.* It was said that Newmarket was very full of horses all through the winter, and this race, a wag says, was made to prove it. The Duke of Richmond's filly Sierra by Wamba, rode by Pavis, a length first; Mr. Cosby's Giantess second (Arnull). Mr. C. claimed the winner for G. Edwards "here's your works!" a good racer for forty pounds! and if, as the Faculty say, "fat is a disease," Sierra is warranted perfectly free from it. There were two or three others in the race, but of course at a very inferior price, not being near so good.

Subscription Plate of 50*l.* for horses of all ages, beginning at two years old, and going up to Flying Childers

if he was alive—ten subscribers. Arnall on Gab, brilliant in himself, and his horse made to match, won all the way like a Childers—this put me in mind of it. It somehow happened that the printer forgot to put in the list, “the winner to be sold,” &c. for 300l.; it also happened that Arthur Pavis, in that “Cock-a-hoop independent sort of way,” as some one remarked, chose to ride in a dress totally unknown to every one, without giving notice in the proper quarter; so that this man in masquerade, and his horse, which was second (Mr. Gardnor’s Ida), and the conditions of sale, were not discovered till too late to be claimed, so that Arnall and the successful Gab may, we hope, meet again! and again!

The anxious moment for the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each having arrived, everything forgot the wet, the cold, and the dirt, except the poor horses that laboured in it. Little can be said on the early part of the race, but as soon as they came in sight Lord Exeter’s Galata was about eighty yards first without afterwards relinquishing one inch of it, not allowing Darling, her jockey, even to interfere in the least. We had a beautiful race for second, a hundred pounds being given to the occupier of that place. This Mr. Chifney’s Emiliana won from little Archibald (the favorite against the field) by half a length. Poor little fellow! his small size and fine stride almost buried him; Mixbury and Messenger were soon disposed of. Emiliana was in the betting at about 4 to 1 against her.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. rising three years old, D. M. won by Lord Tavistock’s Angelsea by Sultan, a neck, with no small share of advice and assistance from Robinson. Lord Exeter’s Emmeline colt, a great favorite, second (Darling), after appearing quite done up, came again surprisingly, but was not only too late but in close custody, under the watchful eye of Robinson; Divan third; Elvaston fourth and last.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.

for fillies, 8st. 5lb. D. M. won by Mr. Cooke’s Tarantella (Teddy Wright) three lengths; Lord Exeter’s Augusta filly by Sultan (Darling) second; Mr. Chifney’s Shoveller filly (H. Edwards) third. One paid, and one wrong named.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each was won by Lord Exeter’s Emmeline colt, named by Colonel Peel, quite in a canter, rode by Darling, first at least by two lengths; the Pledge colt by Lottery (John Day) second: four others made the best terms they could.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. D. M. won by Lord Chesterfield’s Weeper by half a length at the last, rode by Natt, beating the Duke of Grafton’s Octave, by John Day; these were the only two that started. This and previous running has taken these Ladies down in their class, having been first and second favorites for the Oaks all the winter; but the dry ground at Epsom may bring them up again, as no doubt they both possess some high game qualities.

The Ale Stakes (*Hail Stakes* it might have been, as we were scarcely free from it for an hour during the week) of 100 sovs. each; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.; D. I. This was won cleverly by Lord Berners’ Rotterdam colt by Emilius. His Lordship seems to be reversing the order of things; when a commoner, he used to take *wine*; now he is a Peer, he takes *ale*. John Day made use of the Produce of Rotterdam with perfect discretion. Wheatley, on Lord Lowther’s Lazarone, second, claimed the winner for 400l. (one of the conditions of the race), for, it is said, the Duke of Rutland: so that if His Grace had only half a horse before, he must have a sort of three-cornered stud now—a horse and a half. Lord Exeter’s Spencer was *all behind*: a coat may make a *spencer*, but his Lordship’s *spencer* can never make a coat.—This race ended a genteel, select, dull meeting, with the weather, scenery, and something else to correspond.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, April 13, 1833.



OH, 'TIS THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

Oh, 'tis the merry month of May !
 Hence, away with melancholy ;
 Banish sorrow, banish folly ;
 Pleasure is crown'd on the gay May day
 With laughter, song, and harmony,
 And health, and love, and liberty,
 And mirth, and jollity, and glee.

Oh, 'tis the merry, merry—merry, merry—merry month of May,
 And the village youths and maidens and the garlands green are gay !

Oh, 'tis the mellow month of May !
 Gone is winter, like a bubble ;
 Gone its terrors, gone its trouble ;
 Nature is clad in rich array ;
 And summer suns, in happy skies,
 With the mellow matin rise,
 Tingeing heaven with glorious dyes !

Oh, 'tis the mellow, mellow—mellow, mellow—mellow month of May,
 And the village youths and maidens and the garlands green are gay !

Oh, 'tis the merry May day morn !
 Colds, rheumatic pains, and cholic
 Wait not on a vernal frolic.
 Wind the boreal dirge on the sounding horn ;
 For the winds of March have had their sway,
 And April damps no longer slay,
 And winter storms are far away !

Oh, 'tis the merry, merry—merry, merry—merry May day morn,
 By the village youths and maidens gay the garlands green are borne !

O

THE FIND.

Engraved by COOK, from a painting by F. C. TURNER.

“ Drag on him ! ah, wind him, my steady good hounds ;
 Drag on him ! ah, wind him, the cover resounds.”

THIS is the third of Mr. Turner's Series illustrative of the good old song, “ A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky.” The portrait is the celebrated HONEYWOOD MARE, the property of Sir Edward John Honeywood, Bart. of Everington, who, with that kindly feeling so peculiarly belonging to the genuine Sportsman, lent her to the East Kent Hunt for the use of the whipper-in. She is strong, handsome, amazingly clever at her fences, can do the trick well, and go the pace through a long day with these hounds, which is no mean one, as they are seldom troubled with

the *slows* : but though she shews so many good points and rare qualities, her breeding is not known. The Artist was present at THE FIND, at Thornley Park, near Canterbury, at the close of the season 1832, and hence the choice of the spirited subject which he has transferred from the field to the canvas. The run was short, sharp, and decisive ; and whilst we contemplate the animated cheering “ Drag on him ! ” we can easily fancy the Artist's ears still ringing with the glorious shouts of “ Who-whoop ! Who-whoop ! ” that so quickly followed.

A FEW DAYS IN THE VALE OF BLACKMOOR.

BY DASHWOOD.

(Concluded from our last Volume, page 457.)

SIR,

ON retiring from the happy and merry group assembled at the hospitable board at Stock House, one observation occurred to me as I was putting on my night-cap, the result of my experience in this extraordinary and capricious world. I have seen in my time, I may say, not a little of the different gradations of society, and have mixed in every fireside circle from the hall of the Peer to the cottage of the yeoman. I have partaken of every dainty that the earth could produce, served on plate, &c. on the Monday, and on the Tuesday *have eaten peas-soup out of a tea-cup* with an acquaintance under a cloud*. I have *in person* undergone as many vicissitudes of fate as any man breathing of the same age. I have had my hounds and my hunters, my side-board of plate and my liveried lacqueys; and I have seen them, and every other comfort, disappear with more than pantomimical celerity at the harlequin touch of a trusted and rascally attorney. I have eaten greedily of the *luxuries* of idleness, and have been compelled to earn the *bread* of work and industry. I have been hurled from an intimacy with, and a residence amongst, the most Aristocratical of the Aristocracy, and sent, by villany and fraud, into exile at an obscure smuggling hole, to pare the loaf for those

dependent on me with a cautious and wary hand.

Now every grade of condition brings its separate companions; and having rung almost all the changes, and encountered almost all the chances that appertain to this life, it may be easily imagined that I have had to herd with most of its varieties of society. One grand truth, then, have I reaped from this promiscuous intercourse with my species.....the Sportsman—the man deeply imbued with the love of hounds and hunting—is, under all circumstances and in all situations, the happiest in existence! I will say nothing of him in prosperity, save that his life is one of extacy and enthusiasm: but of his adversity I *will* say, that, more than any other individual on earth, do the reminiscences of the past and the hopes of the future sustain and enliven him in it. I have never met an instance in all my practice that would not confirm me in the fixed opinion, that hunting and the love of it form the genuine *elixir vitæ*; and that with those who know how to use it, there is more hearty and sincere good fellowship than amongst any other set of beings under the sun. Let those who doubt this select their twelve men to whom the noble science is unknown or odious: let them choose the most oily-tongued and specious Statesman—the most

* Fact. Not many years ago I formed one of a party of five, when each man dipped his cup into the bowl—both ladle and soup-plate being absent without leave. It is my intention some time or other to speak again of this entertainment: the events of the evening are well worthy of being recorded, and the scene altogether, I think, will be found to be a rich one.

honest and plausible limb of the law they can lay hold of—let it be a *picked draft*, in short, of six couples, if not of *vulpecides*, at least of people opposed to hunting; and I will then produce *my* lot, consisting of the first six couple of *true* sportsmen* I can lay my hand upon, and fearlessly challenge a comparison in every point, where, in relation to his neighbour, one man is supposed to excel another. It is no idle assertion of my own, but matter of history and on record, that the Sportsman's gate was never knocked at in vain by a brother in distress and affliction: than his, no eye glistens more readily, and no hand opens so spontaneously at the tale, *although it be only a tale*, of want and destitution; and he carries the freemasonry of this spirit far far beyond the brethren of his craft, and earns from all who apply to him the euphonious appellation of a *friend in need*. Whose life is more blameless or unstained with vice? Who treads with more undeviating footsteps the even tenor of his way? Whose meridian of life is spent more happily or more free from all the heart-gnawings of the world; and across the setting of whose evening sun is it in the power of conscience to throw so few clouds to dim it?

Such were the reflections with which I closed the busy day and most social evening of the eighteenth of February: let me now proceed to say a few words of what took place on

Tuesday the 19th.—Met Mr. Yeatman's harriers this day at

Stalbridge Park, and refer my readers for an account of the very perfect and beautiful run we had with them to the "Continuation of the Hunting Journal of the B. V. H. 1833." Suffice it here to say, that no language can be too strong in which to praise the performance either of the pack or of their huntsman, for before they began to run straight, *he* had *his* work, and so had *they*, to get over amongst the roads, &c. &c. To those who feel disposed to question the speed of these deep-tongued "long-ears," I think this day's proceedings would present a *poser*; for, from the time *they set to in earnest*, over as fine a country to cross as was ever witnessed, one man, and one man only, was admitted into the same field with them, and that favored individual was no other than the notoriously hard-riding Mr. Place, on his famous and equally known old brown horse! Now Mr. Yeatman positively assured me that they *did not this morning go at the top of their speed*; to which I could only tell him in reply, that the first observation I heard fall from Mr. Place's lips on getting up to him, *after the kill*, was an ejaculation of wonder how it was possible he could have kept so near them? When a most bruising rider, such as he is, on his *favorite nag too*, is compelled to use his utmost exertions to live with hounds across the Blackmoor Vale, the pace, depend upon it, shall be far from being an indifferent one; and if the old *Uniques* can in reality go much faster, with their extraordi-

* It is not every man who wears a red coat—no, nor every master of hounds in the universe, that I designate by this honorable appellation. Wherever a spice of jealousy, hatred, and malice can be detected, look narrowly at the happy individual possessing these virtues, and you will be sure to find that in the bottom of his heart he is *no true sportsman*!

nary powers of scent, and the un-deviating accuracy with which they stick to the line, the very best fox that ever wore a brush in the West of England would be far from finding himself safe before them at the end of fifty minutes.

Though Stalbridge Park, as it may well be, is a highly favorite appointment of Mr. Yeatman's hounds, we had this day a much smaller field than usual, arising from a variety of causes, but principally from the circumstance of Mr. Farquharson's meeting at Butterwick, quite within reach of all this neighbourhood. Butterwick, as many of my readers doubtless know, is one of the most celebrated fixtures that Mr. F. can give out in the whole of his enormous and overgrown extent of country, and operates of course quite as a magnet to all within the circle of its attraction. For a length of time it almost invariably held a peculiarly marked fox, that, like Colonel Wyndham's hero of the Swallows furze-field, as invariably gave them a good run, and also as invariably defeated them; and it is, I believe, more from the past deeds of this veteran Hector than anything else that the covert remains so great a favorite. Poor *Butterwick Jack*, however—for this was the *style* and *title* of the artist—has long since gone the way of all flesh, whether appertaining to fox, fox-hound, or fox-hunter*: he has left the inheritance, nevertheless, of a good name to the present tenants of his old abode, which, as we see elsewhere is sometimes the case, not a few of them do their best to tarnish. On the

present occasion Mr. Farquharson, I heard, had a very pretty run of some six or seven miles, and killed his fox in good style and satisfactorily.

I was this day carried in an extremely pleasant and easy manner by the mare that Mr. Yeatman himself in general rides, and though the country was at times a severe one, she was on no occasion to be pounded. I must say that I am a great admirer of the Blackmoor Vale in general. Holding in almost all cases, except that of surface water, a very capital scent, it is a delightful one to cross if a man is mounted on anything like a hunter; although here, as elsewhere, a horse that will *creep* as well as *fly* is a great comfort in getting over it. He ought also to be a fair brook jumper, as there is a great deal of water to be met with; and though I maintain that it is requisite in *all* countries, the vale of Dorsetshire is one *par excellence* in which, to live as he should do with hounds, a light weight ought to mount himself *some two stone above the mark*.

Mr. Yeatman's pack can boast, I think, of as good a field of performers across a country as can easily be met with; and, amongst others, Mr. Place, whom I have already spoken of, Mr. Hussey of Nash Court, Mr. Buck (late M.P. for Exeter), Mr. Digby, Mr. Lagden, &c. &c., all of whom can ride well and very forward with their hounds. Lord Archibald Seymour, too, I hear, turns out not unfrequently with them. During my stay I saw also, as may be supposed, some very clever and well-shaped hunters; but I saw nothing

* A gallant animal answering in every outward appearance to old Jack was found close to Butterwick with a rabbit-trap round his leg!

to my mind superior to the extremely perfect horse of his class that Mr. Wyndham put me on a twelvemonth ago, and which I pronounce to be one of the most delightful animals it is possible to procure for the Blackmoor Vale country. It was much to my regret that this most amiable Gentleman was prevented being at Stock during my visit there: I assure him I have not forgotten his kindness on the occasion I have alluded to, and I hope some day or other to have an opportunity of telling him so in person.

The next day was a *dies non* as regarded hunting; let me then make a rapid cast forward to *Thursday the 21st*.

Having had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Harding, the proprietor and huntsman of "The Mountain Harriers," near Dorchester, in the field, on Saturday, an appointment was made for Mr. Yeatman and myself to meet them this morning at their nearest point for us in the open down, some two or three miles beyond Melcombe Park, and hardly a stone's throw from the brilliant finish I saw with Mr. Portman in 1832. The hour of fixture, therefore, found us at our post, after a very pleasant ride of eleven or twelve miles across some of the cream of the beautiful Mappowder country *below* (during our progress through which I had the pleasure of having pointed out to me the line of more than one good run over the on all sides adjacent fine vale), and when fairly *up above* beyond Armswell, &c. &c. I was once more treated with a sight of the all glorious *twelve square miles* that form the arena of Mr. Yeatman's sport, lying spread at our feet in all their rich-

ness and magnificence. I have a panorama of this almost unequalled prospect (taken from another and more favorable point however), to which I shall ere long invite the inspection of the public, and can assure them that the scene itself is well worthy of being looked at: but here comes Mr. Harding with his little fairies, and I must say no more of it at present.

Of all the packs I ever saw in my life, "The Mountain Harriers" are unquestionably the most extraordinary; and I confess myself to be utterly ignorant of the class or *genus* to which they can with probability be supposed to belong. Let my readers imagine some sixteen or seventeen couples of *pictures*, standing not more than sixteen or seventeen inches in height, with all the richness of colour, most beautiful silkiness of skin, clearness of throat, and symmetry in make and shape (legs and feet, from what I could judge of in the field, in particular), that can be seen or looked for in any fox-hound kennel in Great Britain—some sixteen or seventeen couples in fact of most drawing-room fox-hounds in miniature, of which a lover would present his mistress with a specimen to *pirouette* amongst the cups upon her tea-table—they have then before them something like an idea of Mr. Harding's pack; but were they to ask *me* by what designation I should call them, I acknowledge very candidly that *I* have no idea on the subject. It is very clear that *though they wear all the ears that Nature gave them*, they are not a pack of *Southerns*; at least equally so, that they are not beagles; and Mr. Tudway would as strongly repudiate their

belonging to the style of hound now in *his* kennel (the late *Yeatman* quick harrier), as would my friend Mr. Harrison Carr deny that they had anything in common with the very perfect and beautiful Brookside pack of which he is, and long may he continue so, the respected and most efficient manager. There they are, however, such as I have described them, in most magnificent condition (here Mr. Harding beats anything I have seen since the days of Williamson with the Duke of Buccleuch), though I am sorry to say with a good many of their number rather shoulder-shaken from the hills, and the very severe work they are in the habit of doing up and down their very searching sides (I believe) *three days a week*, ever after hunting begins, to a rather *gluttonous* field, in the way of getting an appetite before dinner. I heard, indeed, that it was no unusual thing for Mr. Harding to be asked to draw for his *fourth* hare *after three previous good runs!* which, in my humble opinion, is a piece of folly far too absurd to be requested, and far too culpable in a Master of Hounds to comply with on any account whatever.

The day's sport was an extremely satisfactory, and also an excessively indifferent, one. Our first hare took at once into some large plantations, of course full of game, and nothing more could in consequence be done with *her*; the second then chose to take *her* line to a small covert where a heap of vermin-traps were set, and some three or four couples of hounds were caught, and nearly decapitated in them; and the third, though a good and stout

one, that ran for upwards of two hours I should say, ran only after her own scut, and *she was literally hunted to death* in the diameter of half a mile. Here, however, was the beauty of the day's sport; and hounds certainly never stooped more determinedly (for there was a great deal of fallow), and huntsman never worked more scientifically (for there was a great deal of difficulty), than did "The Mountain" pack and Mr. Harding on this day. I am happy to record the *very very* clever finish. I viewed the jade steal out of a stiff furze brake, when the leading hounds were not ten yards from entering it in the opposite side, and halloo'd them on, hat in hand, without letting them get into and lose themselves in its mazes for a moment. "A fresh hare!" halloos out one sportsman.—"Are you sure that it is our hunted one?" said even Mr. Yeatman.—"The result will prove," said I; and in two minutes more Mr. Harding had her in his hand as stiff as a biscuit, and much to his merit be it recorded (Good God! what should I have thought years ago, when I gave *every* hare to my pack, of recording such a thing to the *merit* of any body!), and, in strong opposition as it appeared to the wish of one currant-jelly amateur at least, threw her up to the jolly little Mountaineers, who, to the credit of their appetites, took no more time to discuss her than if they had been a lot of the most ravenous *fox-hounds*, from whose loins they must some time or other have sprung, however now mixed and crossed.

After witnessing the pleasing *finale*, which, I am bound to say, took place in presence of not one

tithe of the field who had met us in the morning, Mr. Yeatman and myself made our bows, as I now do, to the "Mountain Harriers" and their master. I cannot, however, quit the subject of the day's sport without, in the first place, saying that I have seldom, if ever, seen a better or more respectable and numerous field turn out with harriers. We had more than one *ci-devant* M. F. H. too to brag of amongst the number; for, in addition to the late head of the Blackmoor Vale, there was Mr. Mules, not long ago the Master of the Essex and Suffolk Border Fox-hounds. Knowing nothing of Mr. Mules as a M. F. H., and being equally ignorant of his late pack, it is of course out of my power to say anything respecting him, save and except that I heard him make, I thought, one or two very sensible remarks on the proceedings of the first part of the day, and that his appearance is that of a sportsman, though, I should say, quite heavy enough for the country he used to hunt. I heard, by the way, in the field, that he was again on the look-out for a pack and a country to hunt them in: and if this be really the case, I fear he will find but little difficulty in suiting himself; for, God knows, there are countries enough, and to spare, just now becoming vacant, that a man with a little capital of his own might convert into a perfect Elysium!!

Nothing pleases me more at any time, and nothing at any time ought to be a greater source of pleasure to mortal man, than to meet an old friend: next to this I think comes the pleasure of seeing old friends salute each other; and here again I had a high treat in

what I witnessed this day. One-half of the field I have spoken of, consisting of at least *seventy horsemen*, came to the place of appointment for the sole purpose of paying a compliment, and it was a due and deserved one, to the man who had for a series of years hunted the Down country most methodically and regularly, to give satisfaction to the warm-hearted and sincere "Mountain" friends that he had in it; though, as it is well known, he had never in the course of his *sixteen years' experience* more than four or five runs *outright* in it equal to those which he has experienced in the Vale country in the course of *one season*; it being the nature of the Down hare to run short, and cling to her hill-home and the wild fastnesses that are known to abound in those mountainous though most beautiful and picturesque regions.

Neither storm nor tempest, however, nor the certainty of a long and solitary ride home of twelve or fourteen miles in darkness and discomfort, could in any one instance either detain or deter him from keeping his appointment and doing his best to shew sport; and the tribute of respect and gratitude which I this day witnessed in the attendance of Mr. Yeatman's old allies was, I repeat, most amply due to the recollections of other days—as well to the remembrance of the unrivalled pack so widely celebrated, as to the science, perseverance, and urbanity of their master.

Before I quit Mr. Harding, I must beg him to accept, thus publicly, my best thanks for his hospitable invitation, more than once pressed on me, to his house, as well as his very kind offer to

mount me. It was an offer given in a spirit that I do not often forget; and, as I am sure it was meant to be accepted, Mr. H. may perhaps be some day astonished at my knocking at his stable door, and calling out for a horse!

Friday the 22d.—Took a last look at the B.V. Uniques, at Marsh Common, not far from Mr. Farquharson's appointment of Butterwick on the Tuesday preceding. This I pronounce, as an old Master of Hounds, and of course fond of seeing them do their work, to have been a day of extreme pleasure, though again a day to the multitude of almost bad sport, had we been cursed indeed with a multitude of cigar smokers, &c. &c. to spoil it. God be praised, however, we had it all to ourselves, and I had ample opportunity of again witnessing a most beautiful display of science in the huntsman and staunchness in the hound. It was a complete *Sir Roger de Coverley* day; and

I could not help more than once during the progress of it recurring in my mind to the beautiful description given of the Knight's hunt by poor *Budgell* in the *Spectator*. Like him, during one of the many rings our hare thought proper to describe, I determined to remain still and enjoy the music of the old Southern, and planting myself in the middle of a small copse in rather a rising bit of ground, I listened to a chorus, to rival which all the Paganinis that ever drew a bow would distort their countenances in vain. As will be seen by the "Continuation of the Journal," we made a most satisfactory finish with our first hare, and ran our last one dead beat into some preserves of Lord Digby's; time now, however, presses closely on me, and for the present I must bid adieu *sans ceremonie* to the hospitable and sporting Vale of Blackmoor and its hounds.

DASHWOOD.

AN ADDRESS to Gentlemen Sportsmen, AND MASTERS OF PACKS
IN PARTICULAR.

Let any one amongst you, who keeps a journal, SHEW IT against the proceedings (each day) of the Blackmoor Vale Long-eared Harriers.—DASHWOOD.

CONTINUATION OF THE HUNTING JOURNAL OF THE B. V. H.
IN 1833.

Tuesday 19th.—The B. V. H. found their first hare this day near Gibbs' Marsh, on the banks of the river Stour, killing, by accident or otherwise, in fifteen minutes! The pack, however, soon settled to the walk of a hare, on the banks of the river Cale, of a very different and superior or-

der, viz. a gallant and genuine Vale of Blackmoor Jack, going away in view of him, over the fine inclosures of the Stalbridge Vale, and (after a single ring of very moderate circumference) to Henstridge Marsh, and along the high scenting surface of these rich pastures to the Shaftesbury and

Sherborne turnpike, which they crossed at Bow-bridge, and over the brook at this place to the Henstridge Vale, and at the top of their speed to Yeanston, as if pointing for Temple Combe, and on without a turn for the celebrated covert of Inwood (a covert of eighty-six acres), and through it, without a check, to Bowden Hill, letting themselves down the Henstridge Bowden Vale, with a fine head going, and with a crash like thunder, to Milborne East Hill, and nearly to the town of Milborne Port, where they ran from scent to view, and killed in the open, after a splendid run of one hour and twenty minutes, having covered nearly seven miles as the crow flies, exclusive of the turns at starting, and at a pace which few could keep up with on their very best horses!

Friday, 22d.—Found at Bishop's Down (a brace of hares and a fox being side by side), running for one hour and fifty minutes, with a very indifferent scent, and killing in the open near Marsh Copse. A second was found near Butterwick, which the pack raced in thirty-five minutes to Lord Digby's preserve at All-weston, where the hounds were stopped, with seven or eight hares on foot.

Tuesday, 26th.—Our first hare was found on this day near Stalbridge, which we killed in Start Copse, after a severe burst of fifty-five minutes. A second was halloo'd from the covert edge, which the pack went away with, without a check, for fifty-seven minutes, by Stalbridge Park to Frith Wood, where the pack got up to her and dismembered. A third was found in the valley under Frith Wood, which

skirted the Stalbridge Weston Copses, and made for Dole's Copse, crossing the village of Purse Caundle, and along the inclosures, as if pointing for Hanover Wood; but the pack turned her fairly from this point, forcing her through Plumley Wood (of eighty-four acres), and away for Newlease Copse, and near to Stourton Caundle, and at a killing pace to Stalbridge Hill, running in to their hare in open view in one compact and solid body, close to the town of Stalbridge, after a brilliant run of one hour and three minutes.

Saturday, 2d of March.—The B. V. H. worked up to a hare this day near Stalbridge Weston, which had been disturbed nearly half an hour before their arrival, and which they hunted for one hour and fifty minutes, with a very bad scent, over a great extent of country. When killing this hare *they changed*, going away in view, and at a tremendous pace, nearly to Start Hill, skirting Start Copse, and away for Newlease Coppice, and on to Purse Caundle, and nearly to Hanover, adjoining Lord Digby's Park, whence the pack turned their heads for Plumley Wood (a covert of eighty-four acres), killing in fine style in the high wood of that covert, in a run of one hour and five minutes, and which, had it been administered to a good dog fox, would have made him look *very queer and awkward indeed—especially with twenty minutes more of quick work* appended to it!

Wednesday, 6th.—The B. V. H. found their first hare this day at Todbar, and, in a tolerably good run of one hour and five minutes, killed in the open. A second was found near Marshull Village, and

in a few minutes the pack appeared to be brought to a perfect stand-still in the roads and fallows which intersect this part of the forest. By a *wide and persevering cast*, however, the line was crossed on better ground—and now commenced a run, which the genuine sportsman and the true and perfect lover of hunting would have rejoiced to have witnessed! With the hare (and that a genuine Vale hare) half an hour before them, and with a boisterous North-wester in their teeth, "*The Uniques*" settled themselves down to the line in one compact and solid mass, as if they were *ploughing up the scent buried beneath the surface of the earth*. Going away down the Vale for Moorside, and over the three brooks that intersect the low lands here nearly to West Orchard, and on to Manston, and over the fine extensive inclosures of that parish nearly to the town of Stourminster, and on to the village of Hinton St. Mary, and through it for Twyneham Wood—a preserve of Lord Rivers's—on the edge of which covert the pack were stopped at a quarter past six, after as fine a

hunting run of *two hours and a quarter*, over a good nine miles of ground, as was ever seen!

Friday, 8th.—Found this day in Bagbere Coppice, and in two hours' very fine running, including a change, killed a stout jack hare. A second jack was immediately on his legs, which the pack went away with along the banks of the Stour to Queen's Copse, and over the fine inclosures near Stourminster Mill, nearly to Ralf Down, covering the whole extent of the Bagbere Commons, and along the inclosures to the banks of the Lyddon, where the hounds ran from scent to view, and killed, after a beautiful run of one hour and four minutes.

Monday, 11th.—The B. V. H. found this day *by the walk*, which was languid (wind East, and the surface of the earth much scorched and dry), going away from near Burton Common to Holnest, and when killing changed to a jack that took to the range of plantation there, whence for some time there was not scent enough to dislodge him. At length, however, they got him away, and *killed in the open*, near Leweston, in three hours and a half hard work!

POSTSCRIPT—APRIL 11, 1833.

MR. YEATMAN'S sport has until last Tuesday (the concluding day of the season) continued to be of the same almost unvaried and extraordinary character. Being apprehensive, however, of trespassing too far on your columns, I refrain from sending you any further portion of the detailed journal, beyond the proceedings of two most brilliant days that ought to be recorded in the pages of the *Sporting Maga-*

zine, and which I now send you (with a list of those very extraordinary hounds themselves) at the earnest request of many of your subscribers in this part of the world.

Friday, 22d March.—About thirty amateurs, headed by Lord Archibald Seymour, and including that celebrated Sportsman of the West of England Mr. John Russell, Captain Hardwick, &c. met the B. V. H. this day at

Stalbridge Park Gate, the pack finding *by the walk* a gallant jack on the banks of the Stour, and going away at the top of their speed over Gibbs' and Henstridge Marsh, across the beautiful vale to the summit of the hill adjoining Stalbridge Park by Toomer, where they killed in forty-five minutes, without a check. A second was found near the river Cale, with which the hounds went away in view at a racing pace across the whole extent of the Stalbridge Vale, and away to Toomer Farm, and by the head of Candle Brake to Frith Wood, through which covert they shot like lightning, and down the vale to Stalbridge Weston, where they for the first time were brought to check. A judicious cast, however, made it good up to the verge of a stone-quarry, from the bowels of which the pack exhumed their victim, and with a crash like thunder, in a short but lively burst, ran from scent to view near Plumley Wood, and had their hare thrown up to them at the end of one hour and fifteen minutes (the check included), having covered in that time, without a turn or double, *at least* seven honest miles of ground! The Gentlemen present who were

fortunate enough to witness this run declared it to have been far superior to anything they had ever as yet seen with fox-hounds during the season.

Friday, 29th March.—The B. V. H., after killing in a tremendously quick burst of twenty minutes, found a genuine Vale jack in Pulham Common, going away with him in view, across the fine inclosures to Cannings Court, and on to Bewley Wood, and by Duntish Common to the summit of Castle Hill (no horse being within half a mile of them at this period of the run); and thence, with a roar like that of the Ocean, to the great Grange Woods of seven or eight hundred acres, which they traversed and threaded without a turn, and on to the wild and wide Holnest Commons, and direct for Hermitage, where they killed in the brook at the end of one hour and five minutes, *having measured eight miles of country without a check or turn!* A second very stout jack then stood before them for one hour and twenty-five minutes; and when they ran from scent into view a casting net would have caught the hare and every hound that was straining at its haunches!

A LIST OF THE BLACKMOOR VALE HARRIERS.

APRIL THE 6TH, 1893.

	SIRE.	DAM.
7th Season—Dragon.	Lord Clinton's Pilgrim.	Lord Clinton's Governess.
6th Season—Cruiser. Racket. Cruel.	The Brookside Challenger. From the Brookside kennel. Ditto.	One of the Brookside bitches.
5th Season—Bashful. Champion. Confidence. Leader.	Lord Clinton's Clamorous. Mr. Smith's* Champion. Ditto. "The Surrey" Lancelot.	Lord Clinton's Dainty. The Jevington Merrylass. Ditto. Mr. Smith's Blossom.

* Of Uckfield, Sussex.

	SIRE.	DAM.
4th Season— Governor.	Lord Clinton's Griper.	Lord Clinton's Wicked.
Libertine.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wicked.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Artifice.	Lord Clinton's Pilgrim.	Lord Clinton's Governess.
Maltster.	Lord Clinton's Griper.	Lord Clinton's Fairy.
Chimer.	Ditto.	Lord Clinton's Fury.
Constant.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Tragedy.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Villager.	Lord Clinton's Clamorous.	Lord Clinton's Comical.
Bonny-Lass	Ditto.	Ditto.
Tell-tale	Ditto.	Ditto.
3d Season— Dexterous.	Ditto.	Lord Clinton's Wisdom.
Warrior.	Lord Clinton's Vagrant.	Lord Clinton's Wilful.
Melody.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Watchful.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Governess.	Lord Clinton's Griper.	Lord Clinton's Governess.
Ransom.	Ditto.	Lord Clinton's Wanton.
Ranter.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Ragman.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Rally.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Mercury.	Mr. Russell's Mercury.	Lord Clinton's Comical.
Measmate.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Minstrel.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Fathom.	Mr. Russell's Foreman.	Lord Clinton's Comedy.
Fury.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Modesty.	Mr. Meager's Woodman.	The Jevington Merry-Lass.
Frantic.	Mr. Smith's Manager.	Mr. Carr's Frantic.
Welcome.	From the Brookside kennel.	
2d Season— Crusty.	Lord Clinton's Constant.	Lord Clinton's Bashful.
Galloper.	Lord Clinton's Griper.	Lord Clinton's Ruby.
Vener.	Mr. Carr's Forester.	Mr. Smith's Matchless.
Levity.	Mr. Smith's Manager.	Mr. Smith's Liberty.
Lofty.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wilful.	Mr. Smith's Juggler.	Mr. Smith's Wilful.
1st Season— Bravery.	Lord Clinton's Woodman.	Lord Clinton's Bonny Lass.
Bluebell.	Ditto.	Ditto.
General.	Lord Clinton's Griper.	Lord Clinton's Wanton.
Jollity.	Lord Clinton's Rockwood.	Mr. Russell's Julia.
Ringlet.	Mr. Smith's Dabster.	Mr. Smith's Racket.
Pleasant.	Lord Clinton's Rockwood.	Mr. Russell's Pensive.

Dogs 11 couples—Bitches 13 ditto.....Total 24 couples.

FINISH WITH THE EAST SUSSEX HOUNDS, AND ACCOUNT OF THE LEWES SPRING HUNT RACES.

SIR,
LAST week Mr. Craven had the best thing for this season, which, even for the East Sussex, has been, I believe, the very worst they have had for many years, and I am really glad they have ended their work with something like a redeemer. They succeeded in driving one of their wretched foxes from the Plaskets,

through Shortgate, to Lawton, stealing away over the picturesque vale, a very Leicestershire-like looking country, commonly known in these here parts by the name of the Broyle, richly enamelled with luxuriant pasturage, and watered by the gliding streamlet of the Ouse, which silently meanders through the deeply wooded

vale that belts on one side, like a garment of beauty, the nakedness of the county town, Lewes, embedded beneath the sheltering South Downs. The hounds went at it with more dash than is the wont of their order; and the exceeding good consequence was the immediate departure of *General Pug* from an untenable position; and after a small ring, finding it impossible to profit by the wise council of his Sussex brethren, never to quit *branch scenery*, (a wise resolution arranged in their annual conclave at Stanmer Park, where their defensive system is fully developed against their redoubtable Ringmer foes,) and feeling that Muster George Press was resolute to deserve some title to *his formidable name*, by going to work with his hounds cheerily, and with some spark of spirit, he burst gallantly away over the fine Broyle country, without regarding copse or covert, straight to the ivy-mantled towers of Firle. The pace was slowish, but the hounds worked well up to their fox, hitting him off unassisted, forcing him through the strong woods of Firle, running in on him in view, and chorussing his death note, after a continued run of *four hours*, beneath the lofty downy rampart which shelters the fine seats of Lord Gage and General Trevor.

It is very generally admitted that the country of the East Sussex is perhaps the very worst in all England, being so completely studded with large and close lying coverts; and therefore it will probably be conceded that the Hunt have done their work with sufficient credit, in having killed in the season twenty-eight and a half brace of foxes, and

have had but five blanks. No foxes have been bought, nor any bagmen turned out (as hath been implied by a certain *worthy* Correspondent of yours): but with all this fair feature, I shall make bold to say there has been no sport; for the greater part of the Pug gentry have settled their accounts with their Ringmer opponents, in the depth and solitude of some wood, or underneath the prickly covering of gorse.

And now, with the best wishes for his success in another season, I shall take leave of Mr. Craven with an anecdote related to me the other day by a brother sportsman of my boyish days, touching a certain Master of Hounds in a certain county endeared to us by early recollections; and, let me say it, one to which I ever look back with feelings of fond regret. It was there I imbibed my love for the chase; it was there, under a Master not surpassed by any in England, I *learnt all I now know* of the glorious sport. I allude to Charley Newman, and I record the days when, as Nemo hath truly observed, he performed the Herculean task of hunting the Thurlow and Coggeshall country; and he performed it not only well, but far better than ever it has since been done, or will be. Excusing this digression, I will to my anecdote, and perhaps Mr. Craven will find its application of use in his wretched wooded country.

There was a fixture of Charley Newman's, called Shadow Bush, in the Heddingham country, well known in the days of Old Panton and the late Sir Wm. Rowley, of such extent and so impervious that it was literally stuffed with foxes, nor could they ever be

made to fly. Whenever, therefore, Shadow Bush was the fixture, no one would go. "By G-d!" said Charley Newman, "but I will yet make Shadow Bush the best meet we have: the foxes are all *stubbers*; and if we can but give them one good *fright* they will ever after *fly*." He set to work with Meshic and Abraham, and in the very heart of this great wood, he halloo'd, and rode, and cheered, and swore, and tore off all his clothes, and thorned his horse, and played the devil with his men; but "by G-d!" he killed his fox in the very centre of it, and held him up as a *sign of the times*, and the introduction of a change in the dynasty, on a fine old gnarled oak, which lorded it over its branching brethren. The *genus vulpici* beheld and trembled; they felt the potent hand of the destroyer; and from that day forth Shadow Bush became celebrated for the foxes flying at once, and running stouter than any others in that renowned Hunt. By the same system, Mr. Craven, in Sussex, with some more rapidity in your attacks, and we shall hear of some famous things, I think, over your Broyle country.

I cannot conclude this better than by forwarding you an account of the Spring Hunt Races at Lewes, which came off on Monday the 8th of April, as followeth:—

The Farmers' Stakes, being a Silver Bowl, with a scattering therein of 10 sovs. liberally awarded to the *cultivating* gentry by Mr. Craven as a peace offering on the part of the race *vulpican*, and, through the exer-

tions of the same Gentleman on the course, increased by an additional 30 sovs., was run off in three heats—the distance two miles and a quarter; weights, four-year-olds, 11st. 4lb.; five, 12st.; six and aged, 12st. 4lb.; horses not thorough-bred; with twenty-five subscribers. Twelve appeared at the post with their jocks all arrayed in gay panoply, shewing off their *comely* forms and featly prancing steeds to the crowd of beauty (plebeian as patrician) who studded the Lewes Downs in all the pride of surpassing and conquering loveliness, amidst the unclouded glories of a bursting spring day—such a morn as our great Poet hath immortalized in his all-enduring verse—

"But when I stood beneath the fresh
green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst
cease to live,
And saw around me the wide fields re-
vive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the
Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to con-
trive,
With all her reckless birds upon the
wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those
she could not bring."

Childe Harold, Canto III.

Here, too, as on most occasions, I was forcibly impressed with the general superiority of *they* of the farm, the tea, the ribbon, and pin-sticking line over the quality people: the foot and ancle advantageously displayed on the verdant down, the mantling colour and bloom of health, the rounded proportionate form, and the beaming eye, shewed all in favour of the *ruralists*.

At a quarter before one o'clock the lot of goodly cocktails went away at a slashing pace, led by a

fast hard-pulling grey mare, ridden by a very plump-cheeked fat-looking man in a sky-blue jacket, who bumped up and down wondrously, making all sorts of amusing contorted faces: he kept the lead a long way, but it was clear much against his will; and at the turn of the posts—a very awkward turn, too—the grey mare had run herself out, and fell off, yielding the lead to a smart little bay mare, “Rhoda,” the property of Mr. Wyat, who won the heat, beating a black gelding of Mr. Saxby’s, “The Purser by Little John,” by half a neck; which beating arose from The Purser being about a minute too late. There is no doubt if *Muster Brackenbury* had called on his horse but a little sooner, he would have won the heat; yet, being on a *young* one, of whom he knew nothing, perhaps in general cases he did wisely in nursing him something overmuch.

The second heat was won by The Purser beating Vestris, a chesnut mare by Cannon Ball—a rare-shaped one of Mr. Stamford’s—only by a head; Rhoda close up, *but lame*.

The third heat was likewise won by The Purser beating Vestris rather easy, owing, I opine, greatly to a complaint that mares are subject to at this season of the year, becoming somewhat *amorously* inclined.

The second affair—a race always exciting particular interest—was for the Hunters—horses that had been regularly hunted with Colonel G. Wyndham and the East Sussex—12st. each, with nine subscribers at five sovs., and 20l. given by the town and vicinity of Lewes. A great deal of

vain speculation was hazarded from the performance of the various horses in the field; but such usually is a very deceitful judgment, since it is well known that across country a stout heart and a skilful hand will put an inferior horse in the front rank; but on a race course it must be absolute speed, and the *de saltibus* is of no avail. On stripping it was evident that Sir William Ball’s bay horse Scud, by Friar Bacon, had it all his own way, so far as condition could do it for him—and we know pretty well how far that goes. Then, if we were to judge by shape for promise of stoutness and running on, Mr. Craven had a right to win with his splendid and perfect shaped hunter (a reminiscence of the decaying Old English School), by Sir Harry Dimadale. Then again, we might expect much from Mr. Elman’s bay horse Merryman, by Robin Hood out of the dam of Agnew, who won the Farming Stakes last year. There was also Leporello, by Spring-Gun; Mungo; Maria by Octavus; and a slashing four-year-old, North Star by Robin-Hood, quite a dark horse, whom no one knew but the owner, and who, I believe, obtained all his *tickets* on the Downs: and I had almost forgot to mention a very small horse, not more than fifteen hands high, Carlo Dolce, a bay, by Woodman. This last is the horse I alluded to in my February communication, wherein I spoke of a very little one as a wonderful performer across a bad country. The poor little fellow was everything but ripe in his condition—much too low, with a staring coat, a bad sign of the internals,

and scarcely bespeaking a promise of triumph. The distance to be run was two miles and a half, turning round the three posts. At the word "go," away went the Octave mare, leading at a very racing pace, unwillingly and closely followed by Scud, of the Father Longshank breed, with a jockey of *id genus omne*. By the bye, I ought to mention that it was supposed no man could hold Scud; and his jockey assured me he trained himself *regularly with dumb bells* to strengthen his arms, but it appeared without success, for Scud seemed not to respect the *additional dumb bell muscle*. The lot, with their leader Scud, rated it away at a terrible pace till they came to the turn of the posts, where six of them made a shoot as if they intended to take their departure for the village of Farmer, about a mile below the hill, while Muster Brackenbury on Chance (Mr. Craven's horse) swept round the *postesses*, and the little horse Carlo Dolce stole round close at his heels. These two then had it all their own way until the run in, when North Star darted past like the shooting of his nomenclature, leaving Mr. Craven's "Chance" and the honest little "Carlo Dolce" to arrange the unnecessary struggle as well as they might. North Star won the heat very easily, ridden by Mr. Johnson of Lewes. Chance was second, jockeyed by Muster Brackenbury, and Carlo Dolce a good third: the remainder quite tailed off.

The second heat was won in the same extraordinary style by North Star, laying behind all the way nearly a distance, and bound-

ing past his horses meteor-like, and swift at the turn in. The lengthy jockey, Mr. Bethune, on the good long-shanked horse Scud, made a good fight, running up a good second to North Star—in my humble opinion a Cocktail of formidable powers to the best in England; Chance third, Carlo Dolce saving his distance.

After the race Sir William Ball challenged North Star to prove his qualification, *cuspidon*, strongly corroborated by his running, hinting that he was thoroughbred, and therefore an impostor, winning under false colours. It was referred to the Stewards, who called upon the owner to substantiate the breeding of his horse, allowing him three weeks to produce his proofs: in the mean time the Stakes are withheld. This appears to me a very hard case. North Star, the property of Dr. Skinner, is got by Robin Hood, a thoroughbred horse, out of a very famous mare that was, in the glorious days of unbounded smuggling, the right arm of a noted old weather-beaten smuggler *deceased*. This hero of the contraband probably bought something that could go the pace with the tubs, without *fashing* his head how she was descended. He may have got her at Tattersall's or Aldridge's, or any where. Now, I should be glad to put it to any sensible person, how is it within the power of possibility for any man to produce the pedigree of such a mare? It cannot be done; and therefore it resolves itself thus—that if a Gentleman purchase a horse at a fair or of a dealer, he buys him, perhaps,

without troubling himself about his blood. He finds him a rating going horse, hunts him and takes his tickets, trains him and wins the Hunters' Stakes. Then comes *Mr. Quibble*, and says, "Now, Sir, you must prove him not to be thorough-bred." How can he do so? The people he bought him from may be dead; may have left the country; or in laying his hand on them, he must travel half over England, at a *pretty considerable expense*. It bears absurdity on the face of it: and I am assured that every sporting man will coincide with me, that the *onus probandi* should lay with the challenging party.....they reap the benefit, let them bear the trouble. I should fancy the decision of the Stewards will be favorable to Dr. Skinner; but at the same time, if this should meet the eyes of OBSERVATOR, whose racing descriptions are so *racy* and well done, and who must well understand his subject, or any other of your numerous readers versant in turf matters, I should be glad if they would enlighten us on this point. Some decided rule should be applicable; for it does seem most unjust to call upon the owner to prove the pedigree of a horse which it is quite impossible he can do. Sir William Ball's horse cantered over alone, thereby establishing his title to the stake in the event of North Star being disqualified.

The third race was for the Pic Nic Cup, given by the Pic Nic Society of Lewes, for horses beaten in the Farmers' Stakes—heats, one mile and a half. Six horses came to the post, and it

was won in two closely contested heats by a bay mare—Election, by Young Election—named by Mr. King, and ridden very steadily by Mr. Thomas, beating Robin Adair by Robin Hood, and Mr. Elman's grey mare Duvernay.

Thus were concluded the Lewes Spring Hunt races, which I hope will, as they really deserve, be well patronised. These sort of meetings are of the greatest utility in every Hunt. They hold out encouragement to the farmers to breed a good style of horse—put these ruralists into good humour—tend to a good understanding and cordial feeling among the gentry and tenantry—and, let me say, more than anything promote the preservation of foxes.

The races were well contested, and appeared to diffuse general satisfaction and hilarity. There was an Ordinary, which I regret to say was a failure from the absenteeism of the county gentlemen—those Sussex Squires who I have had occasion to notice before: but if they be alive to their own influence and interests, I suspect they would lose nothing by an occasional association with the bold yeomen of the land. For myself, I never met with a more cordial greeting or kindlier reception than I did from the farming folk at the Ordinary dinner.—The Race Ball was very numerously thronged, and there (with the exception of two peerless beauties) the fine rural girls bore the *belle*. May Sussex become as famed for its breed of horses, as it is for the beauty of its women! is the wish of
JAVELIN.

April 12, 1832.

THE UPPER SHANNON—GILLAROO TROUT—PREVALENT FISH—REMARKS ON FISHING TACKLE.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

“ The gloom of winter and its chill
 Alike have passed away,
 And vale and mountain, flood and rill,
 Own April's genial sway—
 “ The woods are teeming with new life,
 The air with sounds of glee,
 And the soften'd winds have ceased their strife
 With Shannon's inland sea.”

SIR,

Nenagh, April 6, 1833.

“ **W**ISHING is fools' paradise ;” so I must curb the one which has just involuntarily arisen, that I might imbibe, with such aspirations as the renovating influences of Spring naturally induce, a portion of its awakening powers.....Alas! I must prove the force of the old proverb, for I have nothing to offer but dry detail.

We now come to consider Lough Derg in its glory, for *certainly* there is not any other expanse of water in these our happily irrigated Islands which exceeds it either for the variety, size, or number of its fish. In regard, however, to its most remarkable species, the Gillaroo, or trout with a gizzard, it is not singular, as these are to be found in other waters in Ireland unconnected with the Shannon. This is the fish with the gizzard—at least vulgarly supposed so—whence it derives the name of Gillaroo. Although in *appearance* it *decidedly* has this organ, in *point of fact* it does not possess it, as it is the stomach, which is so unnaturally thick and rough as to give it prominently such appearance. It is

more abundant in some parts of Lough Derg than others, naturally haunting such places where its favorite food is most abundant—namely, small shell fish—as, on being opened, they are *always* found in its stomach. Some naturalists affirm that the stomach of the common trout would become as hard as that of the Gillaroo, and present the same appearance of a gizzard, if it fed on the same food, and that it is the shells which harden the stomach and give it this singular resemblance. But that cannot be the fact, as the former are constantly caught in the haunts of the Gillaroo. In appearance it is more bull-headed, shorter, and thicker than the common trout ; so much so, that one of three pounds lying on its side would not look heavier than another of two, and the spots on the sides are much larger than the other species. It is a game merry trout, affording excellent sport to the angler, and in quality cannot be surpassed. It does not require any particular fly, rising indiscriminately to the common ones*.

The Shannon swarms with

* The trout on Lough Derg, both common and Gillaroo, run in every gradation of weight, from fifteen pounds to herring size—from seven to three on the aggregate. The smallest are always where there is least current.

perch, from seven pounds downwards, from five pounds to three being the common run, though there are many instances of some above seven pounds, shoals of which may be seen by the rippling and swell of the water at a distance, almost incredible in a hot quiet day, when the water is quite tranquil. Some years ago one of these shoals entered a mill-tail, situated on a small tributary to the Shannon, and were perceived by the miller to go up a good way. He dammed up the water below them, and, letting off that into which they had ascended, captured the whole. I am absolutely afraid to mention the quantity (to say nothing of the size of many), lest I should incur the suspicion of treating your readers with a regular Yankeeism. They are mostly caught with a worm, but of course take the minnow, and frequently the smaller ones rise to the fly. They are also captured in large quantities by means of drum nets sunk in deep water, baited with a piece of red cloth. They excel in quality, and a large one roasted, without being scaled, in the hot embers of a cabin fire until the whole skin falls off, and with the accompaniments of a well-boiled praty (potatoe) and fresh butter, forms a nunchion the greatest epicure might relish.

The fresh water shark is not wanting, from the delicate jack to the grosser and giant ogre of the deep. The former often rise to the trout fly, and are sometimes caught, provided the gut happens to be single, as it gets between their teeth, and they cannot cut it; but when the gut is double, which it is mostly from the size of the trout generally, they invariably

walk off with the fly. For the full-grown tyrant, gigantic flies on double hooks, four inches long, and of the most preposterously gawdy colours, are used, and tied on gimp. Salmon and trout flies, it would seem, are beneath the notice of the large pike. They afford, as may be supposed, the best of sport, trolling with the usual baits;—and here it may not be irrelevant to mention that twisting a string of red worsted around your bait in trolling will add no little to your success. It is on this principle that the kill-devil is made:—and for perch (I had not one with me), who bolt at once, might do in some sort; but pike generally taste their bait, and would throw the latter out. As for what I have recommended, I can safely say *probatum est*.

The Monarch of the Flood, the stately salmon, is also to be met with in Lough Derg, but, though plentiful in other parts of the river, is not taken frequently here. In the rapids below Killaloe, and at Castle Connell, they are abundant, and afford in good days good sport. Many excellent anglers contend that they are as plentiful in Lough Derg, but that the great extent of water and want of rapid stream render them apparently scarcer, as they do not rise so freely to the fly, or are so fairly gone over with it.

Tench and carp, too, but in no great quantities, perhaps from being rarely angled for, must yet be named among the piscatory treasures of the teeming expanse, and almost all the minor tribes, which furnish excellent feeding for the different descriptions already named. Among these must be noticed the Loach, in Ireland

termed the *Collia rua*, the best bait by far for perch or large trout.

Killaloe is famous for that reputedly dangerous luxury the lamprey; and eels abound in such sort that they are salted down, and obtain the name of Killaloe bacon.

In the rapids below this town, down to near Limerick, trout of both kinds and of all weights and sizes are met with; and here also may be found that as yet non-descript, the par, or brandling as it is termed in Scotland and the North of England. Here it is indifferently called sprat and graveling, and often, as elsewhere, mistaken for salmon fry. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has written a paper on this subject, and insists that the scarcity of salmon (compared with the olden time) which exists, is in a great measure owing to the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of these fish. In the river Ern in Scotland, which runs within five hundred yards of my door, they are in such plenty, that it is no uncommon thing, if you choose to wade, to kill fifteen and sixteen dozen in a day, in the months of August and September, with a small midge fly, the point of the hook being covered with a magot or gentle. Some affirm that they are all males, and can never propagate their own species; others that they are mules between salmon and trout. Many more such opinions are advanced: *two* things, however, are *certain*; they differ widely in appearance from salmon fry when minutely examined, and are never to be found in any rivers but where salmon resort. For the table they are as delicate and savoury as a

smelt. They are mostly from five to three inches in length, the shape of a salmon: sometimes, but not frequently, they reach to six inches.

Having now briefly noticed the fish which prevail in this water, before I proceed to the mode of fishing (*for the large trout especially, a very peculiar one*), I will take upon myself to say a few words in general upon some minor matters: and first of all, being in the vicinity of Limerick, the hooks for which that town has been so long celebrated naturally present themselves. The late O'Shaughnessy of Limerick was the first hook-maker of his own or perhaps any other man's day, and his skill obtained for him such a monopoly that he could not answer the demand. Though this sounds finely, it led to no great results. O'Shaughnessy did nearly all his own work, and, being a fisherman himself, spent all he made. How he hit upon his superior mode of tempering can only, I believe, be attributed to perseverance.

"*Labor omnia vincit
Improbis, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.*"

That this was O'Shaughnessy's motto is more than probable, as though, as may be believed, intelligent and discriminating, he was almost uneducated. He was, I might say, intimate with every Gentleman angler in the southern parts of Ireland, and many others, and sent hooks to the Continent and the New World. He lived in a two-pair of stairs room in the old town of Limerick, and never refused to communicate to a customer and a *Gentleman* anything he asked. In this room I often was, and my present host still oftener. I am aware Sir H. Davy

has mentioned the Limerick mode of tempering, but if memory serves me right, he alludes only to *salmon* hooks. I had no need to allude to this, but I *scorn* the idea of plagiarism, and hold the medium of your pages too high to *try*, were I ever so *base* as to *imagine* it. What I have *seen*, my memory moreover being refreshed by one who *saw* all O'Shaughnessy *knew*, I have a right to attempt describing. His one perfection lay in filing even his trout hooks out of the solid, consequently the tongue of the barb was as strong as any other part: his second, in leaving that part of the bend or bowl of the hook, where the leverage or strain is when in the fish's mouth, a *leetle* stronger than usual: his third, gradually filing or tapering away the shank of the hook to the top or end.

I do not conceive that there is any reason to attempt explaining the *second*; but the third was pregnant with advantages, which even the Carlisle hook-makers have at last been forced to adopt; and which, coupled with the second, embrace so many excellences that they cannot be passed over. It might at first sight be apprehended that the sharpness of this point would cut the gut; but experience proves to the contrary, and it has been found to wear sooner with the old-fashioned hook, which is of the same thickness from the bend to the top of the shank. This tapering gave an elasticity to his hooks which none other *then* possessed, and which, while it ensured an additional security against breaking, eased also the strain when a heavy fish was on, and thus again caused the lip or hold of the fish

less liable to be broken. In dressing a fly, it afforded an incalculable advantage, as it gave the option of using double gut, by *splicing* it at the *point* of insertion under the hook. This is of such paramount importance where anything but sprats are to be encountered, and so little generally practised, that I shall *endeavour* to describe it. The link of gut to which the hook is to be fastened must be in tension that the silk may be firmly wound. Having well waxed the finest silk, it is to be twice coiled round that end of the gut intended for the hook, *about* the eighth of an inch above the exact place of junction. Another short piece of gut, about an inch long, and delicately pointed with the pen-knife, may then be joined to it (the tapered part in front), by winding the silk firmly round for the eighth of an inch: then, thus united, both are to be strapped to the hook in the usual way until about three-fourths of the way down to the bend; then cut *off* and *taper* the other end of the short gut, and whip the remainder of the long link in the usual way. By this simple plan the danger of the gut breaking off close to the hook is prevented, and the angler has the advantage of using double gut with a single strand, and can work with double confidence when playing a heavy fish.

The manner in which O'Shaughnessy tempered may now be described (I speak of trout hooks). He heated a common household smoothing iron considerably above that necessary for the laundress; the hook was then laid on it; and when it had acquired the necessary degree of heat, which was

just previous to the steel assuming the blue colour, for its metallic lustre did not vary when exposed to this heat, it was touched with the end of a farthing tallow candle, and thrown off. By this process it was tempered immediately above the bending or spring temper. When touched with the candle end, the metallic lustre was destroyed, the grease dissipating in a cloud of smoke, and giving the hook a black colour, which is permanent, and which materially prevents them from rust*. Any amateur fly-dresser, who is partial to the crooked bent hook, but who may wish this temper and black colour, may obtain them by heating his hook red hot in the fire shovel, and then pursuing the above-named method.

The Carlisle hook-makers, in my humble opinion *the best in England*, have now adopted filing the shank of their hooks taper, after the Limerick fashion: their temper, the common blue, is very good, and their salmon hooks not being so heavy, makes them in such respect preferable to the Irish. Like them they are plain in the bend; that is, the barb lies fair under the shank, and is not turned out to either side, but the bend is a fair round instead of an oval: in one instance, this is better, as the oval turn is more likely to wear or break the grip sooner, but the latter will take quickest.

In endeavoring to describe some of the niceties of this art, I am aware I may be accused of

almost trifling: but as it is eminently one compounded of minutiae, for which reason it is eschewed by many, I have less reason to apologise for being thus circumstantial, and, when I make an observation, to assign a reason. Having premised thus much, I shall proceed to notice that important sinew in the angler's warfare, *silk-worm gut*. This substance was first manufactured for jewellers to string pearls, &c. on. It soon superseded the use of horse-hair with the angler, though the latter is returning partially into vogue both in Ireland and Scotland, on those rivers which are much beaten with the line, and where consequently trout are *shy* and *scarce*—two words, which, as regards this subject, may always be put in couples. No person who has not seen it can have an idea of the strength of *good* horse-hair: the animal must be at grass, and that of a stallion is far the best. The goodness of gut is best ascertained by its transparency, that of a dull colour being inferior, and wearing away in flakes. Such can only be used with safety double twisted, the twists by their folding preventing the flakes from descending. It is extremely singular, that the *finer* it is the more *comparative* strength it possesses. This cannot be mathematically ascertained or accounted for, but such is the *fact*, and facts set mathematics and philosophy at defiance.

In the year 1817 gut of great length, nearly two feet, made its

* The Limerick manner of making salmon hooks is given at length in Sir H. Davy's *Salmonia*. They are filed out of solid pieces of steel, which, when forged, exactly resemble the iron in the jam of the door which catches the common latch; their only fault is they are too heavy, as they never break. Charcoal heat is used, and they are hardened in candle grease. The artist I have mentioned originated this method, and left Limerick a fame for hooks it still retains.—Its famous gloves are on the decline; but its *lasses* are as lovely as ever, and there seems no prospect of the breed declining.

appearance in the London market. I imagined it would prove a treasure, but, in common with other piscators, was disappointed; it was inferior in strength. Some anglers stain gut: this is often done in the shops to disguise its inferiority (its dulness): if this be done, a light blue is probably the best colour. Gut should always be wetted before you attempt to knot it, and even then the knot should not be drawn too tight immediately: I mean, the tension should be moderate in closing the knot. If pulled hard, the microscope will convince the sceptical or the satirical that immediately under the knot the gut will be more or less flattened and injured. If this slight precaution be observed, the angler will be spared many mortifications, and not have to deplore the loss of many a good fish. Another great objection to knotting gut dry is, that, when subsequently wetted in the river, the coil of the knot loses its position, and it is apt to slip. Great care should be taken, in uniting the links, that the substance of the gut be as nearly as possible the same, as otherwise, in the constant use of the casting line, the weakest link would be sure to go close by the knot. In the doubling and twisting treble gut for large salmon flies, each link of gut should be of the same thickness; by which means in the machine each link will receive an *equal* number of twists: if this be not attended to, and the links of *unequal* thickness, the tension will

be *unequal*, one or more of them being useless, and the coarseness of the cast line increased without adding to its strength.

Pretending to no arrangement, while on the subject of cast lines, I shall make a few remarks upon the manner in which they are used in actual practice. With some (and certainly the best anglers) the tail fly is the first which touches the water. To do this without splashing, the casting hand must be slightly raised or checked, just as you are aware the fly is about to descend; it is a very minute and delicate operation, and requires long practice to reduce it to certainty. With some the bottom of the hair or silk line, just above where it is joined to the cast, touches first, the tail fly falling over—in throwing a *very* long line this is admissible, and cannot well be helped, but is not the best practice, the drop of the fly (for large trout especially) being *worth all*. To throw your fly to the opposite side of a bank, on stones or rocks, the leaves of aquatic plants, &c., and then let it fall off, is very killing, and should be well practised. It is these apparent trifles which are advantageous when reduced to practice, and render one man successful, where another goes home empty. Almost every one now-a-days knows the principles, but how few are up to the niceties of the art! and did I not dread being tedious, I should dilate more. I have still a few remarks to make in my next.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

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## ACCOUNT OF THE DIFFERENT LOCALITIES WHERE GROUSE ARE TO BE FOUND IN ENGLAND.

SIR,

**T**HE nearest place to London where Grouse are to be found is in the several forests and unin-closed lands on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, and some parts of Kent; and I believe they were formerly, if not at the present day, to be found within thirty miles of the Metropolis. On these lands there is only Black Game.

The next place, westward, is the New Forest, all Black: then the heaths near Poole in Dorsetshire; the hills in the parish of Sidbury, Devon, extending to Honiton, Ottery St. Mary, &c.; Hall Down, on the road from Exeter to Newton Bushell; and on the wilds of Dartmoor.

Turning northward, in the parish of North Molton, on the lands of Lord Poltimore, where they are more plentiful at present than any of the beforementioned lands. Exmoor Forest, and some lands belonging to Lord Carnarvon, in the vicinity of Dulverton, they are also to be found.

More in the centre of the kingdom, they are also in abundance—at Beaudesert, the property of the Marquis of Anglesea; and also in Sutton Colfield Park, belonging to the Corporation of that town—both in Staffordshire, and within ten miles of Birmingham.

All the abovementioned places afford only the Black Game.

There may have been formerly Black Game on some of the heaths and commons in Shropshire and Cheshire; but although I have known those counties well for forty years, I never remember to have seen any: and, to the best

of my knowledge, I believe I have enumerated all the places in the South of England where Grouse are to be found.

I shall next proceed to Wales. The first place is the mountains near Crickhowell; the Black Mountain, near Brecon; and, running south to Merthyr Tydvil, westward to Penderyn, Estrevelle, and to Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire. In Pembrokeshire they were formerly in abundance. On the highest mountain of that country, called Priscilla Top, I have been told that for many years they were totally extinct, but that lately some had come to that spot, but whence or how nobody pretends to know. Farther westward in that county—but I never heard of any going north-east into Cardiganshire—they are again found; on the borders of Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire; in the vicinity of Tregaron, Yspythy-Istwyth; to the eastward, in Radnorshire, on New Radnor Forest, the property of the Earl of Essex; on the property of Mr. Macnamara, of Langoidmore Castle; on the Cwn Teither Hills, near Rhaedor Gwy; on the hills near Hafod, the seat of the late Col. Johns, but now the Duke of Newcastle, and those of Crosswood, Lord Lisburn's.

Formerly the greater part of these moors were not preserved, and any person shot over them without interruption: now they are all preserved, with very little exception.

In North Wales the moors are much more extensive. Those round Llanidloes, the property of

Lord Powis, have been preserved many years. There are some adjoining moors in the neighbourhood of Newtown Commons open to the public. Round Machnllaith, and to the west of Townmeirionydd, the moors belong to Edwards of Talgarth, and Corbet of Ynys-y-maengwyn. At Dynasmawddwy the moors belong to Mr. Mytton of Aldstone in Shropshire, and were always preserved, and the only moors I ever knew let in Wales.

Round Bala it was always said that the moors belonged to the Prince of Wales, and I was in the habit of frequently going there. Six brace a-day was called good shooting. To the north of Bala Mr. Price of Rhiwlas claimed an exclusive right, but I never saw any quantity of birds there. Again to the westward, on the north side of Bala Pool, is a very large range of mountains belonging to Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. On the different mountains further north Grouse are to be found, but in still smaller numbers.

Snowden, I have heard, was once famous, but at the present moment I do not think there are any. On some of the Carnarvonshire hills they were equally plenty with the hills round Bala, which was reckoned the best spot in Wales. On all the hills in South and North Wales the Red Game is only to be found at present; the Black were formerly abundant, but have been all destroyed some years. I have heard the Rev. Mr. Anwyl, Rector of Lanykil, and Chaplain to Sir W. W. Wynne, a man forty years since nearly eighty, say, that he remembered them plenty, but that as people improved in shoot-

ing they were all killed, being easy of access, as he had often seen them perched on the turf and peat stacks.

In the North of England the moors nearest London are in the vicinity of Buxton, the property of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who kindly gives them up to the visitors at that place: they are not very extensive. Permission is obtained by application to the Duke's Steward, who gives a card for so many days. I have been credibly informed that there have been occasionally as many shooters on the moors as birds. The Duke has other moors at the back of Chatsworth, towards Sheffield, where they are strictly preserved for his own shooting and his particular friends staying in the house, where they are tolerably plentiful. There are other moors in the parish of Eyam, Hathersage, &c. where the commons have been inclosed, and the Grouse are extinct, or nearly so.

At the back of Sheffield is an extensive range of moors, formerly open to every one, but which have been lately preserved, and tickets sold at the rate of ten guineas each for liberty to shoot. To whom the moors belong, or who has the management of them, I am not able to say. Between these moors, Manchester to the west, and Huddersfield to the north-east, there are many acres of moor land belonging to different proprietors.

More to the north, at Ripponden, is a large tract belonging to His Grace the Duke of Leeds, and hired by a party of gentlemen who preserve them, raising the money by the sale of tickets, as at Sheffield. There are also various other tracts of

moors more to the north: those near Shipton, belonging to the Earl of Thanet; also around Settle; and more to the west. To the east, near Paitley Bridge, there are many small tracts of moors that are annually let. On all these moors the game, from being so near large manufacturing towns, and regularly shot over, afford only sport for two or three days.

Proceeding further north there are some moors adjoining, close, if not in, the parish of Dent, that are *strictly* preserved, where there is a good sprinkling of birds. In Dent the moors have been open to the public from time immemorial, and are shot over the first two or three days by all the poachers out of Kendal, and from all parts of Westmoreland.

On the road from Kendal to Penrith, pass over a large tract of moor to Shap, where there is a mineral spring in the centre of the moors, and a new house building on a large scale by the Earl of Lonsdale, whose property extends for many miles. The game is *strictly* preserved, and is plentiful for England.

To the north of Hawes are moors, *strictly* preserved by Lord Wharnccliffe; and still further, on the River Swale, Muker, preserved many years by Mr. Osbaldeston, and now let to Mr. Richard Sutton.

Still farther north, at Stainmoor, are moors where every freeholder has a right to shoot, and where numerous small freeholds, with small cottages, are to be purchased at the low sum of 200*l.* or 300*l.* giving the owner that right. There is also another part of the moor, which is let out by tickets, at 10*g.* each, on application to

Mr. —, solicitor, Barnard Castle. Many people from York and Yorkshire take tickets annually; they were formerly five guineas. There are inns at Bowes, and two in the centre of the moor, where sportsmen during the shooting season put up.

Adjoining to Stainmoor is Middleton Teesdale, the property of the Duke of Cleveland; and, to the west, moors belonging to Lady Strathmore, *strictly* preserved. The latter have been let.

Next again, to the east, are moors belonging to the See of Durham; near and round Wolsingham also, to Mr. Beaumont, Lord Crewe, and various other small proprietors; some of which are let annually.

To the north, Aldeston Moor, being part of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Derwentwater, but now belonging to Greenwich Hospital. It was let three years since to Captain Coulson of the Guards; and the first day it was trespassed upon by one hundred and fifty miners, all having guns, with their wives and children to carry the game.

I some years since bought a dog of a miner at that town, *Aldeston Moor*, who told me that the miners made it a rule always to begin shooting the Sunday before the day on which the shooting commenced; and that for ten weeks they always calculated on sending to Carlisle market weekly 300 brace of Grouse; and that they went southward beyond the Swale, and northward to fifty miles beyond the Scotch Border.

Northward, beyond Aldeston Moor, is Lord Wallace; and on the right, Mr. Orde, Member for the County; and, near Haltwhistle Unthank, Mr. Pearson; and seve-

ral other tracts of moor, belonging to different proprietors.

To return back to Yorkshire: on the east are very extensive moors, with a decent supply of game, near Helmsley, Pickering, and Kirby moor side, belonging to Lord Faversham; with many other smaller estates belonging to numerous proprietors, reaching eastward to Whitby and Scarborough, and westward nearly to Malton.

Going again north-east from Haltwhistle is Bewcastle, a very extensive tract belonging to Sir James Graham, strictly preserved, which has of late years been advertised both for sale and to let. Adjoining, to the east, are the moors of the Earl of Carlisle; some other small moors at Lamport, &c. &c., which are let. Adjoining are moors belonging to Sir Thomas Blacket, who has lately built an excellent house on them. Then Mr. Allgood, of Nunwick. Further north, Otterbourne Moors, belonging to Greenwich Hospital, part of the Derwentwater estate, let to Messrs. Bell and Brandling of Newcastle; round Kirk Whelpington and Elsdon Moors, belonging to Sir John Trevelyan and Mr. Trevelyan. Further to the north, the famous moors and Castle of Nielder, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, well stocked, particularly with Black Game; but on

all the Northumberland moors are Black and Red. In Yorkshire I know of no place where the Black are to be found. Further north, there are many estates nearer the Scotch Border, where Grouse, both black and red, are to be had in tolerable abundance.

The miners, both coal and lead, are so much in the habit of poaching, that it is not possible to calculate on any good shooting in the north of Yorkshire or Northumberland to any certainty.—Two years since I bought two dogs of Mr. Allgood's keeper of Nunwick, who told me that three weeks before the shooting season commenced he was out on the moors, and saw several men at a distance, who he at first took for people gathering sheep, but on hearing guns he soon discovered it was a gang of poachers, sixteen or eighteen in number. Knowing it useless to go alone, he procured three or four other men, and went up to them. On ordering them off, they replied, they were come to shoot for the support of their families, and that they would not only shoot that day, but come the next; and having fallen in with a brood of Black Game scarcely able to fly, killed five or six in their presence. The same thing happened the same year in several places in Northumberland.

April 6, 1833.

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### THREE WEEKS' SPORT WITH THE FIFE FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,

**I**F you think the following account of three weeks' most superior sport with the Fife Hounds worthy a place in your Magazine you are welcome to it. As, however, these hounds are probably

not so well known to many of your *Southern* readers as they are to those north of the *Tweed*, it may be as well, before giving an account of their sport, to give a *short* account of themselves.

The Fife Hounds are kept by subscription, are one of the oldest established packs of fox-hounds in Scotland, and are at present hunted by John Walker, late huntsman to the Earl of Kintore, when his Lordship hunted in the *Vale of White Horse*. Their country, lying very wide, is hunted from three different kennels, at Cupar, Bridge of Ern, and Torry. This pack, which consists of thirty-five couple of hunting hounds, can boast of some of the best blood in England, having, besides their own old blood, that from Lord Yarborough's, Sir T. Sykes, Lord Kintore, Duke of Beaufort, Sir R. Sutton, Mr. Lambton, Sir R. Puleston, Mr. Nicholl, and the Duke of Buccleuch. Their sport *generally* this season has been very good, but since the beginning of February it has been first-rate. As your limits, however, will probably not admit of more, I merely send you the account of the *last three weeks*.

*February 25th.*—Met at Baldastard. Found immediately, and went away through Balhouzie, across the turnpike road, and over the inclosures pointing towards the village of Gilston, where he turned to the left, and bending round by the back of Teases house, he turned down through Greenside, and, being dead beat, made an attempt to reach the earths at Clatto, which being shut against him, he was run in to in gallant style in fifty minutes without a check.

*February 26th.*—Met at Fernie Castle. Unfortunately chopped a fox in the strong gorse covert at Woodmill. Got upon the drag of a fox at Kinnaird, that had been disturbed. Came up with

him in Bambreich, where he was viewed away. Went up to the large covert of Glenduckie, where he never hung an instant, but took right through and across the vale to Kinnaird, through it, and across the Newburgh road and Inchrye Park to Woodmill, where he tried the earths; then turning to the right he pointed straight for the great covert of Rossie, but, being headed, turned down by the Black Loch; then over the hill to the right nearly to Hattonhill, and, making a wide ring by Pitcairlie, came into the large wood of Rossie at the north corner:—one hour and twenty minutes from the time he was viewed away. Notwithstanding the size of this covert and the badness of the scent at *this* time, they hunted their fox most beautifully right through, but were obliged to be stopped when going away apparently for Woodmill, it being so late and horses all dead beat.

*February 28th.*—Met at Stravithy. Found in the gorse, and went away through the old wood for Kinglassie, where, being headed, he turned back through Stravithy, and away over the fine grass inclosures by Tosh and Kinaldy Den to Lathockar, where they ran in to him:—one hour, very best pace.

*March 2d.*—Met at Leslie, where a leash of foxes were soon on foot, and after some delay got away with one that had been gone some little time. Carried it on, however, at a good hunting pace through that strongly inclosed country by Pitteuchar farm, and across the Lochty Water, by Strathore, and into Inchdairnie Wood. Here the hounds got on capital terms with their fox, who broke

away through Inchdairnie Park, and went a tremendous pace up those fine grass fields nearly to Leslie Park, where he turned to the left and took straight across that wild grass country pointing to Loch Leven, where the hounds running from scent to view were just turning him up, when he turned short into the garden at the farm-house of Balbedie, and tumbled into a well with a hound at his brush:—one hour and forty-five minutes; the last forty minutes from Inchdairnie being tip-top pace.

*March 7th.*—Met at Rossie Priory. Found immediately in the gorse, went away over the hill, through Stockmoor, over Halyburton hill, and set his head straight for the low country, and leaving Lintrose on his right he crossed the *Coupar-Angus* road near the turnpike, went right through Lord Willoughby's woods, turned to the left over the open moor, and right into the inclosed country again, and killed him at Parkhead, near Stobhall:—one hour and thirty-five minutes, and fully fourteen miles from point to point. This was one of the finest runs ever seen in *that* country.

*March 9th.*—Met at Milnathort. Found there; made one ring in the covert, and went away for Damhead, which he skirted, and then endeavored to make Burnside, but the pace was too much for him, and they burst him after twenty-five minutes racing in the open.—Did not find again this day.

*March 12th.*—Met at Aberuth-

ven. Found in a beautiful new covert, and had fifty minutes best pace and nearly straight over a beautiful flat country, and ran to a drain at Orchil, near Ardoch; bolted him and killed him in a few minutes.

*March 14th.*—Met at Fingask, where they did not find, but got upon the drag of a fox in the hills, and hunted up to him in a beautiful patch of gorse, from which he went away in gallant style, and, after affording a capital run of an hour and twenty minutes, was run in to in a small covert in the low country.

*March 15th.*—Met at Dupplin. A beautiful find by the lake, and a capital *woodland* run of an hour, and killed—the first fifteen minutes racing pace along the rides.

*March 16th.*—Met at Freeland. Did not find till we got to Kippen Wood, when a brace were immediately on foot. Got well away with one of them, who took through Keltie Wood and along the side of the hill to Craigrossie, where there are rocks which cannot be stopped: being too hot, however, to go in, he came down again, and was viewed over the shoulder of the hill. He then took right into the hills, and, after going over an immense tract of hill country, he turned away to his right for the low country again, and was run in to at Kincardine Castle, after a splendid run of one hour and forty minutes.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Torry Kennel, March 26, 1833.

## THE NEW GAME ACT.

(Continued from our last Volume, p. 427.)

SIR,

I Now proceed to offer some further remarks upon this Act of Parliament.

The *thirty-seventh* section gives the penalties inflicted for offences against the Act to the overseers, &c., to be paid over by them for the use of the general county rate. If Gentlemen were the only persons laying informations, this would be very intelligible: it removes imputation, and might thus induce them to come forward. But as Gentlemen are the last persons likely to come in contact with poachers, and as Gentlemen are by no means fond either of the trouble or the odium arising from laying informations, it is rather absurd to legislate with a view to their feelings on this point. It is obvious, that persons who fill a much more humble situation, and who from their habits and occupations are more likely to fall in with poachers, must have some *tangible* reward, if they are expected to take upon themselves the disagreeable office of, and personal risk attendant upon, laying informations. Some of the old Acts gave *half* the penalty to the informer. I do not see any satisfactory reason why he should not have *the whole*, when the poacher is able and willing to pay it. In the *second* of George the Third, the *whole* penalty was given to the informer, which was five pounds on each bird. The mode in which the New Act deals with penalties savours much of the puerile. I speak with more immediate reference to the penalties for *poaching*: those for *trespassing*, though not quite so

cleverly managed as they might be, are not open to the same objections.

The *fortieth* section gives rather an arbitrary power to the Justice to summon witnesses "as the case may require." I suppose this section was intended to give effect to the *thirtieth*, which, it will be recollected, inflicts penalties upon persons trespassing in pursuit of game. When in my last letter I spoke of the *thirtieth* section, I omitted a remark suggesting itself by the *preamble*, as the lawyers term it. "And whereas, after the commencement of this Act, game will become an article *which may be legally bought and sold*." If these words mean anything, they import that game is from the commencement of the Act to become property, and, consistently with this view, it is protected *even before it is taken*. But if game is property, why is it not to be protected like other property—at least other property equally exposed to plunder? Let those who say it is property answer the question. If it is to be protected like other property, why is not the stealing it, poaching being substantially a theft, to be punished in the same way as stealing sheep, horses, &c., or any other property left in the open fields in the ordinary course of human affairs?

I should likewise revert to the observations in my last letter upon the *seventh* and the *eleventh* sections. It will be recollected that I deprecated those sections, because they exclude the tenant from sporting over the farm he

rents. I suggested, as a remedy, the doing away with this exclusion—in other words, permitting the farmer to sport over the property he cultivates. Of course I meant he should take out his certificate; but this the tax-gatherer will look after. I am fearful, that I expressed myself in a manner which may lead to some misapprehension. I allude to the apparent confidence with which I announced my suggestion as a remedy, and the unqualified manner in which I spoke of it. I ought to have spoken of it as a remedy with reference to *the existing and unfortunate state of the peasantry*.

As poaching results from want of regular employment, and from a defect in the moral condition of the peasant, it is obvious that there would in a happier state of circumstances be another and still better remedy, one of a much higher nature, than that I have suggested. If steady employment could be given to the rustic, and his moral condition could be effectively improved, neither his necessity nor his inclination would lead him to steal, in other words to poach. But, in the present state of things, as the law-maker cannot find employment, nor *at once* materially improve the moral condition of the rustic poor, I tacitly assumed that a law for such purposes would be useless, or but of slow operation.

In the meantime it only remained to counteract and controul, or, if you like it better, to palliate the evil. The best remedy of this description appeared to me to be that I have suggested—to permit the farmers to sport over their own farms, so

that they may become interested in the preservation of the game: so that they, their workmen, labourers, &c., may be so many gamekeepers and preservers. Whilst the peasantry are led, almost driven, by the sad state of things to poach, you must avail yourself of the only powerful check within your reach; and as a palliative to that which you cannot cure, you must interest the farmer to counteract the effort of the poacher. This is worth a thousand penalties, which in so many years will not (so far as they are to be wrung from poachers) add so many farthings to the county rate, these persons being generally too poor to pay the penalty, or preferring a short incarceration at the public cost to the parting with their money, and the generality of their neighbours having scarcely an earthly motive under these circumstances to appear against them. It may possibly be supposed that I belong to the class of farmers, and am, therefore, interested in contending, as I do, that each tenant should be allowed to sport over the farm he occupies: I admit I am deeply interested in supporting this proposition: but, thanks to a kind Providence! it is not in the character of a tenant, but in that of a landlord. I am deeply interested as a sportsman—as a sportsman who loves the thing for itself, who feels a pleasure in giving the game he kills, but who would think himself degraded by selling it.

Another letter will conclude my remarks on the New Act.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. B. (*b. v. b. v.*)

## MILL-STREAM FISHING.

SIR,  
**T**HE genial return of Spring having put me in mind of my favorite amusement, angling, I will, with your permission, have a little *palaver* with you and your readers on the advantages and disadvantages of mill-stream fishing.

I remember in early life, when my piscatory practices were mostly confined to the vicinity of a large town and to a navigable river, how I aspired after the snug privacy and marvellous good sport which I pictured to myself as being pretty certain in the remote and quiet mill-river, where either quite alone, or with one cherished friend, I might pull out the scaly tribes to my heart's content.

My yearnings were after such an out-of-the-way stream as JAQUES speaks of so enthusiastically in your last Number, in his anecdote "*La Mere aux Loups*;" where I might become a preceptor to the finny people, teaching them the impropriety of biting at a bungler's bait, and *bringing them up* in the way they should go. I am half inclined to wish a score of additional years to your friend JAQUES, that he might "discourse by the hour of streams and fishes," provided he would print it in *The Magazine*; for that little snatch of his in the introduction to his wolf story is to me worth all the rest. However, having fallen rather into "the sere and yellow leaf" myself, I withdraw my seemingly ill-natured wish of old age to him, and, instead, fervently hope that he may yet enjoy many a good batch of angling, and sing

"Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair" for many years yet to come, giving us, of course, from time to time his reminiscences in the sporting way.

But "*hark back!*" I am babbling like a brook, and quite forgetting my text, "Mill-stream Fishing." In later life my wish for such sport has been amply gratified; and in various streams in Berkshire, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, &c. I have frequently had unbounded success, and from my heart have pitied the waiters for nibbles in metropolitan waters.

In the lone mill-river, undisturbed by the frequent-passing barge, and the vociferous abominations of the attendants thereon, you may quietly pursue your sport, and in the midst of a beautiful country,

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God."

But before your visit to the mill-stream—of course presuming that you have leave, otherwise you become a trespasser—it would be well, if possible, to ascertain the habits of the millers in the stream as to their neighbours the fishes; for some of them are worse than otters. If you find that they care but little about fish except for an occasional fry, either taken by the angle, or even caught in a cast-net, you may expect capital sport, provided the water is tolerably well preserved in the neighbourhood.

The difference of millers in this respect is curious: you will find some of them so perfectly indifferent about fish and fishing, as

hardly to be able to distinguish one fish from another: these are the men to fish in the vicinity of; and the mill dam and mill tail will generally reward the angler's labour.

Not so is it about the mill of a man who has a *taste for fish* himself. I met with a strong instance of this last summer in a stream that divides Suffolk from Essex, at a certain part of it where a friend of mine has a mill, his own freehold—and a beautiful place it is. When I first visited him there a few years ago, I could sit in his back-yard, and catch many more fish before breakfast than I could eat for my dinner; and between breakfast and an early dinner have frequently taken from eight to ten dozen of roach, perch, &c. upon his own premises.

Last summer I was there again for a few days, and though I did not come in to dinner when the horn sounded (for so was I summoned) with an empty basket, yet my ten dozen would be reduced to about one dozen, or a dozen and a half at most, and those very small.

Upon walking with my friend about his place on the evening of the second day, I soon found out how the river had become so bare of inhabitants. Some four years back he had a pond for keeping pike made in his garden, fed by a pipe from the river, and in this he keeps a large number of pike of various sizes, putting in even the smallest *pickerel* he may take in his nets; and of the last it appears he has lots, from the smallest flue and cast-net to the immensely-sweeping drag; and these are used at all times and seasons

to procure food for the ravenous denizens of his pond.

One custom which they have here, and I told him it would go nigh to destroy the very breed of fish in his river, is, to have a grand drag of the stream in the month of March, called a Spring Fishing, for perhaps two miles of water. At this time of course the fish have not spawned, and the best reason given for fishing is that there are no weeds then to annoy them; but it generally happens that this grand drag is made a sort of pleasure party, to which many neighbours and friends are invited—some to beat the stream with poles, some to help drag the nets, some to do one thing, and some another, but all to *eat and drink*; and thus the poor fishes are taken by wholesale, very few escaping. My friend admitted to me that when he fished the river last spring thousands of fish were killed and lost to his pike, by the carelessness of his people, owing, I believe, to their attending more to the *ale* than to the *water*. Now had the fishing spoken of only been delayed "a little month," millions of young fry would have been left in the river, and helped to preserve the breed.

It may be fancied by some that such a sweeping destruction of fish will be replaced by supplies from above and below the mill in question; but such is not the fact; for in mill-streams especially, the fish (except eels) are bred and confined principally in the space between one mill and another; there is no opportunity, as in the locks of navigable rivers, for their moving up and down. Over or under the mill wheel they cannot

go; and it is well proved in flood-times that scarcely a fish (except, as before excepted, eels) is caught in the nets and traps always then set by millers. Eels have a natural disposition to ramble at such times, while other fish get out of the strong stream, if possible, and remain where they are. I have sometimes known a carp or a tench caught with the eels, but scarcely ever a roach, dace, chub, perch, &c.

To prove this fact, and to shew how ruinous to the angler's sport is a fish-loving miller, and *vice versa*, I may mention that one day during my visit last summer I drove to a mill on the same stream, some five or six miles higher up the water, there being three mills between my friend's and the one I went to, and here my sport was admirable: my basket, a large one, was crammed with fish in a short time, and most of them very large; so much so, that when I got back a lot or two were picked out as presents to my friend's neighbours, one of whom was also a water-miller—pretty well proving they could shew nothing like them at home.

Now the miller where I went knew not one fish from another; he had no pike pond; and as to a net, the only one I could hear of about his premises was a cabbage net, so that the fishes and the fair angler have it all their own way. This gentleman is even obliged by a handsome fry of his own fish left by any friend who has been angling there, and who has *done the trick*. But even here, with all the plentifulness of fish, it was bait (chiefly paste) and method that filled the basket. A country lad was *making believe* to angle with a line that *Madame*

*Sacqui* would with ease have danced on, and with a sort of lob-worm for a bait; but the only thing he had to do with fish while I was there was to assist me in landing some of my heaviest; and he at length found so much sport in that, and in seeing me hook them as I did, that he laid down his willow branch and *slack-rope* to look at me, seeming to be in perfect wonderment where the devil the fish came from: and when he found that my line was but a single horse hair, his astonishment, as I let him take the liberty to hold it between his fingers to look at, seemed to know no bounds; he looked up in my face as if he appeared to think there was some enchantment about the matter. I gave him a few halfpence for his help, and when I went away I have little doubt but the poor fellow thought he had enjoyed a good day's sport—*certainly* he would have something to talk about.

Another instance of a piscatory miller occurs on a small river in Suffolk, though it is different from the one last spoken of, inasmuch as it is navigable, though not much used, and therefore may receive supplies of fish either from above or below by the double lock and single stanch gates. This stream has a great variety of very fine fish in it, where protected; but in the immediate vicinity of the miller last mentioned, who is an eternal fisher for his pike ponds, of which he has two, there is a plentiful scarcity of sport.

His pike ponds, and their appurtenances, are however, except to an angler, well worth examining. They are situated in a small plantation just above his mill, and

are fed by the stream, which is constantly running through them. In one pond he has only small pike, and in the other large ones: in the latter he has some fish weighing, I believe, upwards of twenty pounds; the biggest of which he talks of keeping till his eldest son, now a child, comes of age. Outside of the whole plantation and ponds he has had a wide ditch dug, also fed constantly by the river, and grated like the ponds, which answers the double purpose of a defence to his property, and also a reservoir for small fish, when he catches a glut, whence he can supply his pike ponds. I here saw an ingenious contrivance of his to feed the fish in this ditch in the summer and autumn, which was done by procuring the leg of any horse that had been killed in his neighbourhood, and fixing it to the branch of a tree which overhung the ditch, where the flies would blow it, and the gentles, when at maturity, would drop into the water. At this spot a great shoal of fish was generally congregated waiting for the fruit of their favorite magot-tree; the produce of which they seemed to enjoy as well as if cleansed in bran. I have been frequently much amused by seeing the large pike, when hungry, fly at a fish that was thrown into their pond, even if a dead one, with such vehemence as to make a plunge as loud as if a Newfoundland dog had jumped into the water; and when one of them had seized it, the rest would pursue him, evidently jealous of his luck, and desirous to get his prize from him.

But after all this, and even after partaking of the so-well-fed pike out of these ponds, I had

rather know that I was participating of fish procured by legitimate sporting: for it is quite incalculable the quantity of fish these pike destroy—much more I apprehend than they would if they had to seek their own food in the river: in their confinement they get nothing but fish; in the open river they would get many other matters and things, especially frogs, of which they are very fond.

Now, though I know both the millers mentioned as pike-preservers exceedingly well, and am always made most welcome at their houses, I cannot help telling them that they have spoiled the angling near their own mills, and that I should at any time rather fish four or five miles away from them. And I repeat, that any brother of the angle, who is about to betake himself to mill-stream fishing, should, if possible, beforehand ascertain the habits and propensities of the millers as to fish and fishing; or sometimes, as far as regards sport, he may find he had better have remained at home; for my millers are not the only ones fond of a pike roasted with a pudding in his belly.

Hoping pardon for this long gossip, and wishing you, and all your readers who are disciples of old Izaak Walton, a fine spring, summer, and autumn, and lots of good fishing, I remain, yours, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

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P. S. By the bye, your Correspondent RIPARIUS, in his "Fly-fishing on the Dornoch," has lugged in a whole-length portrait of a Cockney Angler, whom he has christened LACEY. Perhaps this is only a *nom de guerre*; at all

events I beg it to be understood that I do not plead guilty to the likeness in any of its points or particulars. In the first place, I have a *letter* in my name more than he has: in the next, I have killed too many fine fish with a single hair, and without running tackle, to handle a fish as he is said to have done: and lastly, when I quote to you a line of plain fact, from "My Song at

Fifty," published in one of your Numbers last summer,

"Now twenty stone my weight is," I shall certainly be exonerated from the charge of having "scrambled up a large willow as quick as a squirrel," which my namesake without an *e* is said to have accomplished. Whatever I may have done earlier in my life, at present I take my angling much more soberly and steadily.

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### THE HAMBLETON COUNTRY—IN A LETTER FROM MILES TO HIS FRIEND ONEOFUS.

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DEAR ONEOFUS,

**W**HAT have you been doing all this season: are you able to take the field? I hope and trust you are recovered, and able to enjoy your favorite sport. I have fancied you might perhaps derive some amusement from hearing of your old friends; and chance having placed me in Hampshire part of this winter, I saw your old acquaintance Mr. King, who now hunts the Hambleton country, and, with Jack Square for first whip, has shewn most splendid sport. Up to the time I last heard of him, January 18th, he had had a succession of runs (killing seventeen foxes in sixteen days), and many of them most capital things. I need not say he is a universal favorite both in and out of the field. His health is not good, and he suffers at times from the effects of a severe fall last season, which prevents his riding hard: nevertheless, he does manage, by having very clever horses, and getting off at bad places, to get to his hounds most surprisingly, and it is very seldom he is far from them.

However nothing can stop his man. I remember one day, in a

very quick thing from Botley Grange, seeing Square go as straight as a bird from the wood at finding up to the gorse leading from West End to Fair Oak, over a most difficult country. He was the only man who went the line of the hounds, and as I rode along the lane parallel with him, I looked at him in admiration as he took fence after fence in the most gallant manner, coming down at last into the lane from the top of a very high bank, which his horse did most cleverly.

The other whip is also a very good rider, and understands his business.

The hounds are small, indeed so much so, that the first time I saw them I could hardly believe they were fox-hounds. Mr. King fancies a small hound better calculated for an inclosed and woodland country, which most part of the Hambleton is, though I never could understand why a larger hound should not be as good, and in getting over fences he certainly has the advantage. It is only in a hilly country that a small hound should be preferred. Mr. Hodgson, for instance, I have heard,

always keeps his bitches and smallest hounds for the Wolds, and the large hounds for the Holderness, or low country. Mr. King always had small hounds; and I understand he carries his fancy in this so far, that in the course of a year or two he intends to have his pack entirely of bitches, keeping only a few stallion hounds for breeding.

You know the Hambledon country, I believe. Of course to a man accustomed to the Midland counties it is very bad, the lower part being a good deal woodland, where hounds are out of sight half the time, and where a knowledge of the country is absolutely necessary to enable you to get along. The upper part is open, but not so favorable for scent: but on the whole I should pronounce Hampshire a very fair provincial country; and should any man be obliged to take up his abode at Southampton for a winter, he may with two or three horses amuse himself three or four days a week; and on non-hunting days he will have one of the pleasantest towns in England to lounge in, where he will meet some most hospitable and generous good fellows, who will afford him frequent opportunities of quaffing a bumper to fox-hunting in the choicest of wines; and if he be a ball-loving man, he may waltz and quadrille it night after night among

“ A dazzling host of eyes  
Of every hue, as Love may chance to  
raise  
His black or azure banner in their blaze,  
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the  
flash  
That lightens boldly through Coventry's  
dark lash,  
To the sly, stealing splendour, almost hid  
Like swords half-sheathed, beneath fair  
Gifford's Ud.”

Among the former are three gallant Captains—one, the Secretary of the Club, stands pre-eminent for his devotion to the sport. Even yourself, dear ONE-OF-US, are not more enthusiastic; and on non-hunting days he is generally occupied upon some business connected with the coverts or keepers, and his principal delight (next to being alongside hounds running hard) is collecting two or three at his table to talk over the morning's sport. To his good qualities as a companion, is added another advantage, which renders his mansion most attractive, which is, having one of the best cooks in the neighbourhood, and some of the very best wines. He is also a very fair performer over a country.

Another right hospitable and pleasant companion, also a military man, is devoted to the sport. He is getting heavy, and a certain age, but is still keen, and with his worthy *twin*-brother of Clayfield, thinks little of twelve or fourteen miles to covert. Another, a gallant sailor, is fond of collecting a few fox-hunters at his sumptuous board; and, though he has given up hunting, still likes to hear what is doing, and now and then appears at the covert side when the fixture is near. His son-in-law is a very tolerable performer across a country.

There are some very good riders in the Hambledon Hunt. I should say the youngest Mr. Delme is generally the first, and on his chesnut few can beat him. All the Messrs. Delme are good: indeed I think they should be reckoned the three best. Mr. Stretton is also a very good one on his own nags. I was sorry to

hear he had the ill luck to lose two horses—one from a stub in the frog, which mortified; the other from inflammation. The Messrs. Moody are good riders, though they know the country rather too well, which generally makes a man ride cunning. Mr. Taylor, from what I have seen once or twice, can go very straight I suspect. Mr. G. Butler is a good rider, and is not particular about a fall or two; which you may depend is no bad criterion to judge by, especially if the person be an old sportsman, as he is. Lord Lisle hunts a good deal with these hounds, and is a most capital good sportsman and hard rider, also a most entertaining person at the covert side. Mr. Lukin appears very often; and it always made me enjoy a run the more when I saw him going along, standing up in his stirrups, and screeching with delight, which is his custom when hounds are running hard.

The following are some extracts from a journal written after each day's sport; and though not containing many very good runs, as some of the best were from the Horndean side of the country, yet perhaps they may be acceptable.

*Nov. 12th.*—Met the Hambleton at West-End, about three miles from Southampton, a large field out. Found *instantler* in Allington; he went out at the lower end, crossed the road into the large covert, through it into the meadows, right down to the water, thence to the right, pointing as if for Stoke Park, but turned short towards Durley, crossed the brook, then making a ring, was killed in a field close to the brook, where he had crossed—fifty-two minutes, over a country

very deep, with fences very blind, and a thick fog the whole time. There were a great many falls. Mr. Moody had two; King, jun. and Mr. Taylor each one, besides many others. Found a second fox, who gave us a long tiresome run, and beat us at last.

*Nov. 14th.*—Met the Forest at Ouze Bridge; drew all Mr. Nightingale's coverts blank; also the whole of Paulton's; left them at three o'clock, raining hard.—These hounds do not draw well, and I am quite sure we missed more than one fox from this reason. Out of the whole there are not more than half a dozen hounds who try; the remainder keep at the huntsman's heels, following down the rides in file.

*16th.*—Met the Hambleton at Hare House, near Titchfield, a tolerable large field, though considered a bad fixture. Went to the small covert near St. Margaret's, and in about ten minutes a fox was halloo'd away over the Common towards Hook. It was a very pretty find, and they ran him at a good pace over the heath to the farm-house, near a gully, where they checked; hit him again into the Park, through the small plantations, across the lawn close to the house, then, after a check, across the inclosures towards Titchfield, but turned short to the left, and we finally lost him from getting among the fallows, where the scent was wretched.

Found a second fox in Botley Woods, but could not do anything, there not being an atom of scent out of covert. The Hon. Mr. Pery, of the 7th, got a bad fall into a lane, his horse rolling over him, with our second fox.

*Nov. 23d.*—Met the Hambleton at Holywell House; found

in the wood close by, and, after a long time, and his being headed two or three times, he got away by the back of the house; then to the left through the Forest part of the Chase towards Wickham, and taking a ring in the open Chase, brought us back to where we found, and right down to the brook, but did not cross, luckily for the field, for it was quite impracticable except at a ford; went back through the wood a second time, and killed him in a lane about a mile on the other side:—one hour and fifteen minutes.

Found a second fox at Close Wood, who went away at once by Chidfield, and crossing the high road, seemed to point for Durley, but turned back towards Holywell and Close Wood, where they finally killed him also: a good hunting day, and very trying to hounds, being very indifferent scent except under the trees, where they ran a very fair pace: on the whole a tolerable good day's sport, not much fencing, but a few queer places. Mr. Burford, of the 7th, got a nasty fall in a boggy ditch.

*Nov. 30th.*—Met the Hambleton at Botley Gate; drew one covert blank, and then tried Botley Grange, and found a capital fox, who, after one ring in covert, went away in the direction of Fair Oak, where he tried the earths, but finding them stopped, went straight for Durley, crossing the brook, through Stroud Wood, and over the Common, up to Rough-haye, where we changed foxes unfortunately; and, after taking our fresh fox to Blackdown and back, we were obliged to give him up, raining hard, with a thick fog—from Botley to Stroud Common there was not

a check, and over the most strongly-fenced country in Hampshire, and proverbial for dirt and good scent. Of course, as is usual in very quick things, very few men were with the hounds; and at Durley, when they crossed the bottom, owing to it being only practicable at one or two places, they got away from every one, and it was not till they checked on Stroud Common, that Messrs. Stretton, Delme, King, and one or two others, could get up. Thence to Rough-haye was not so fast; and at the latter place, where they were delayed in covert some time, the field came up. It was during the first part of this run that Square rode so admirably, as mentioned in the beginning of this letter. I was surprised to see horses so fresh at the end of this run, after coming over such a severe country; but the fact is, that inclosed countries do not take so much out of horses as open ones with fences which you fly; and certain it is that banks, ditches, and fences are crossed with less distress to a horse than any other description. The very act of pulling him up for these fences, which you *must* do, and perhaps being obliged to wait a moment for some one to get over—(for I generally observe there are not more than one or two who go at fresh places)—give him time to catch his wind. I am quite sure that forty minutes, at the pace we went this day, over Northamptonshire, would have made the nags look very different.

*Dec. 3d.*—Met the Hambleton at Wintershell Common—a very windy and stormy day. Found two foxes, but could not run them, such a wretched scent. An unlucky circumstance occurred this day. Mr. King, jun. was

crossing a meadow where there was a narrow rivulet, or brook; and though the horse could have almost stepped across, yet he made a spring over; the ground on the other side giving way, he fell on his chest against a small stake, about as thick as your finger, which entered his head and killed him on the spot—a very favorite hunter.

Talking of accidents, I remember one day last season being out with Sir H. Mainwaring's hounds in Cheshire, when two splendid hunters met with accidents. One was a magnificent horse, belonging to Lord Molynaux, who during the first run rode him at a brook, with a fence on the farther side on a bank. The horse fell back, and a thick stake entered his sheath, coming out close under his tail. There appeared about two inches of it behind, and nearly a foot and a half under his belly; strange to say, it had not touched any vital part, and I believe the horse recovered. The other horse was a very fine young one, which a farmer had out for sale. We were standing close to a bit of gorse the hounds were drawing, and Sir Harry was asking the price of the horse (which was 160*l.*), and saying he should like to have him, when we found, and went away. The horse had not gone a hundred yards over the field, which was ridge and furrow, with slight drains for carrying off the water, when he left his hind-legs behind him in one of these and fell, having broke his back, dying on the spot.

*Dec. 8<sup>th</sup>.*—Met the New Forest at Pond-head. Found a fox in the inclosure, and killed him in twenty-five minutes without

breaking. Found a second fox at Ashurst; ran him to ground in ten minutes.

Found again in a low swampy plantation, and had a capital burst over the Forest for twenty-five minutes, but in a circle, and finally ran him into the plantation near Pond-head, and lost him.

The Forest hunting is certainly very pretty, and you see hounds work in perfection; though to a stranger it is nervous work, galloping over the ruts, and the idea of bogs always present to your imagination. Horses are also very apt to lame themselves. Mr. Timson is reckoned one of their best performers, and is certainly very quick in getting to hounds. I believe he knows every track in the Forest.

*9<sup>th</sup>.*—Met the Hambledon at Burleybury Down; found immediately, and had a burst of twenty minutes, very fast, across the Warren, towards Beaworth, where they checked, thence to the right, and back to Exton Woods, where they killed—one hour and a quarter. For thirty-five minutes the pace was capital, and the first twenty minutes was as fast as I ever remember—all over the open, with firm ground: had it been deep no horse could have lived with them.

*Dec. 17<sup>th</sup>.*—Met the Hambledon at Corhampton. Found in Mr. Windham's covert, went away directly at a famous good pace for twenty-five minutes towards Preshaw, and thence to Lord Northesk's, where they checked, which enabled those who had a bad start to get up. Thence on across the Warren to the Punch Bowl, where another check took place, and a good deal of time was lost; owing to a bad

cast, however, he waited in some plantations, being nearly beat. They got on him again, and thought he was dying, when he again gallantly and desperately broke, and went back over part of the Warren to a small covert, where they killed. Had it not been for the unlucky cast, we should have forced him forward, and most likely killed him in the open, for there was no covert within miles.

On Wednesday these hounds had a capital run, with a kill; and on Friday killed a brace of foxes.—The H. H. also have had some capital sport within this fortnight.

*Dec. 24th.*—Met the Forest at Veimy Ridge. Found *instantly*, and, without hanging a single instant, went away across the Forest at their very best pace straight for Manor House, where they checked—about twenty-five minutes up to the check. Lord Lisle, Timson, and one or two others were well with them. Mr. Windham was beat by the pace, having a good start. The rest of the field, who had not been quite so quick in getting away, could never catch them till at the check. We hunted him on to the Park, but somehow or other he beat us. Mr. Windham, however, pursued after him, and after an hour and a quarter got on him again—ground very deep in some parts, and two or three half-bogs to scramble through.

*28th.*—Met the Hambledon at Botley Gate. Found in the covert to the left, took one ring, and then went away at the farther end; crossed the lane, and through the small covert straight for Durley. After crossing the Botley and Winchester road, Square and Mr. Delme, jun., and two others,

jumped the fence into a wheat field, while the body of the field kept the lane on account of the Master of the Hounds making a fuss about riding over wheat: the consequence was, that, with the exception of the above four, not a soul saw a hound for forty minutes, as they went at their best pace straight through Durley, Stroud, on to Babridge, and thence to Marwell, where they lost him, fortunately, for he was a most gallant fox, and is no doubt the same that gave us such a good run from the same place before, and the hounds have had plenty of blood, having killed a fox every day for the last nine days. At Stroud Wood the field who had ridden the road got up. There was some very severe fencing for those who came the line, being over the stiffest part of Hampshire.

*Jan. 14th.*—Met the Hambledon at Fair Oak House. Drew the coverts there blank; went to a plantation near Durley, and found *instantly*, and went away straight, without a check, to Botley Grange, where he went to ground. This burst was twenty-eight minutes, over a very severe country. The youngest Mr. Delme and another were first, but I believe no one could be said to be fairly with the hounds. Mr. G. Butler got a bad fall and lost his nag. Mr. Taylor had two falls, and Mr. Beresford one, besides two or three being bogged in one of the bottoms.

Found a second fox near Alington, who took us towards Botley, then inclining to the left took a ring, and crossed the West End road, over the new inclosure up to the Telegraph above Bittern, thence down into the valley,

through Mr. Story's plantations, and back to his former point above Bittern, through the valley again, and plantations, to the top of Lord Ashtown's hill, where they killed him. The first part of the run was good, but over a most distressing country, very deep, and immense banks and ditches; the consequence was that almost every man who came the line had a fall. I reckoned seventeen men down at different times, besides many farmers, &c. whose names I did not know; and horses were loose in all directions. One of

the Mr. Moody's was on his head three times. The three Messrs. Delme all had falls, and both the Messrs. King. Square, the whip, got his horse nearly buried in a ditch:—a very severe day for horses, our second fox being nearly two hours a-foot: the first part of the run good, the latter bad, owing to frequent turns, and too many halloos.

Adieu, dear ONEOFUS. I am on my way to see what they are doing in the North.

Yours, truly, MILES.

April 8, 1833.

## SPORT WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUNDS,

SIR,

**A**FTER a sojourn of several months in my native southern county, I have been induced from several circumstances to return to this northern metropolis—a fair city certainly, although perhaps its inhabitants assume too much in the appellation of Modern Athens. My two trusty horses being all right, I have ordered one of them occasionally to the covert side, and I shall endeavour to give some account of part of the sport we have had since the frost with the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds. They hunt an extended country, which is divided into districts, and hunted periodically from different kennels: the hounds are now at Dalkeith kennel, and are hunting the country in this immediate neighbourhood, the most distant covert being about fourteen miles from my three six-foot stalls.

On Friday last Roseberry was the fixture, the property of the Earl of Roseberry, a house which had evidently been larger, sur-

rounded by a grass field, always desirable as a place of meeting both for horses and hounds.

Shortly after half-past ten the hounds were thrown into a deep glen with some wood and a great deal of brush-wood; a fox was soon found, and run with no sport into a crevice of a rock forming one side of the glen. England is acknowledged a changeable climate, but Scotland appears to be much more so. When I mounted my black at nine, the weather was mild, and not unpromising as a hunting morning: before I reached Roseberry, which stands high, snow was falling heavily, with every appearance of an approaching storm. Before our fox was many minutes in safety, from the power of the Duke's staunch hounds, the snow was melting, and the sky such that Somerville would not have disapproved of our drawing again, which we did, and soon found near Arniston. This fox was killed with little sport, and, melancholy to tell, re-

ported *minus* a leg, which excited surprise and indignation in the neighbourhood of the estates of such excellent fox-preservers as the Earl of Roseberry and Mr. Dundas, to whom may be added the name of that respected Nobleman the Earl of Dalhousie, on whose property, two miles distant, another fox was found, and run more than forty minutes, too much in a ring certainly, but his gallantry could not resist converts so temptingly placed. A good fox he was, and, when hard pressed, a drain, left ungrated, ended our day's sport.

The country I have gone over I must say I consider but moderately suited for fox-hunting—so many glens, so much thick wood, and so much land under plough; but the hounds, no person who knows what a fox-hound is can view without every feeling of admiration, whether doing their work, or surrounding the good grey of their sporting-like huntsman, Mr. Williamson. Of him the success of his many years anxious exertions speak aloud his praise, and I may truly add, so neat a rider to hounds I have seldom seen: he is ably seconded by Hugh, who makes a first-rate first whipper-in, and Jack, who was favorably known, I understand, with the Fife hounds.

The Duke of Buccleuch was in the field, and rode a bay horse: he is evidently a good horseman, and considered as a sportsman altogether not easily to be beat: likewise the Marquis of Lothian, the Earl of Caithness, Sir John Hope, Sir William Scott of Ancrum, Colonel MacLaine, Captain Burn Callander, Mr. Henry Scott, Mr. Stewart, Mr. G. Williamson Ramsay, Mr. Johnston of Alva,

Mr. Dempster, Mr. A. Hope, Mr. Dewar, Mr. Earle, &c.

Having determined on again hunting the following Tuesday, I proceeded to Crichton Castle, upon reaching which, and close by, to my horror I perceived another immense glen, and with every appearance of being boggy. A fox was instantly found, and right along it he went. I and my horse did our best, going over about two miles of what to look at I thought impassable. The hounds appeared to be coming into a better country, when unexpectedly, to me at least, they ran in upon him, having done all in good style.

We then drew a small gorse covert on the bank of a neighbouring river, the name of which I do not know: the fox was chopped. Afterwards we proceeded towards Arniston, where we soon found, and had a great deal of running from one plantation to another, evidently more than one fox on foot at a time, latterly rather bewildering both hounds and their followers. Most of the men I have mentioned above were again in the field, as also Lord John Scott, who, although of course from his age not very many seasons entered, shews in first-rate style, and appears a valued addition to the Members of his Noble Brother's Hunt; Lord Elcho, and Sir David Baird, both well known as rarely to be equalled; Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun, Mr. Campbell, Colonel Balfour of the 82d Regiment, Mr. Fletcher Campbell, Mr. Hay Newton, Captain Smith, Mr. Dyre, Mr. Brandling, and several Officers of the Second Dragoon Guards, now under orders for shortly marching: the regiment leaves Piershill Barracks with the uni-

versally expressed regret of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood.

The next day I had the enjoyment of hunting. The place of meeting announced by the card was the Windmill, near Vossie, three miles from the kennel; and here I must pause to mention, as an example worthy of imitation by all huntsmen, the correctness of the manner Mr. Williamson makes, announces, and keeps the fixtures of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds. Our covert was a gorse covert, and at last I had the pleasure of seeing a covert going to be drawn, to a stranger's eye tolerably well situated: however, for more than an hour no fox would fairly break, although I should think several were in it: at last, away went one that had been pronounced a dodging brute, (however, a good one he proved,) right over to Vossie, where hanging a little, right on to Crichton Dean, and beyond it four or five miles: here he made a decided double, and was run back about half that distance. The scent, which all day had not been good, gradually dying away over some cold ploughed land, the hounds threw up, and he never could be again hit off.

These hounds, which everything but their country renders delightful to hunt with, now leave this district, and I shall not this season probably again have an opportunity of hearing their heart-cheering music. They go into Roxburghshire, of which I have received a very detailed description; and from every account of itself and its foxes, I conceive it capable of affording magnificent sport; and this opinion I under-

stand to be borne out. This very day did I gaze towards Soutra Hill, and wish myself on the other side of it.

The fields with the Duke's hounds are generally numerous, and composed of all grades of society, which is as it should be, and of all degrees of sporting knowledge, from as good sportsmen as England possesses down to men who appear to understand as little about fox-hunting as it is possible to imagine a human biped can do. One egregious fault is constantly committing with these hounds, that of coverts being nearly surrounded by men and horses while being drawn, which, in a country where foxes, from overfeeding or some other cause, appear even with fair play almost invariably sufficiently disinclined to break covert, is as effectual a plan of preventing a fox going away as could be invented. Should this remark of a stranger in the slightest degree tend to increase the sport of men from whom he has received much unexpected courteous attention, it will afford him sincere pleasure.—In concluding, permit me to apologize for any mistakes of places or names, and to request they may be attributed to want of sufficient local knowledge, added to the haste with which these lines have been written.

With every best wish to His Grace, in the words of the lamented Sir Walter Scott, the Heir of the Bold Buccleuch, I subscribe myself, Sir, your well-wisher,

*A Warwickshire Proprietor.*

Edinburgh, March 12, 1839.

## FOX-HOUNDS IN INDIA.

"The Chase.....so pleasant, that it might allure a  
Saint from his beads to join the jocund race;  
E'en Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura,  
And wear the Melton jacket for a space."—*Don Juan, Canto XIII.*

SIR,  
YOU must be aware that a very large portion of your "Subscribers" and "Constant Readers," and a considerable number of as good Sportsmen as exist in this "breathing world," are denizens of this "most pleasant and delightful" Land of the Sun; it must therefore be a considerable satisfaction to you from time to time to hear of their welfare and well-doings. Under this impression, I am about to employ an idle hour or so in relating for the amusement of your readers, should you deem it worth their perusal, what I know of the feats of hunting and hounds in this corner of the globe, where most of us are good shots, good Sportsmen, and dearly love to read of aught regarding "The Chase" in your Magazine. Talking of "the Chase," Mr. Editor, did it never strike you, when you first read these lines from the *Lady of the Lake*—

"Yelled on the view the opening pack,  
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;  
'Tis many a mingled sound at once  
The awaken'd mountains gave response.  
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered an hundred steeds along:  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
An hundred voices sound the shout:  
With bark, and whoop, and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew:"—

that fifty couple of hounds was a largesh draft to take into the field in such a country! I never read this beautiful description without a feeling of pity for the whippers-in (who must have had hard work of it) coming across me, and of horror, that an hundred sets of Highland lungs should

have thought proper to put themselves in play merely because the scent happened to be good, and the pace killing—nevertheless it must have been a right gallant affair—

"'Twere long to tell what steeds gave  
o'er  
As swept the hunt thro' Cambusmore:"

until

"And when the 'Brigg of Turk' was won,  
The headmost horseman rode alone!"

We see him now, a tall, thin, determined looking Gentleman, with an eye like an hawk, riding rather short and up in his stirrups, going like a "good 'un;" and we feel a thrill of delight at his triumph in beating off ninety-nine first-rate ones, and having it all to himself.—But, as the Irishman said, "you must excuse these digressions before I've begun."

*Revenons à nos moutons; i. e.* 'tis meet that we "hark back" to our subject. I have said that readers of the Sporting Magazine abound in this country: I mean the good *Old Magazine*; for we have all read and appreciated the Letter in the Number for March 1832, and are not a little astonished at the many *exposés* it contains.

You, and we, and all the world have heard enough of tiger-shooting—(if not, let me know): I need therefore say nothing upon that subject, except that it is a noble exciting sport, is on the wane, and in a few years will be

no more—Government assisting its downhill by paying a reward for all skins brought in, provided the claws and head are thereto attached—I presume, in their mercy, permitting the animal to go at large when divested of these “adornments.”

Hog-hunting, *vulgo* “pig-sticking,” a right manly pastime, I am sorry to say is also fading away like the dews of the morning—(you see I am no ways particular about my similes).—In some parts of Bengal it is still to be had, and in the district of Tipperah and its neighbourhood (notwithstanding the prowess of a first-rate Sportsman, G. P. T——n, Esq. who with two other Gentlemen not long ago demolished sixty-four boars in four days, considerably more than a moiety of which number fell to the spear of the Gentleman I have mentioned) there are still a few left to floor “*the griffs*” withal, and delight the hearts of such sportsmen as Mr. T——n. Talking of boars reminds me of one Mister “*Meleager*,” whose praises are sung by a very decent poet yclept OVID, though I think undeservedly, as it was by no means correct for the said Gentleman to sally forth with a *posse comitatus* to attack one unfortunate “pig,” and “harry him to his account, with all his imperfections on his head,” with a poisoned arrow, or a long throw with a light spear from behind a tree. Now if the before-mentioned Mr. *Meleager* had saddled his steed, put on his boots and spurs, and (if he was in the habit of riding long) taken up “a hole or two in his stirrup-leathers, and called for a proper spear, it would have been another guess sort of affair. But the ancients

had no SPORTING MAGAZINE to set them right, which accounts for the few feats in that way we find recorded of them. Perhaps the largest jump ever taken in those days was by one Sir Marcus Curtius, Knight, who, as Shakespeare says, “jumped the life to come,” which only affords matter of surprise that his horse could be brought to face such a yawner, (he must have been a good bit of stuff,) and of rejoicing to his eldest son, to whom he doubtless left his small property and the rest of his stud..... “Hold hard!” I was very nearly off again. This communication will be exceeding all bounds if I go on in this fashion: so I shall wind up with some account of what English imported hounds have been doing of late days in India.

*Bobbery Packs*, which (in comparison with regular establishments) may be considered what Falstaff’s regiment of ragged recruits were to the disciplined army, (and they afford to the full as good fun, and more sport very often,) are to be found at all large military stations. I believe there are but three regular packs of hounds on this side of India—one at Bareilly, of which I know nothing; one, a small one, in Tirhoot, which I fear will soon be broken up, of which I have seen a little, and have witnessed some very excellent sport with, the country being by far the best adapted for hounds and riding of any I have seen in India—perhaps a little too open; but high cultivation and grass coverts give it a great superiority over that about Calcutta, where the ground is literally iron-bound. In the year 1830, the kennel was strong enough to send twelve or four-

teen couples into the field on hunting days, and in that season, between November and the beginning of March, sixteen brace of Jackalls resigned their head-pieces to serve as embellishments for the kennel door, most of them after runs which would be despised in *no* hunting country in the world.

They are generally hunted by a Gentleman whose name has been in print in your pages, and who gave universal satisfaction for many years while hunting the Calcutta Hounds. His method is admirable, and he is moreover a "workman" in the saddle, and a most accomplished sportsman in every sense of the term. I sincerely hope he may live long to enjoy many seasons in Leicestershire or Warwickshire: wherever he is, his place I dare aver will be a good one. There are several performers with these hounds quite competent to instruct in the "*ars eundi*," the science of "going along," and are all real lovers of *the sport*.—This reminds me, as *Caleb Quotem* says, of a very excellent man and sportsman, who I am sure would be the last person to speak lightly or irreverently upon a subject of such awful importance, who, hearing the conversation turn upon what was to be expected in an *after-state*, said quietly, that "for his part he had somehow always felt certain that there was *some good sport in store* for those who conducted themselves properly here below." To this I am an ear-witness, and the Gentleman it refers to stands too high in general estimation both as a Christian and a man to allow me to suppose for a moment, notwithstanding the oddness of the remark, that it implied

any want of proper reasoning upon so grave a matter.

It would be wrong, while speaking of this part of India, not to mention, that in the Tirhoot district one of the Company's stud-establishments, Poo-sah, is stationed, where are generally to be seen throughout the year nearly 800 mares: they are sent to this stud (from the districts they are foaled in) as yearlings, and when turned of three years, a selection is made by the superintendant of the stud, and those approved of for breeding purposes are returned to the breeding districts, and those rejected as undersized, &c. are sold, and generally find ready purchasers. The *Poosah Stud* is under the management of Capt. H—s, and the excellent manner in which it is conducted is beyond all praise. Such condition and cleanliness as are to be witnessed throughout the stables will be met with but seldom, and I fancy would put to shame most of the large breeding establishments in England or Europe.

Now, Mr. Editor, for a word or two touching the "Calcutta Hunt." I need say nothing on racing matters, for, unless an *accurate* account is given, they are best let alone: suffice it, that the Calcutta December Meeting 1831 was a very good one. The only race I shall mention is a Sweepstakes for Maiden Arab horses untrained—Gentlemen riders:—the conditions being, "that each rider shall light a cheroot at starting, and bring it lighted to the scales, or be considered distanced." Seventeen horses started: it was a mile race, and run in good time, creating much amusement, the leading horses not to be distinguished

of course (from the cloud of smoke) until within a few yards of home. We also saw a half-mile race run in 53 seconds, won by a country-bred mare, Francesca, ridden by her owner, whose bridle *broke* at starting and became useless. Her head was kept straight with the whip, and the result was as I have mentioned. It was the more extraordinary, as in her previous races the mare had proved a difficult one to hold.

The "Calcutta Subscription Pack" has for the last three or four years been exclusively and entirely under the management of a Committee; and I feel that I am asserting the opinions of every Sportsman concerned, when I say, that had it not been for the exertions of the Hon. J. E——t, and W. N——t, Esq., the establishment would have melted away like

"The baseless fabric of a vision,"

"And left not a rack behind!"

no, nor a *manger*, or *trough*, or *kennel*, to shew where a "pack" had been. It only remains for us to "render honour where honour is due," and record our grateful sense of these Gentlemen's endeavors to preventing such a melancholy catastrophe. The pack is hunted by the first-named Member of the Committee, and all eulogiums of mine must fall far short of doing meet justice to his excellences. However, it is saying something to assert, that your worthy Correspondent of other days, NIM NORTH, would have no occasion to alter his opinion of this Gentleman's performances; and I trust it may not be long ere he has an opportunity of putting what I say to the proof, by again halting Mr. E.'s

presence in the hunting field in their *ain dear land*—(would that I could be there to see!) When that event does take place, the Members of the C. H. will be left to mourn in sackcloth and ashes the absence of their "Chief," and say with Shakspeare

We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

The kennel is generally kept up to thirty couples, which is no more than is absolutely necessary for hunting twice and sometimes three days a week in this country. In some months the ground is unusually hard, and the number of hounds lamed considerable. In March too the sun is somewhat of the hottest after 9 A.M., and in long runs late in the morning hounds cannot be got home without a little "grilling," and its consequences. This year (1832) fewer deaths having occurred than usual. In 1831 sickness got into the kennel, and carried them off by twos and threes, and sometimes more, in a day; and a most truly melancholy sight it was to witness in this country, where they are not to be replaced. The disease in every case was accompanied by a violent palpitation of the heart: few escaped, and it was only checked by separating the pack. However, if I were to attempt to explain the different appearances of the disease, the supposed causes, the advised remedies, and the various and sage opinions delivered, amounting to some thousands, they would fill your Magazine instead of a few pages of it, and excite no interest. I will merely hint that we none of us know much about it, and that hounds will continue to die, and the climate continue to be abused, and every sort of food in its turn continue to be repro-

bated, without our growing one jot the wiser. If we must hunt (and we **MUST** and **WILL**), we must pay for it: and grown-up hounds coming from a *country* like England are not prepared to relish a *country* like India, and consequently take themselves off to an "undiscovered *country*," more congenial to them, where the *climate is good, the troughs full, and whipcord scarce*. However from observation I may assert, that hounds bred in India in all respects thrive better than those imported. Those too I have seen have not degenerated much, at least are perfectly fit for all the purposes of hunting in India:—the difficulty is to bring them to maturity.

One of the most lamented deaths in the Calcutta kennel this year was that of a hound called *Hurricane*, who had been distinguished on every occasion as one gifted with uncommon goodness. Lord Nelson and General Wolfe expired in the arms of victory, and not less so did poor *Hurricane* breathe his last, a few short hours after one of the best runs of the season, in which he pre-eminently signalized himself, and he fell asleep in the glorious consciousness of having done his duty. The following *doggrel* impromptu, written by a mourning admirer of the deceased, is to be engraven upon his monument, which, it is *said*, will be furnished by Mr. Chantrey.

"Oh shed a tear upon his grave,  
For he was very good."

*Auld Robin Gray.*

To his fathers at last,  
On the wings of the blast,  
Brave *Hurricane's* spirit is borne;  
Tho' the gales to his mind  
Were a southerly wind,  
And the clear thrilling blast of the horn.

From the storms of this life,  
And the whirlwinds of strife,  
At length thy brave spirit is free:  
Not soon in the chase  
For courage or pace  
Shall we look on another like thee!

The sport during the last season was throughout unprecedently good; several of the runs first-rate, with *fields* generally consisting of from forty to sixty *pinks*; but those with the Hunt-collar (light blue), I regret to say, scarcely ever exceeded in number twenty-five—the rest being visitors and military men from the neighbouring cantonments at Barrackpore and Dum-Dum. It would be a vain attempt to mention all who excelled, for most were good; and I heard a Gentleman (of many years standing as a Member of the Hunt, and who is certainly well qualified to discriminate between the *good, bad, and indifferent* styles of performances in the field) declare, that he "never remembered to have seen fields better mounted, and better riding altogether, than he had witnessed in the last two seasons." Many ride imported English cattle—some being compelled to do so by their weight; but for men *who can ride about 11 stone or so*, there are no horses for honesty and bottom like the Arabs. Country-bred cattle are much improved of late years, and are, I confess, favorites of mine as hunters, having all the height and length of English cattle, and being very often better bred.

I cannot do better than wind up with an account of one of the "good things" served out to the Hunt during last season—on the morning of the 26th of March 1832. I grieve to say I was unavoidably absent; but I quote from a letter received from one

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who took a very prominent part in the business. "The Hunt was driven in from their regular meet on the Saturday preceding by a perfect deluge of rain, and were dispersed, and nearly drowned, before they reached shelter. We were resolved to be revenged on the weather for this trick; and a fixture for the Monday morning following was appointed. We met at Dum-Dum (the best country), and found an *old acquaintance*, who had escaped with his life in the early part of the season, ready to oblige us again. He broke immediately; and all I have to add is, that I *never saw* hounds in the country go so fast for so many miles. We were exactly forty-five minutes *by watch*, of which there was not a second to spare, and indeed, after all, the hounds had the 'foot' of us; for I do believe, had there not been a check of about two minutes, that they would have dropped the whole field! The country being deep and the ditches wide and full of water, the bellows and the jumping capabilities of the nags were both put to the trial. Five men, who arrived rather late, saw us find, and rode to catch us, but during the forty-five minutes could not gain a yard, though of

course availing themselves of the turns. The damage done was—one horse broke a fore leg, one very nearly drowned in the *nul-lah* (stream), many lamed, &c. The *Gourypore* ditch (a well-known yawner) was in the run, and was speedily filled with Gentlemen and their horses. Very few got over, most of the horses being by this time pretty well *blown*. The pack did their work beautifully—no tailing, and running like a flock of sheep throughout, with a head of four or five abreast. They ran from scent to view, and killed in the open!"

This is a damnable country, Mr. Editor; but if one thing more than another helps to keep us alive in it, it is the enjoyment of *days* like these, and the prospect of many more such in our "Father Land." I must, however, not take up more of your valuable time, and conclude by observing, that should this be deemed worthy of insertion in *THE Sporting Magazine* I shall be strangely tempted ever and anon to let you hear again of me, with a promise to try and make future communications *less long* and *more amusing*, if I can.

WHO-WHOOP.

India, July 1832.

## THE TROUT.

*Painted and Engraved by SMITH.*

"Genus *Salmo*—Head compressed, smooth; tongue cartilaginous; teeth both in the jaws and on the tongue; gill-membrane from 4 to 10 rayed; body compressed, furnished at the hind part with an adipose fin.—*S. Fario*."—Dr. SHAW.

THE TROUT is one of our most sporting and delicious fish, and very beautiful in its appearance when in prime season, which generally is about the end of June; but this de-

pends on the nature of the water from which it is taken, as in small mountain streams they begin to shew their bright colours earlier than they do in heavier waters. When the crimson

spots are vivid, the belly pure white blended into the yellow sides, which are graduated towards the back with a pearly lilac hue that merges into brown, such appearance decides the fish to be in season. Trout differ in colour when cooked: some are white as a roach; but the best flavored are of a fine salmon tint. Both white and red are taken out of the same stream; though we have heard of some brooks wherein the trout are entirely white, and others whose fish are all red. Trout vary in size: those of the Thames and other large rivers have frequently been taken from seven to ten or twelve pounds weight. These may be considered very large fish, though trout of larger size have been taken\*. Trout of four or five pounds are superior in flavour to one larger.

The methods of angling for Trout are various: with worms either with or without a float—the fly either natural or artificial—or with minnow, by which last method most of the heavy fish are taken. The difference of sex is very visible: the male is long and narrow when compared with the female, whose body is broader and head less chubby. Trout spawn the latter end of November or beginning of December.

Trout fishing may be found both

in valley or on mountain—from the rotten banks of a lowland river, or from the craggy margin of an Highland torrent. Happy and independent is the man, who, with pannier strapped on his shoulder, rod in hand, a book well stored with flies, a companion, and that firm friend and essential, a few sovereigns, at command! Thus equipped, he may trudge through wilds and scenery that he never would have explored had it not been for that innate desire which is so strongly implanted in our nature—a motive to pursue. O MAY! thou delightful month of “sun and shade,” who stimulates our blood to new energies, and our hearts to pleasing anticipation of latent joy! thou makest the captive sigh for freedom when through his grated window he watches the twittering swallow skimming through the buoyant air: and equally anxious is the angler: when the wind blows south with a cloudy sky, to escape from the shackles of business—he craves the river and the mountain dell with gurgling transparent stream without control, which, with others co-eval, confluent join to make our noble rivers Thames and Severn, on whose banks the fisherman unmolested roams to capture their various stores.

W. S.

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### CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING.

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“ Now Spring has clad the groves in green,  
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;  
The furrow'd waving corn is seen  
Rejoice in fostering showers.”—BURNS.

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SIR,

THE joyous season of Spring has again brought us to our long anticipated delights of the Course; and while your Southern friends have this week celebrated the Easter festivals with the accustomed sports at Newmarket, we have likewise followed that good example in the North by opening the Budget, and disclosing the secrets of the stable at Catterick, as well as producing a very animated

and enlivened Meeting of the Holderness Hunt at Beverley: but of that no doubt some kind friend will furnish you with a few particulars. As for myself, feeling always more attached (though no Aristocrat) to “genuine blood” and “professional jockeyship,” I left the adventurers of Westwood, to resort to the old hallowed sportive scene, “CATTERICK,” where the beautiful Swale,

\* See *Sporting Magazine*, Second Series, vol. III. p. 21.

"rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a still sound."

Here the George, kept by my old friend Thomas Ferguson, affords the sojourner every comfort and accommodation, with the enrapturing prospect (to the Sportsman's eye) of the course in the front of the house, which might well prompt him to exclaim,

"There is no lovelier scene in all the land,  
Around us far a green enchantment lies,  
Fed by the weepings of those April skies,  
And touch'd by Fancy's great 'all-charming wand.'"

Here the invalid may, from the windows of the house, if unable or unwilling to brave the chilly blast, enjoy in sweet repose the soul-stirring scene: but, thank Heaven! health and spirits were not wanting to give me a relish or an impulse to partake of the sport, and join the speculative and conjecturing throng.

The weather proved cruelly cold, accompanied with fleeting showers, yet a short gleam of sunshine, like "a smile to a tear," occasionally shone over our joys.

WEDNESDAY.—The Craven Stake craved, as an accustomed due, our first notice, a cluster of seven old friends and new acquaintance, as under:—

Duke of Cleveland's Pucelle filly, rising 3 yrs, rode by J. Robinson, a lad out of Smith's stables.

Mr. Hebden's f. Lustre, by Swiss out of Flambeau's dam, rising 3 yrs, rode by Young Noble.

Mr. Powlett's f. by Whisker out of Miss Fanny, rising 4 yrs, rode by George Nelson.

Colonel Cradock's c. Brother to Homer, rising 3 yrs, rode by a Boy.

Mr. Skipsey's c. by Phantom or Tinker—Macbeth—rising 3 yrs, rode by a Boy.

Duke of Leeds's Lady Maud, rode by Templeman.

Duke of Cleveland's Brother to Chorister, rising 4 years, rode by a Boy.

The Chorister led the band to the Catterick turn, where he was put out of tune by the rustling of Lustre, who here displayed her *brilliancy*, and shone *pre-eminent*, coming up to the distance with at least two lengths sail. Young Robinson then came forward with the Pucelle filly, put the

Lustre out of folds, and won with uncommon ease. Powlett's was the fancy of the throng; the Chorister fetched 3 to 1; and the winner, a great long light shelly mare, not thought of. Lustre, who ran in second, is a neat pretty smart mare.

The Richmond Club Stake followed, and brought out four yearlings, as under:—

The Window Shut, rode by a Boy.

Miss Margaret, rode by Thompson, a boy out of Dawson's stables.

Duke of Leeds's f. by Whisker—Octavian, rode by Templeman.

Mr. S. L. Fox's f. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Fry, rode by George Nelson.

Margery, who was the *belle* of the *coterie*, took all the notice, and preserved her charms unimpaired, carrying off all the *praise* as well as *profit* with tolerable ease. She is a little strong useful animal, and is the first of Actæon's get that has come out, bringing with her the old valued Benningbrough blood on both sides of her pedigree. The Window Shut (a nice sort of mare) appeared not to have been in use sufficiently long to go easily; perhaps a little time may make her move on her hinges somewhat quicker.

The Produce Stake closed the day's bill of fare, with a *production* of three—

Rousseau, rode by.....G. Nelson.

Tesane .....S. Templeman.

Pantomime (Comedy).....Jas. Jacques.

Rousseau made all the play to the Stand, when Tesane came up, and after a short disputation won the argument rather cleverly; Pantomime's *capers* at the golden bait proving all a *farce*.

Of the *comparative* merits of the respective competitors, this struggle will perhaps afford no accurate criterion. The event was preceded and partly prosecuted amid a severe storm of rain, that would have made one swear that Jupiter had opened all his clues, and poured the watery element upon us without measure, which must have taken more than a little effect upon Rousseau (a pretty strong useful little horse), as he stood at Temple's stables at the village of Catterick, above a mile from the course,

and sustained the pelting of the pitiless shower in coming to the scene of action; while the other two were safely housed in Ferguson's stables close to the course. The soaking he sustained seemed to have starved him dreadfully, while the stacks of umbrellas, parachutes, &c. &c. made him appear frightened and timorous in the extreme. On the other hand Tesane (who, as my former notice of her last year told you, was a little light mare) could not be said to find no inconvenience; for the wet produced such a slippery surface on the turf, that she appeared to slide about from want of safe footing, like an inebriated pedestrian on a sheet of ice, which of course would not a little frighten and fret her.

Thus ended the first day.

THURSDAY brought us three Stakes; two of which one Gentleman, with the *de'il's luck* and his own, carried into his own coffers.

The Old Stake, the first course, dished up four for inspection and tasting—

Satan, rode by.....R. Johnson.  
Partner .....J. Jacques.  
Allegro .....Thompson.  
Mr. King's b.c. by Tramp,  
dam by Middlethorpe ...S. Templeman.

Allegro (*sprightly enough*) set off and made severe running, playing it *gaily* up to the distance, where he stopped the melody, and declined any further performance. Satan, with his Partner, then came in front, and commenced a stout and determined struggle, in which His Satanic Highness proved victor by a head. Allegro was the favorite at 6 to 4 on him; 5 to 2 agst Partner; and no one found to fancy the *devil*, with all his wiles, at any price. Allegro and Satan both came from the same stable and the same hands, and rumour says their preceptor placed (and consequently spilt) his rhino on Allegro, though the other of his pupils won the *siller*. The winner is a neat pretty horse. Partner, who ran in second, is a great very good-like one.

A Two-year-old (I should say yearling) Produce Stake succeeded,

and presented a field of the following five:—

Mr. Whitelock's b. c. by  
Lottery out of Gin..... T. Nicholson.  
Mr. Jacques's b. f. by  
Wanton out of Galina, Jas. Jacques.  
Mr. Arrowsmith's ch. c.  
Rifleman, by Whisker, Jas. Garbutt.  
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by  
Blacklock out of Mrs.  
Rye ..... S. Templeman.  
Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. The  
Count, by Figaro out  
of Catgut..... G. Nelson.

Gin was the most favorite dram of the assemblage, at the low price of 2 to 1, which must be acknowledged cheap *blue ruin*; Rifleman's tactics at *exercise and drill* gained him many admirers and friends at nearly the same odds.

The Count took the first rank at starting, followed by Rifleman and the Duke of Leeds's colt. The three came in abreast, making a very severe run by the distance to the stand, where they all appeared to have parted with every particle of speed, strength, and other requisites: each here stopped and staggered like a leash of drunken men; and Nicholson, thinking another dose of his pure *aqua* would, perhaps, totally upset the staggerers, came forward, floored them, and carried the laurels away easily. Gin is a very neat pretty horse, and looked in prime condition. He was sold prior to starting to Mr. Attwood for the sum of 200l.; but whether the Stake was included in the bargain or not I am not aware. Rifleman is a horse of great size and powers, and is, I think, the best-like one of the fleet. The Duke's is also a good like horse of the old Blacklock sort. The Gin colt came from the training stables of Thomas Peirse, at Richmond, and his winning appeared to have quite an *intoxicating* effect upon the Richmond lads, for the victory was hailed with some rounds of enthusiastic cheers from their "great *strang* voices."

The Yearling Stake came next, and concluded not only the day's sport, but the meeting. For this we had only three:—

Miss Margaret..... Thompson.  
Monitor (Brother to Mimic) J. Jacques.  
Mellerstain ..... R. Johnson.

Margery, from her former victory, was the favoured one at 6 to 4 on her, and nothing said of her companions. The trio came together up to the stand, when a severe struggle ensued with Monitor and Mellerstain, the latter only gaining the advantage by half a head, with plenty of quibbling from the country lads, who would fain have had the Monitor placed first, to suit their fancy and their pockets no doubt.

The winner is a pretty little horse, and, like all Dawson's horses at the Meeting, was in fine forward condition.—I ought to name that both Satan and Mellerstain are the property of Mr. George Crompton, of Heworth, in the neighbourhood of York, and not that old and well-known supporter of the Turf, Gilbert Crompton, Esq. as has been generally supposed.

Thus closed our festivities, and who but will rejoice to hear that the Noble, Honorable, and spirited supporters of the Turf, who reside amid this charming country, are about to put their exertions to the wheel, to renovate the future Catterick Meetings to their former, if not increased, prosperity. A combination of the Noblemen and Gentlemen in the neighbourhood is already formed in the form of a Racing Club to support and advance its future interests. Through their instrumentality numerous new Stakes are opened, to which that honored Nobleman His Grace of Leeds, together with Mr. S. L. Fox, Mr. Jacques,

and others, have placed their names. The course is to be altered and amended, and a straight home-run of a mile to be formed; a new Grand Stand erected; and other improvements, which may appear best calculated to meet general approbation and convenience, adopted. To me, Mr. Editor, who have loved the sports of the Turf from "childhood's hours," and followed a humble admirer in its train,

"Even from my boyhood's days," such news and intelligence is indeed gratifying and cheering in the extreme amid this age of cant and cloven-footed hypocrisy; and, I doubt not, will be hailed with equal pleasure by your numerous sporting readers: but time bids me conclude, and leaves me only opportunity to add, I sincerely wish the new CATTERICK RACING CLUB prosperity and perpetuity: may it long exist,

"Adorned with gems so richly bright  
To form a constellation:  
Where every star with modest light  
Shall gild its proper station!"

And now, until the close of the Malton Meeting, whence you may expect a scrawl or two, believe me, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Catterick, April 12th, 1833.

ERRATA.—In the account of Mr. Riddell's stud, for *Tappill* (twice) read *Tupgill*; and for "Physician, got by Brutandorf out of *Prunella*," read out of *Primette*.

## STEEPLE CHASES.

IN our last we gave an account of the West Lothian Steeple Chase; and after it was printed the following Letter, addressed to a friend, was transmitted to us, but too late for insertion:—

New Club, Edinburgh,

DEAR —, March 16, 1833.

Following the example of our Southern neighbours, we have introduced this sport North of the Tweed with great *eclat*. On the 1st of

March we had a capital day's sport in the West Country, close to Houstoun, in the presence of not less than 700 people, the stakes being won cleverly by Mr. Dyer's thorough-bred horse Navarino, by Viscount out of your old friend Sir William Maxwell's famous mare Nell Meldon. They started (in all eight of them) to the South of the Inch, and ran to Houstoun in thirteen minutes, a distance of *four miles*! The country was, as you must remember, entirely grass; and

there were twenty-three stiff fences in the line, one of which was a very severe one, consisting chiefly of stone walls.

(Here follows a description of the race, in nearly the same words as given in our last.)

Your old acquaintance Major Shairp, the same distinguished Sportsman as ever, who acted as Umpire, rode a clipper of Mr. Ramsay's at the head of the field, and took every fence in his stroke, as he said he considered himself bound to do, having himself chosen the country, in order to shew that the line was practicable. To him indeed, and Mr. Ramsay, we were indebted for a most excellent day's amusement—the whole of the arrangements, which were most admirable, having been made by these two active and public-spirited fellows. Shairp's riding was truly delightful to witness: the nag he rode, however (a thorough-bred one), was so superior an animal, that I verily believe he could have given any one of the lot a stone, and beat him easy. He made one most splendid leap in particular over a brook in flood, taking it in his stride (the only one who did so) when at his best pace, and covering *twenty-seven feet* from taking off to landing.

The winner was well ridden by Dyer, and to the fact of his being so he owes entirely his success: had "Dunse Castle" and "Twilight" been judiciously steered, they would both have beaten him; but, as a friend of mine observed, they were jockeyed by absolute madmen, and taken away at a pace that was altogether killing. Twilight was bred by William Hay; and by way of proof that there is something good about him, he has been purchased since the Steeple Chase, and is now in the stables of Sir David Baird.

Yours sincerely, ———.

On Monday the 25th of March, the Glasgow lieges not to be behind-hand with the Edinburghers, a Steeple Chase between the Earl of Eglinton and Mr. Edington, of Glasgow, took place, and excited a very

great degree of interest among the Members of the Sporting World both of "high and low degree." Every prad and drag of whatever description was put in requisition to convey the middlings and swells to the scene of action, and the surrounding heights, which commanded a view of the scene, were literally crowded with toddlers of every age and of both sexes, all apparently as much interested in the result as if a nation's fate depended on it. Betting ran high, and a good many parcels of currency changed owners. The ground marked out for the race was from Barnweil-Hill over the country to a point on the opposite side of the Powburn, an oblong course of four miles.—In all five races took place betwixt ten horses *bona fide* the property of Lord Eglinton and Mr. Edington, Gentlemen riders; 50 sovs. a-side.

In the *first race* Lord Eglinton rode his own horse, and that of Mr. Edington was ridden by Mr. T. Annesley. Mr. A. took and kept the lead (from an advantage he gained at the Powburn) till within three fields of the winning post, when he was thrown out by his horse refusing a fence, and Lord E. won cleverly.

*Second Race.*—Lord Eglinton's horse was ridden by Mr. Gavin Hamilton; and Mr. Edington rode for himself—a splendid race: horses apparently neck and neck all the way until towards the close, when Mr. E. took the lead, and there seemed little doubt of his success; but, from having taken the wrong side of a flag-staff, he was compelled to return, after being 50 yards past, and repass it on the other side—yet he was within a length of being in with the winner.

*Third Race.*—Lord Eglinton rode for himself; Mr. T. Annesley for Mr. Edington:—won easily by Lord E., Mr. A.'s horse having made a mistake at a fence, slightly bruising his rider.

*Fourth Race.*—Mr. T. Annesley for Mr. Edington—Lord Eglinton for himself. This race closely resembled the second one in point of equality, both horses keeping within three lengths of each other until they

reached the Powburn, three fields from home. Mr. A.'s horse took the burn gallantly, but the Earl's refused, and Mr. A. won by half a field.

*Fifth Race.*—Mr. G. Hamilton for the Earl—Mr. Edington for himself:—an excellent race, and won by his Lordship's horse by three lengths.

The speed at which the races were contested was very great—the four miles being performed in some of them in less than fifteen minutes.

The country over which the racing took place was very close, and at least one fourth of it tremendously hilly; the Powburn is fifteen feet wide at the place where the course crossed it at one point, and the same breadth with the addition of a hedge at the other.

The ground was very heavy in hill and close in fence, and several of them very difficult. The course was not previously examined by the riders. The latter are entitled to the highest rank in the sporting calendar, there having been only one fall in the five races. The races commenced about twelve, and finished at three. Lord Kelburne was on the ground and discharged the duties of umpire most satisfactorily to those interested in the issue of the races.

#### TALLAGHT SHAMROCK CUP.

DUBLIN, MARCH 28, 1833.

The Steeple-Race for this Cup came off yesterday over a new course, which to all appearance was laid out for broken bones; at two o'clock the following horses started:—

|                                          |   |   |
|------------------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr. J. Tuthill's Shamrock (Owner)        | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. F. Morgan's Bravo (Mr. Knareborough) | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. H. Ryan's Harbinger (Mr. Pearse)     | 3 | 3 |

*First Heat.*—On the word being given, they started in excellent style, Bravo taking the lead over the first wall, which he kept until they crossed the road, when Harbinger came out and headed him across a fallow field, Shamrock lying far astern. In taking the leap out of the ploughed ground, both Bravo and Harbinger swerved and fell, and before they could make sail again, Shamrock passed them, and they were unable

to touch him to the ending. He won the heat without the least difficulty.

*Second Heat.*—They went away much in the same order as at first, but all evidently made up for mischief, and, considering the ground and the fences they had to encounter, at a swinging bat. Harbinger swerved at the fourth fence from home, but soon caught his horses, Bravo being well in front. At the road Shamrock made the play, and they ran nearly abreast at a tremendous pace to the last leap but two—Bravo over first, and Shamrock laid close alongside; when, after a desperate struggle, the latter won by little more than a neck. The heat was disputed on the part of Mr. Knareborough for a cross by Shamrock, but the decision was ultimately in favour of Mr. Tuthill.—From the excellence of the running, and the good order which prevailed, we hope to see a full entry for this race next year.

Several Steeple-Chases have taken place in various parts of the kingdom, of which we can only find room for a brief outline.

On the 23d of March, for 20 sovs. each, ten horses started from a field near Brixworth, Northamptonshire, and a point in Cottesbrook Cow Pastures was fixed on as the goal. There were two brooks in the route, and the fences, though not heavy, were numerous. Mr. Evans's Grimaldi, whose previous performances had attached to him considerable interest, refused the fourth fence, and threw his rider. Mr. Osbaldeston quickly re-mounted, and overtook the field, but in crossing the first brook, Grimaldi cleared with his fore-feet, but fell backwards with his rider into the water, giving the Squire a cooler: this second disaster left him not the remotest chance of success. For a time no horse could claim any advantage, but after the fate of the favorite had been decided, the remaining ground was strongly contested between Mr. Wesley's Lily, Mr. Tibbett's Enterprise, Mr. Soloway's Daring Ranger, Mr. Wilson's Moses, Mr. Thornhill's Patrician, and Mr. Cox's Montebello,

Lily keeping the lead till within half a mile of the winning point, when she fell. Daring Ranger and Moses then advanced, and the race terminated by Daring Ranger winning easily. Moses came in second, Enterprise third, Lily fourth, Montebello fifth, Patrician sixth, Mr. Berkeley's Outcast seventh, and Mr. Russell's The Monk eighth.

On the same day, a second Steeple-Chase for six sovs. each was run over the same ground. Seven horses started, Mr. Paleman's Blucher taking the lead, closely followed by Mr. C. G. Fletcher's Don Cossack and Mr. Cox's Quaker. The remainder of the field (Mr. Prince's Filho, Mr. Wesley's grey gelding, Mr. Dickens's Biddy, and Mr. Reeve's Rutland) appeared to have no chance. About a mile from home, Blucher gave place to the Quaker and Don Cossack, who ran neck and neck till they reached the last fence, in clearing which Don Cossack's size and condition gave him the advantage; he cleared the distance of twenty-three feet, and won by two lengths.

On the 25th, a Steeple-Chase, from Brockdish Church to Scole (four miles), for 28 sovs. each, came off in the presence of numerous horsemen and spectators on foot. Of the light weights the winner was, Mr. Wallace's Silly Billy, beating Mr. S. Smith's Little Tom (2d), Mr. Munro's Peablossom, Mr. G. Wilson's Jack, and Mr. Gould's Fleecrow.—Of the heavy weights (carrying 13 st.), the winner was Mr. Gould's Jack o'Lanthorn beating Mr. Barker's Filippo, Mr. Munro's Chipp, and Mr. Beverley's Antelope and Vandyke.

This was followed by a match between H. Monro, of Walham-le-Willows, Esq., and Mr. Ellis, of Shelfanger Hall, for two guineas a-side. The horses were placed near Brockdish Church, and the winning post fixed in a piece of land belonging to Mr. Lines of Thorpe Hall. The horses started at three o'clock, and went in gallant style for a distance of nearly five miles, over a very heavy country greatly intersected with stiff

fences. Mr. Ellis soon gained and kept the lead, and but for one of those accidents which can neither be foreseen nor prevented, he would in all probability have been the winner. More than 400 persons were present at Scole. A large party afterwards dined at the White Hart Inn, Scole, George St. Vincent Wilson, Esq. in the chair, and the day was concluded with the greatest harmony.

On the 26th, a match was run for 200l. a-side between Colonel Charitie's Napoleon and Mr. Clutterbuck's Clipstone, rode by Mr. Osbaldeston, from a field at Woolscott between Daventry and Dunchurch, finishing within a field of Dunchurch Windmill. Clipstone took the lead, was never headed, and won very easy. In clearing the brook he jumped 27 feet, a prodigious leap for a nag of his size (14 $\frac{3}{4}$  hands).

On the 30th, a Sweepstakes, which had for some time been on the tapis, came off in the neighbourhood of Amersham, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the higher class of sportsmen. The race was for 25 sovs. each, 12st. each, and the horses came in thus:—

Mr. Anderson's Arbutus, Mr. W. Weston.  
Mr. Kent's Jerry, Captain Beecher.  
Mr. Fairlie's Antelope, Mr. W. Bean.  
Lord Pembroke's Peverel, Mr. Anderson.  
Mr. Munroe's Nell Gwynne, a Noble Lord.  
Mr. Horn's Zigzag, Mr. Mason.  
Mr. Caldecott's ch. g., Mr. Fielding.

Mr. Solloway's The Daring Ranger (owner), who won the Northamptonshire Stakes, came in second, but ran on the wrong side of the flags. The line of country selected commenced in a field belonging to Mr. Allen, at Chalfont. Leaving Mr. Allen's house to the right, it crossed the road leading from Chalfont to Amersham, about a mile from the former place into the Valley—crossed a shallow brook, and turning short to the right, ran alongside it up the Valley, ending in a field close to Amersham. The last half mile was across a long meadow without a single fence; the ground was light, the fences easy, the distance short, and the affair altogether more like racing than steeple-chasing. The running for the early

part was made by Nell Gwynne, which was admirably jock'd, Jerry and Antelope (winner of the St. Alban's) next her; Bean making rather too free and over-setting his horse. About half the distance the winner and The Daring Ranger came to the front, Arbutus winning in the end cleverly. He was ridden with great coolness and judgment. Peverel was not far off; he was out-paced on the turf, but if the ground had been heavier he would have been in a better place.

On the 6th of April a real *varmint* thing took place over six miles of the Warwickshire country, between Mr. Evans's Grimaldi, rode by Mr. Osbaldeston, and Colonel Charritie's Napoleon, jock'd by Capt. Beecher, for 1000 sovs.—the country very heavy, lots of fences of "all sorts and sizes," several brooks, and one (the river Lem) impracticable. The skill, judgment, and nerve of the riders are too well known to need specification. T. Crommelin, Esq. for Col. Charritie, and Mr. Kench, for Mr. Osbaldeston, selected the ground. The conditions were—that the riders might pass on either side of the white flags, placed in the direct line; but that Gibraltar-farm, where a red flag was placed, should be passed on their left; and that at each of the two brooks two blue flags would be planted, between which they were to be taken.

The start took place precisely at one o'clock, in a field near to Berlingbury-wharf—the winning-post a red flag near to Dunchurch Windmill. The line was nearly a semi-circle, at the commencement, from the wharf to Gibraltar-farm—which they were to leave on their left hand—thence to the village of Broadwell, across the brook, close to Hardwick-bridge—thence to Bratt's-farm, where they had to jump the Lem. When the horses came to Broadwell, the last four miles were straight—the Windmill a conspicuous point throughout.

Napoleon fell at the first fence, but the Captain quickly recovered his seat, and took his line to the left, while Mr. Osbaldeston went away to the right. About three quarters of a

mile from home they were close together, and on crossing the high road Mr. Osbaldeston went away to the left to avoid a double fence which was in the line. Napoleon cleared this fence very cleverly, as indeed he did everything in the race with the exception of the first. Grimaldi refused several times, one near Gibraltar-farm, when Mr. Osbaldeston was leading (a double fence), and with his chest knocked down the rail; Napoleon cleared it in his stroke. On coming out of the orchard near to Broadwell, Mr. Osbaldeston had the lead, and maintained it, but his horse refusing a low style, and afterwards some hurdles, allowed the Captain to get away.

The superior speed of Grimaldi enabled him quickly to recover his lost ground, and both horses cleared the fence together into the field, where the first brook was to be taken. Here Mr. Osbaldeston, instead of passing between the flags, left them both on his right hand. Napoleon topped the whole in very grand style, for independently of the brook, there was a hedge on the opposite side. At the place where Mr. Osbaldeston took the brook, a large gap was observed, and it was a matter of surprise to every one why Mr. Osbaldeston should make this his point, and distinctly leave both flags on his right, (in defiance of the conditions,) when there was plenty of room between the flags for fifty horses to pass abreast of one another. In about half a mile the Lem crossed their line, where the majority of the spectators had placed themselves.

To the infinite amusement of all assembled, both horses jumped into the middle of the stream, and for a few seconds were invisible. The Captain was the first remounted, though the last in, and the advantage he gained was considerable. He rode gallantly to maintain it, taking his fences without at all deviating from his line; but the superior speed of Grimaldi, and the easy line he took, close to the road side, avoiding three or four very heavy fences, enabled him to win the race a clear length.

Napoleon proved himself throughout the contest the better fencer; but Grimaldi's speed always gave him the opportunity of recovering his ground. Much discussion took place at the conclusion of the race, in consequence of Mr. Osbaldeston's Umpire asserting that Captain Beecher had also passed on the wrong side of the blue flag. This assertion, however, was unsupported by evidence: and the Referee, Mr. H. Robins, on returning to the brook, established the fact, and stated it to both Umpires publicly, that Captain Beecher had taken the brook conformably to the conditions, and that the Squire had gone on the wrong side of the flag. The number of fences in the six miles was forty-four; the first brook was the thirtieth, and the Lem the thirty-eighth. The whole distance was performed in twenty-one minutes. It was considered not "quite correct" on the part of Mr. Kench (Mr. Osbaldeston's Umpire), after the statement of the Referee, to prevent Capt. Beecher from going to scale, unless Mr. Osbaldeston was permitted to do the same, because no ground of complaint existed against the Captain, whereas it had been indisputably proved that the Squire was distanced. It was finally agreed that it should be a drawn battle, and that each should take back his stakes, and all bets on the match declared void.

There was another point in the race, which in the eye of the Sportsman looked anything but *varmint*. Some of the Squire's friends, it appeared, had been *heaving the lead* in the Lem, by way of sounding the shore, and as he came up, stood at a particular spot on the opposite bank by way of guiding him. Every one who knows the Squire is aware that he *required no such advantage*, and the determined resolution with which he took the stream proved it to be unnecessary.

Both Gentlemen rode as gallantly as ever two men did. It was generally admitted that Grimaldi had the pull in speed, whilst Napoleon was the best fencer: indeed the latter would have had no chance but for

this superiority. The Squire was quite awake to this, and judiciously availed himself of it, for he waited the whole way upon Napoleon, and could only at the end come in a clear length in front, always keeping his horse within himself, and capable of going by Napoleon at will, though the daring manner in which Napoleon took his fence, rendered the speed of Grimaldi necessary to compete with his opponent.

On the 11th, a Steeple-Chase for a purse of 50l. and a sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, took place at the pleasant town of Olney, for which nine horses were entered.—Umpires, J. W. Talbot, Esq. and T. Hall, Esq. The ground chosen was from a field at Hardmead to Olney Bridge, a distance of about four miles. At starting the ground was very heavy. A large double fence was cleared by Mr. W. Price's horse Chance, rode by Mr. Herring, a distance of twenty-eight feet! Within half a mile of the winning-post there were three wide brooks, at the first of which Mr. J. Whitworth's Magic took fright at one of the flags, when Chance pushed forward, and for a while kept the lead, but on reaching the last brook, which was the widest of the three, Chance in his turn received a check, Mr. Herring having mistaken the track, and followed a circuitous route. The remainder of the ground was sharply contested by the two horses, Chance eventually winning by half a length. Competent judges feel satisfied that could Mr. Whitworth have held an uninterrupted course, he must inevitably have been the winner, so far had he out-stripped the rest.—Mr. Maxey's black horse came in third, and Mr. Luke Price's Ringtail fourth. The other five horses were nowhere. After the race, a gentleman, in crossing the brook on horseback, found himself carried by the current towards the main stream, but prompt assistance being afforded, he was quickly rescued from his somewhat perilous situation.

A Steeple Chase, long anticipated, and which excited great interest in Somersetshire, came off on Tuesday the 16th, starting from Bean Wood near Pucklechurch, with the winning flag at Toghill, a distance of four miles, over a country of sufficient difficulty to call into exertion the skill of "the horse and his rider." The hedges were low, but with wide ditches, with two difficult lanes to be crossed, and the leaps amounting in the whole to nearer ninety than eighty. The concourse of spectators, particularly horsemen, was very numerous, including many distinguished families in the neighbourhood. At twelve o'clock eight horses with their riders in jockey costume appeared at the starting post, (Topper, named by Mr. Codrington, having been drawn,) as follows:—Taffy, rode by Mr. Bayly of Bristol; Rocket, by Mr. Bradley; Blackberry, by Mr. Townsend; Moonraker, by Mr. Maythorne; Forester, by Mr. Moggridge; Charley, by Mr. Peel; Selim, by Mr. Moore; and Stick-in-the Mud, by Mr. Powell—Charley the favorite. The umpires were C. W. Codrington, Esq. and John Bayly, Esq.—Taffy was the winner; but this may in some measure

be attributed to the knowledge Mr. Bayly is supposed to have had of the country; for whilst the others bolted straight forward for the winning post, this gentleman took a circuitous route, thereby avoiding many of the fences. Selim at starting ran against a gate, and was put *hors de combat*. The rider of Charley had no fewer than seven falls, the last into a deep ditch, from which he and his gallant steed were with difficulty extricated. The rider of Blackberry, when near the goal, got bewildered in a orchard, from which he could not extricate himself in time to save his opportunity. Rocket came in second, and Blackberry third. The other horses toddled up, but most of them greatly distressed. Though it was but a so-so affair, bets were heavy.—The distance was done in eighteen minutes.

In the Oxfordshire Steeple-chase noticed in our last (p. 463), the winner is stated to be "Mr. Quartermaine's g. h. by Arbutus, bred in Leicestershire." We are led to understand that this is an error, and that "this superior horse was bred by Mr. Bocock, of Irby, near Grimsby, Lincolnshire, who sold him when a yearling to Mr. Skipworth, of Cabourne, of whom he was purchased at Horncastle fair by Mr. Quartermaine."

### A FEW LINES FROM DASHWOOD.

SIR,

AT this advanced period of the month, it will be useless, I fear, for me to transmit to you an account of what I have seen during the last fortnight with various packs of hounds, &c. &c. in the West of England, where I have been lately enjoying a most delightful *séjour* amidst all that is hospitable and sporting. Your readers nevertheless *must* know what has been going on there at the wind-up of the season; and if they will grant me patience until the June Number, I shall have the honour of laying before them a "full, true, and particular" narration of what I have personally witnessed, as well as a mass of sporting intelligence on a great variety of subjects (including a most valuable paper on *Yachting* from one

of the ablest seamen of the day), which has been kindly communicated to me, from different parts of the kingdom. Indeed I am bound to seize this opportunity of publicly recording my deep obligations to the host of friends under whose letters I found my table groaning on my arrival at home last night: their anxious solicitude has completely placed me in the *embarras des richesses*; and I shall in sober seriousness have no little difficulty in determining which amongst their number I shall commence with. Not to trespass on your pages, I may observe in one word, that in my next communication, *hunting* in all its shapes and varieties will be largely dwelt upon; a *spécimen* of racing, steeple-chasing, and

*betting* will be here and there infused; *Yachting*, as I have already mentioned, will also take up a prominent position in it: and, by way of filling up the chinks, as the Yorkshireman said when eating radishes after a hearty dinner, I shall have a syllable or two to say

in allusion to the lighter sports and amusements more immediately congenial to the season. For the present, however, adieu!

Yours truly,

DASHWOOD.

20th April, 1833.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**T**HE ensuing York Spring Meeting promises to be one of the most interesting that has taken place there for some years; a very great number of horses are undergoing the necessary preparation for the numerous Stakes, which teem with the most superior competitors. The Derby is expected to produce a great field, and the meeting of Muley Moloch and Frankenstein in that Stake will create more than common curiosity. The Two Year-old Stakes also promise a start nearly equal to a Leger. The much-talked of Rockingham, with Belshazzar, &c. will make their appearance; and from the lively interest which the Sporting World seem to take in the important disclosures which will be made at the Meeting, there is little doubt but a great attendance will take place.

*Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.*—Monday: Mr. Hunter's Rouncival, 8st. 5lb. agst Ld Chesterfield's Tourist, 8st. 3lb. Last Three Miles of B. C. 50.

*Second October Meeting.*—Monday: Col. Peel's Nonsense agst Col. Cosby's The Bravo, 8st. 7lb. each, A. F. 200, h. ft.

*Houghton Meeting.*—Friday: Ld Orford's Clearwell, 8st. 8lb. agst D. of Rutland's c. by Waterloo out of Moses's dam, 8st. 3lb. Ab. M. 200, h. ft.

*Ascot Heath.*—First day:—Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Ellen, by Peter Lely out of Fadladinida, agst Mr. Cosby's br. f. Pussy, by Pollio out of Valve, both two yrs, 8st. 4lb. each; T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

Thursday: For the Eclipse Foot, with 200l. added by His Majesty:

Mr. Cosby's bl. h. Gallopade, then 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb.

Ld Chesterfield's f. Dirce, by Partisan, then 3 yrs, 7st.

To start at the Cup-post on the New Mile, and go once round, about two miles and a half, for 100l. each.

*Epsom.*—First day: Mr. Ricardo's Sketch-book, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. agst Mr. Gardnor's b. e. Shamrock, by St. Patrick out of Bartonina, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. three quarters of a mile, 100, h. ft.

The Kipling Coates Races, Yorkshire, probably the oldest in the kingdom, were held on the 21st of March, when the Stake was won by Mr. Smith's grey mare Breda beating Mr. Jefferson's b. g. Wackencat, 10st. each, four miles.

Gallopade, the property of the late Mr. Riddell, was sold at Messrs. Tattersall's on the 1st of April for 1500gs. to Colonel Cosby. It will be perceived he is entered for the Eclipse Foot.

Mr. Beardsworth's Stud was put up for sale at Birmingham on the 17th of April, by Messrs. Tattersall, when Colwick was disposed of for 1250gs.; Birmingham, for 1500gs.; and Hals-ton, for 400gs.

Mr. Samuel King, the late Earl of Scarbrough's trainer, has commenced training and keeping public stables on his own account at Hambleton, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, where the late Earl's horses were trained during the summer season. He has already received the following, which are placed under his management:—

Major Yarburgh's br. c. by Lottery out of Laurel's dam, 3 yrs, which will come out in the York Derby Stakes at the ensuing Meeting.

Major Yarrburgh's b. f. by Velocipede out of Laurel's dam, 2 yrs.

Sir W. M. Milner's ch. c. Currency, by Velocipede out of Ypsilanti's dam, 2 yrs, which will come out in the York Spring Two Year-old Stake.

Mr. Foljambe's ch. c. by Velocipede, dam by Comus, 2 yrs.

Mr. Foljambe's br. f. by Velocipede, dam by Walton, 2 yrs.

Col. King's b. f. Tigress, by Brutandorf out of Sister to Swinton, 3 yrs.

Mr. Lumley's c. by Tramp, dam by Middlethorpe, 3 yrs.

Mr. Lumley's c. by Tramp, dam by Rubens, 2 yrs.

With these are also Butcher Boy, by Catton out of Eleanor, 5 yrs, and a grey colt by Falcon, dam by Sir Solomon (half bred), Mr. King's own property.

We are quite sure that the Sporting World will agree with us when we say that past experience has proved Mr. King possesses the ability to bring his horses to the post in the most first-rate condition; and we trust he will receive that liberal share of patronage which his talents and integrity so richly deserve.

Mr. Gully intends in future to confine his racing to the York, Doncaster, Pontefract, and other Northern meetings. His horses, which were last year trained by Mr. S. Scott, at Langton, are now under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas Clift, the late Earl Fitzwilliam's trainer, at Pigburn Lees, near Doncaster, the Fitzwilliam training ground.

#### THE CHASE.

*March 28th, 1833.*—On Tuesday the Tullow fox-hounds, which hunt part of the counties of Carlow and Wicklow, met at Bagnalstown, where despite of the bitter northern blasts a large field had assembled. The first draw was Killinane, and an immediate find, but the weather was so bitter that no scent could lie, and after ineffectual efforts to make it good the hounds were drawn off and jogged on to Rahillan. Here a gallant looking fox broke, with the hounds close at him, and skirting the demesne of Dunleckney, he streamed away for the plantations of Portmore, where shewing a disposition to hang, the hounds were by a judicious lift put

right at him, when he made away for Kilcarrig, from which (the weather being almost impracticable) the hounds hunted him on bad terms, and left him. Kelliston was now the word, where a richer soil and an enclosed country promised a more satisfactory result. Here a three o'clock fox immediately shewed himself. The hounds were instantly got out, and went off at a killing pace in the direction of Ballatrane, where turning to the right and passing over Graignabeg hill, he set his head straight for Fenagh, which seemed his point from the first. Then skirting along the side of Newtown, he crossed the Bog, passed through Janeville and Lumclone, where,

“Headed and foiled, his first point he forsook,  
And gallantly led them a dance e'er the brook;”

turned a second time to the high country, and racing over Clonegal, Boherduff, Bog House, Kildrenagh, Ballywilliam, Roe, and Ballymoor, passed through Portmore to Dunleckney. Here it was proposed to open the earths, but reynard scorned the compliment, or the hounds did not give him time; for, passing through the plantations like lightning, he broke in the direction of Bagnalstown, but crossed the Carlow road, and when near the river Barrow, finding himself closely pressed, turned short for the covert of Rahillan. Here he tried the earths, but, finding them closed, without a minute's delay broke at the opposite side, and pointed for Powerston, from which he was headed in the direction of the Barrow, along the bank of which he ran to the very skirts of the town of Leighlin, where he got into an earth in the lawn of Stewart's Lodge, having crossed at the least sixteen miles of a most difficult country in one hour and forty minutes: owing to the lateness of the season *and the day* he was left. The hounds did their work to admiration, and were as well ridden to. In the first division were Mr. Watson (master), Messrs. Wrixon, Mallard, Brownrigg, Revell, Stewart, Wallace, Fishbourne, Cary, and Butler.

SIR—Woolford Wood, the first and hitherto reckoned the best covert in the kingdom, is likely to be spoiled for future sport, the fox-takers having assumed a character of audacity almost beyond belief. At the latter end of March the Warwickshire hounds had been in covert but a short time before they successively unkenelled two foxes, which were immediately caught, running before the hounds, by two rascally poachers, who, secreted in thick brushwood, clapped down their purse-nets in the runs, and had the foxes bagged in a trice. Of course the hounds threw up their heads, and, most unaccountably at the time, could not touch on the scent in any direction. Some few hours afterwards the poachers were observed by Lord Redesdale's keepers to leave the wood in a suspicious manner, and, being pursued, after a long chase were taken, and the foxes liberated. Luckily, however, the fellows had also a hare in their bag, for which they were detained in custody.—PIONEER.

SIR—At the request of some of my sporting friends, I beg to send you an account of the performances of a three-year-old filly, by Spectre out of Miss Allegro, which I purchased at the last Worcester November Meeting of Mr. Bodenham, when he disposed of his stud. She had only been haltered when two years old, since which she had been running wild. After the sale she was led to my house near Ross in a halter, and turned into a box for a fortnight. On a Tuesday she had the *first* bit put in her mouth, and on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday she was lunged. On the Saturday I directed William Verry, well known in our neighbourhood as an excellent rough-rider across country, under whose care I had placed her to break, to put a saddle on her in the stall; he did so, tightened the girths, mounted her, and rode her out of the stable. In about five or six hours he returned so dirty that I inquired where he had been with her. "Why, Sir," he replied, "I hope you won't be angry; but I met Mr. Palmer's harriers, and the filly seemed so pleased with them, that I let her go,

She went as straight as a line with me, and for the last quarter of an hour I had it all to myself, *and picked up the hare.*" Although he is a very respectable young man, I doubted his statement, as she never had a saddle put on her back before. A sporting friend of mine agreed to go out with me on the following *Tuesday*, to see if her performance corresponded with the description, and he rode a very clever chesnut horse of mine, a brilliant fencer, on purpose, as he said, to take the conceit out of *the young one*, and give the filly a *tumble or two*. We had two very good runs, and my friend led over every cramped fence he could find; but to our surprise the filly did every fence as well as the horse, *and no mistake: she never refused*, or put her foot in a ditch—in fact she went as well as any perfectly-made *ten-year-old hunter*.—On the following Friday she was ridden with the Herefordshire fox-hounds, and nothing could beat her: every description of fence she did well, over a difficult and heavy country. These facts can be attested by men of respectability and character; and I think you will agree with me in considering they furnish an instance of extraordinary docility and natural aptness for hunting seldom met with, recollecting that the three first in her life that she was ever (*not hunted but*) *saddled or mounted*, she went with hounds without once refusing or making the least mistake, taking every description of fence over a difficult country as straight and well as any horse could go. She stands fifteen hands, is very handsome, possessing considerable power for a thorough-bred one, but was never trained, being considered too small. I bought a sister to her of Mr. Bodenham some time ago, Fairy, a most extraordinary little hunter, and sold her to Colonel Gilbert.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, WALLACE HALL.—*Springfield, Ross, April 20, 1833.*

At Tattersall's on the 22d of April eight horses, the property of Sir R. Gresley, well known with the Athorstone and Mr. Meynell's Hunt, were

put up for sale. The Colonel fetched 170gs; Popjoy by Cannon Ball, 130gs; Candidate and The Friar, 100gs. each; the remainder at lower figures.

On the same day twenty couples of hounds, late the property of Mr. Newman, of the Essex country, were knocked down for *an old song*!

## AQUATICS.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club rendezvoused at Greenwich on the 4th of April, and took a trip down the River, by way of opening the season, the Victorine bearing the Commander's flag, and the Alert that of the Captain. Two Matches are named for May; and the Club's Annual Below Bridge Match for the Cup is fixed for the 25th of June.

The Loyal Yacht Club, the Clarence, the British, and indeed all the votaries of aquatic sports are on the *qui vive* in anticipation of a kindly season; the boat-builders have been working double tides; and everything gives joyful "note of preparation"

"to make sail,

And spread the bellying canvas to the gale."

The Royal Irish Yacht Club is increasing in numbers, and the arrangements for the forthcoming Regatta are upon a grand scale. The value of the Sailing Cup, the property of the Club, exceeds 1000l. and the Rowing Prizes amount to nearly half that sum. The Duchess of Kent has accompanied her present of a Cup this year, similar to that of last year, with an intimation that she will repeat it annually. The Marquis of Anglesea gives a Cup similar to last year, and the Ladies Paget are among the subscribers to the Ladies Cup.

## COURSING.

At the Bowers Second Meeting, on the 17th of February, the Letcombe Stakes was won by Mr. T. Bennett's fawn b. Blast beating in the deciding course Mr. Ensworth's blk. b. Effie Deans; the Red House Stakes, by Mr. T. Bennett's y. b. Bounty beating Mr. Butcher's blk. b. Blossom; and the Wantage Stakes, by Mr. Nash's y. b. No-No beating Mr. Williams's bl. & w. b. Wanton.

## THE GAME ACT.

Mr. Lennard, M.P. for Maldon, introduced a Bill into the House of Commons for amending the Game Laws, the object of which was to give the tenant, not the landlord, the ownership of the game found on the land in his occupation, according with the original intention of the New Game Act (passed in 1831), but which ownership was objected to in the Lords, and withdrawn. On the motion for its second reading, an objection was made by *County Members* to legislate further on the subject till a *fair trial* had been given to the Bill. Mr. H. Ross moved that it be read that day six months; and on a division Mr. Lennard's Bill was thrown out by a majority of 14 in a House consisting of 72 Members—the numbers being 43 to 29—thus unjustly confirming the monopoly of the landlord.

## SPORTING OBITUARY.

On the 19th of April, aged 69, Mr. J. Field, of Oxford Street, Veterinary Surgeon to the Second Regiment of Life Guards. He was a native of Yorkshire, and early in life a coadjutor with the late Mr. Morecroft (who died in the East Indies), Joint-Professor with Mr. Coleman at the Veterinary College.

On the 23d, at Newmarket, Mr. F. Richardson.—For our next Number we are promised a detailed Memoir of this well-known Turfite.

Lord Conyngham's Bassettlaw, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Shuggard, by Bobadil, died recently at Newmarket, the former after an hour's illness.

On the 21st of February died of a cancer on the breast the stallion greyhound SNAIL, the property of Captain Lidderdale; and early in the same month his son, GREAT BEN, by the rupture of a blood-vessel after a severe course.

## PUGILISM.

Two prime Matches are *talked of*—one between Simon Byrne and Deaf Burke, for 100 a-side, to take place on the 28th of May; and the other between Young Dutch Sam and Preston, on the 11th of June, in Shropshire, for 150l. a-side.

## RACES TO COME.

|                                       |        |                               |          |
|---------------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------|----------|
| Clifton and Bristol.....              | May 1  | Cheltenham .....              | July 16  |
| Newmarket Second Spring .....         | 6      | Lancaster.....!               | 16       |
| Chester .....                         | 6      | Newcastle, Staffordshire..... | 16       |
| York Spring.....                      | 13     | Kendal .....                  | 23       |
| Liverpool Spring, Maghull Course..... | 15     | Bridgnorth .....              | 24       |
| St. Alban's .....                     | 15     | Goodwood .....                | 30       |
| Epsom.....                            | 21     | York.....                     | August 6 |
| South Shields .....                   | 27     | Worcester .....               | 6        |
| Manchester .....                      | 29     | Walsall .....                 | 9        |
| Ascot Heath .....                     | June 4 | Leeds .....                   | 14       |
| Newton .....                          | 5      | Wolverhampton .....           | 14       |
| Buxton.....                           | 12     | Leominster .....              | 21       |
| Bibury Club.....                      | 13     | Warwick .....                 | Sept. 3  |
| Newcastle .....                       | 17     | Dorchester.....               | 4        |
| Bath .....                            | 19     | Lichfield .....               | 10       |
| Knighton .....                        | 19     | Leicester .....               | 11       |
| Ludlow .....                          | 26     | Doncaster .....               | 16       |
| Liverpool, Aintree Course .....       | July 2 | Heaton Park.....              | 25       |
| Newmarket .....                       | 8      | Newmarket First October ..... | 30       |
| Preston .....                         | 9      | Newmarket Second October..... | Oct. 14  |
| Taunton .....                         | 10     | Newmarket Houghton .....      | 28       |

## BETTINGS.

The Newmarket Craven Meeting, if public running be a criterion to judge by, threw no new light on the favorites for the Derby, except that Clearwell having easily beaten Weeper, who won the Desert Stakes, gave a pull in favour of Glaucus (from the same stable), and he took precedence over Llewellyn, the odds being 6 to 1 agst Glaucus and 15 to 2 agst the Welchman.—In the First Spring Meeting Clearwell won the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, and this increased the confidence of the backers of Glaucus, whilst Emmeline, who came in second, and was only beat by a head, also got into favour at 14 to 1, and was backed with spirit at that figure. Of the two leading favorites, however, Glaucus and Llewellyn, it is only necessary to say, that like buckets in a well they have alternately gone up and down, each taking precedence according with the opinions of their backers. Glaucus, however, not having started for the Two Thousand, and being reported amiss, the Prince stands at the top of the tree, at 13 to 2, whilst Glaucus is quoted at 8 to 1 at Newmarket, which only puts him on a par with Revenge and Forester.

From the very clever running of Tarantella, by Tramp, for the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes on the last day of the Craven, and for the Thousand Guineas in the First Spring Meeting, she has got up for the Oaks to 4 to 1 only. Very little business has been done with the other fillies; and the LÉGER remains nearly *in statu quo*, as must be expected till after the York Spring and the Epsom Meetings.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have again to regret the omission of several favours, and can only gratefully acknowledge our obligations to those friends whose kindness obliges us to make this apology for the non-insertion of several valuable communications. It is very difficult to make a selection where all are excellent; and in giving precedence to those of temporary interest we trust not to forfeit the good opinion of those Contributors whose articles are postponed to a less pressing opportunity.

In our next we purpose giving a Portrait of ANTELOPE taking a tremendous fence in the late St. Alban's Steeple Chase, engraved by ROMNEY from a Painting by LAPORTE.

Mr. Gully intending to confine himself in future to the Northern Meetings, a portion of his stud was put up for sale on the Wednesday in the First Spring Meeting, when Ceres was sold to Mr. Dilly for 31gs., and a two-year-old colt, by Whalebone or Little John out of Cetus's dam, to the Duke of Rutland for 300gs.—Margrave is stated to have been bought in at 1000, Hokee Pokee at 970, and Lady Fly at 530gs.

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## ANTHLOPE.

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No. XXXVIII.

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## Embellished with

I. PORTRAIT OF ANTELOPE.—II. THE MALE SPARROW HAWK.

## ANTELOPE.

Engraved by ROMNEY from a Painting by LAPORTE.

OUR Account of the now popular St. Alban's Steeple Chase for this year (which appeared in our April Number, p. 463) is sufficiently fresh in the recollection of our readers to make the winner an object of interest. To the detail there given we have to add a few particulars.

ANTELOPE was purchased by his present liberal owner, J. Fairlie, Esq. from the fashionable stable of Anderson: his colour a bay (or rather we should say mealy), his off-hind leg white. He was got by Peeping Tom; his dam by Recruit; grandam, by Old Dart—Hambletonian.

The riding of Mr. Bean is too well known not to be duly appreciated by the Sporting World, possessing, as he does, a clear head, a light hand, and plenty of nerve: and so Mr. Sebright must have thought, by his sending to Mr. Bean on the evening of the race a brush of one of the best foxes he had killed during the season.

In the likenesses of the horse and his rider, and in the character of the animal's action, Laporte has succeeded admirably. The horse has all the appearance of life, with that spirit and animation so characteristic of this artist's

style. The portraits are taken just at the moment the rider has drawn up his horse for the tremendous leap delineated in the print—a high bank and strong rails at the top, and a ditch on the other side,

The blooming condition in

which ANTELOPE was brought to the post was the admiration of all, and reflects the highest credit on Will James (*Prime Minister* to the late Honorable William Scott, son of Lord Eldon), by whom he was trained for the occasion.

### YORK SPRING MEETING.

SIR,

**WE** had a large assemblage of horses, and, what is still better, all looking blooming to the eye, and declared healthy and well.....no rumours of coughing, and no screws loose, though in the epoch of an influenza: the bill of particulars fraught with delicious morsels, and the most fashionable and distinguished names, as well as vaunted testimonials of great talent: the course in the finest possible condition, and the weather as beautiful as the bright beams of Sol or the genial gales of Summer could have made it: indeed

“Nature, new blossom’d, shed her odours round—  
The dew-bent primrose kiss’d the breeze-swept ground.”

What then could we desire more?.....why nothing! Everything bloomed propitious to produce, without alloy, what we have truly enjoyed—a bumper at Old Ebor.

The muster of regulars, though tolerable, was not so numerous as might reasonably have been anticipated. Chester immediately preceding, and Liverpool treading upon the heels of our appointment, no doubt prevented great numbers from the Cheshire and Lancashire counties, who might feel a desire, as heretofore, to tread the plain of Knave’saire

(but who took fright at the long journey to travel to and fro without the possibility of a rest, from visiting Yorkshire), to witness the display of Muley Moloch, Belshazzar, and the several others who turned out to public inspection. The betting, in consequence, was at a stand, and I do not remember to have seen so little done in the way of advocating or deprecating the several pets of fancy with the siller at York in any one Meeting within the space of my remembrance. Surely the Chester, Liverpool, and York Meetings, if arranged to interfere less with each other—and such arrangement might easily be effected with the concurrence of those who have the management of them—would materially benefit each, and prevent a repetition of the unpleasant concussion which has this year no doubt materially tended to injure all the three.

The different exhibitions, however, turned out some talented performers, who will doubtless prove dangerous competitors, as they have given proof of great abilities that must raise public interest in their favour to a much higher pitch, on their next essay, than would have been the case had they remained secluded within the portals of their stable doors.

The stream and tide of Fortune flowed, with the exception of two solitary outlets, in a very partial course; for all the credit, and of course profit, flowed and flooded into three stables—THE SCOTTS, SMITHS, AND SHEPHERDS: so much for the good fortune of the three S's! This letter must surely be a fortunate initial, or a charm that has the singular virtue of seducing the inconstant jilt!—However, 'tis said a man had ever better be born fortunate than rich; and these three trainers give some solid proof of the former blessing being their share.

Among the invincibles Mr. Walker has proved invulnerable; for wherever the scarlet jacket and white cap shewed, the laurels were always added, sweeping off everything he started for. This worthy turf-man has long been a good staunch beaten one, and his turn of good luck is indeed not too premature. But the sport's the thing, Mr. Editor, you and your readers wish to hear, and so here goes.

MONDAY opened with a Stake of 20 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles, and a *quartette*, with Nitocris, Chorister's Brother, 4 yrs, the Wathcote Lass colt, 4 yrs, and Salute—from former deeds and present characters, of course a certainty as to who was to *sing the first part*—the odds on Nitocris being 7 to 4 on her, and no notice taken of her three companions. Salute shewed the first *quavers* to the gravel road, when she retired to the back ground, and her place was soon filled by Nitocris; but at the distance the Lottery one, from John Smith's choir (ridden by Cartwright, a lad), came up; LED THE BAND, and carried off the

pay and applause a full length and a half. Who could have dreamt of having partiality for an incorrigible screamer like this, who last year could not be induced by either persuasion or intimidation to make anything like a respectable appearance! However, since last year he has undergone an operation, which appears to have improved an obstinate temper, and, with it, his behaviour in company.

The lion of the day, the Northern or York Derby, on the conditions of the Epsom one—only the second to have his stake instead of a hundred returned—one mile and a half, followed. From a subscription of thirty we had nine at the post, most of them as great fine promising looking animals as ever stared through a bridle, and if size could insure goodness, why they would indeed have boasted of "*all the talents*;" for one (Juba) was full sixteen hands and an inch, and some of the others above sixteen hands. They shewed at the start, attended as under:—

|                           |                    |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| Allegro.....              | rode by Tommy Lye. |
| Blue Stocking colt.....   | Geo. Nelson.       |
| Colt out of Laurel's dam, | Wm. Scott.         |
| Lot .....                 | S. Templeman.      |
| Muley Moloch .....        | John Day.          |
| Frankenstein .....        | P. Connolly.       |
| Juba .....                | Jas. Garbutt.      |
| Titus .....               | S. Darling.        |
| Satan .....               | R. Johnson.        |

Muley carried the sway in public opinion at 6 to 4; Frankenstein next, at 5 to 2; and the others so little thought of, except by their immediate friends, that 5, 6, and 10 to 1 was the going price in the market against them. From the anxiety of Juba to have a taste of the sweets, a false start was made, though without any material disadvantage accruing from it. On a second attempt they got

well off, and Muley took away as if *the devil* was at his heels, which he really was, for Satan followed him pretty closely, and the rest some a length and others more behind, Juba and Titus being far in the rear—the former of the two shewing the farther the distance ran the farther he was behind. Muley, however, regarded not their several struggles, but bored on his way with rapid step, and leading his adversaries to past the distance. Here Johnson thought, no doubt, that if Satan did not try his *wiles* and *snare*s to trepan his bold adversary, it would shortly be too late; so he made a devil of a rush at him, and succeeded in getting just a head for a moment, but soon found that the TRUTH and VIRTUE of Muley were too over-powering for his Satanic Majesty, and he almost instantly retired a little behind. Day did not, however, appear to have any desire to hold parlance with such a customer, and took his horse by the head, threatened punishment with the whipcord, but never put it in force, and with just this simple application the horse answered his every call, came gallantly away, and won uncommonly easy by two lengths; Satan following second, and beating the others, who shewed much tailing, a great way; Lot was third, and Frankenstein fourth. Muley undoubtedly realised the expectations of his friends, and came up to that standard of excellence which his performances last year gave the public reason to estimate him at. He is certainly a fine noble-looking animal, though, if anything, rather leggy. The style in which he defeated his field shewed him a true-running good horse; and if all keep

well with him, no doubt but on the appointed day His Grace of Cleveland will be seen in the front rank for the St. Leger Stake: at least public performances, which seldom tell falsehoods, say so.

A Match for a Thousand, h. ft., a mile and three quarters, between the Brother to Maria and Retainer, was booked the next; but as the former preferred paying five hundred to twice that sum, the latter walked over.

So far Mr. John Smith did well for his masters; all the sweets had fallen into his own hands; but not so for himself—for his own filly, by Jerry out of Snowball (a weedy one), was defeated by a Delirium (a Brother to Bessy Bedlam) of Mr. Walker's, without displaying anything like Frenzy, for a Two-year-old Stake of 50 each, h. ft., and six subs., the T.Y.C.—ridden, though no riding was required, by Scott:—the winner a profitable useful sort of Mania.

Another important event followed as a closer for the day's disclosure, in the Twenty Sovereign Stake, Leger distance, and only five subscribers, out of which four shewed—three to try their endeavours to feast Belshazzar, and, if possible, to overgorge his gluttonous appetite:—these were,

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Anne .....       | rode by Wm. Scott. |
| Slinker .....    | Robt. Johnson.     |
| Spider .....     | P. Connolly.       |
| Belshazzar ..... | S. Darling.        |

The former actions of Belshazzar of course caused the tide of partiality to flow in his favour, and those who wished to share in his victory or defeat in consequence had to lay 7 to 4 on him; Anne, who was imported from the late Lord Scarbrough's stud, and had

only shewed once last year, and then a good second to a beaten one, being at 3 to 1 against her.

On leaving the post, Slinker *slunk* first, and made the running at a tolerable, though perhaps not a first-race pace, and shewed the road to the Wood: here they drew altogether, and in a moment, for what reason I cannot pretend to say, (though some talk of Slinker's shying, hanging, or bolting on some of his companions, and thereby disappointing them,) but Scott was permitted, or else could not be prevented from letting his mare fly away from the other three, and take a march of at least twelve or fourteen lengths, which she got from them, though less than a mile from home, before you could well say Jack Robinson: he then wisely began to ease his mare and patiently look (though coming at no sleepy pace) for his competitors coming up. The lost advantage of course took some of the keen edge, if not a great deal of the steel of the others to regain, though Darling succeeded in getting up at the distance; and here Scott and he began "the din of war's alarms," Darling using the steel rowels and whipcord pretty freely, the other not having an over-comfortable seat. One of those neck and neck struggles followed, which required every exertion that bodily strength could give, and every artifice that head could devise, to the last final mark; when the smart Anne succeeded in causing the "*hand-writing*" on the list to shew Belshazzar only second; with a bellyfull of punishment, though defeated but by half a head. Slinker was third, beat some three or four lengths, and Spider spun his web a long

way in the rear. Anne, although she maintained so long and apparently severe a struggle, shewed up at the scale tolerably fresh and blooming without any display of claret, while Belshazzar certainly appeared severely cut up. From the circumstance of Anne stealing or rather taking so much ground, (and I cannot see any substantial reason to be adduced why she was permitted to do so, without she could fly at a pace which they could not imitate, and she certainly did fly from them in an extraordinary manner), I believe the Sporting World in general are disposed to award the mead of superiority to the horse: however, time will tell the truth; but, be it as it may, whoever has to meet Anne must keep *both eyes open*, else her superior speed may, a second time,

"sail in the wind's eye,"

and be not too easily overcome. This closed our first Canto.

TUESDAY.—Out of a subscription of six, at 20 each, for the Filly Stake, a mile and a half, we had five at the post, some winners, some beaten ones, and some "a first come out."—Tessane, rode by Templeman, the fancy belle, and backed at even, set off with the lead, but scarcely a hundred yards were gone over before John Day went up on Mr. Powlett's filly, by Lottery out of Miss Fanny, headed her, sailed away at strong running, broke the hearts and spirits of all the other ladies, and won as easy as you please by full two lengths. She is a useful fine mare: her forelegs, however, appear to have undergone the blistering operation; whether this has been necessary from weakness or not, I cannot pretend to say. Panto-

mime ran in second, Tesane third, and two others, not worth names, nowhere.

A dozen of truly fine beautiful and gay two-year-olds next shewed for the Young Ones Stake as follow :—

|                           |               |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| Duke of Cleveland's colt  |               |
| out of Bequest .....      | John Day.     |
| Mr. Merryman .....        | J. Holmes.    |
| Mr. Bell's colt by Bru-   |               |
| tandorf .....             | J. Marson.    |
| Bubastes .....            | S. Darling.   |
| Mellerstein .....         | Thos. Lye.    |
| Mr. Powlett's colt out of |               |
| Jean d'Arc .....          | P. Connolly.  |
| Duke of Leeds's colt by   |               |
| Blacklock out of Mrs.     |               |
| Rye .....                 | R. Johnson.   |
| Duke of Leeds's colt by   |               |
| Velocipede out of Ma-     |               |
| tilda's dam .....         | S. Templeman. |
| Cotillon .....            | W. Scott.     |
| Emigrant .....            | Jas. Jacques. |
| Worlabay Baylock .....    | R. Heseline.  |
| Furfan .....              | Jas. Garbutt. |

The Duke of Cleveland's youth gained the most favour before starting ; 3 to 1 agst Bubastes ; 5 to 1 voted agst a Cotillon ; the same agst Worlabay Baylock ; and 6 to 1 agst Velocipede.

From the anxiety of some of the young riders to be off, a sort of false start was made, if such it might be termed, though none went above a few yards: they drew up and made one of the most beautiful starts ever seen, all coming away together, Furfan and Mr. Powlett's colt having (if anything could be said to have) the lead. The best of company was kept by all up to the Stand ; and here indeed a picture for the pencil was presented—a dozen young generous hearts struggling for victory, the whips flying, and spurs going with the greatest velocity, and after a short struggle Cotillon *danced* out and won rather clever by half a length from the Velocipede colt, Worlabay Baylock running in third. The winner is a pretty useful mare, and the Velocipede colt

(which is the first of that highly esteemed horse and very superior racer's get that has appeared in public) is a fine splendid animal ; Worlabay is also a very good like one : indeed I do not remember to have ever seen a fleet of finer young ones.

THE CUP.—You know, Mr. Editor, I am no advocate for Cups (though, like other social mortals, I may at times take a cup too much), merely because I consider the value of them might be more advantageously disposed of ; and I think the time may not be far distant when we shall find them thinly sown in the pages of our annual Calendars ; and will require the accomplishment of the Inspired Bard's verse—

“ Drink of this cup—you'll find there's  
a spell in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for  
Helen,

Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality ”—

ere they will gain notice and supporters. It is but right, however, to say, that the article, as far as its appearance went, was one of the most beautiful and classic designs ever seen, and was universally admired. I wish the same admiration could be stated to have been bestowed upon the handicap ; but it was not so : many thought it *had*, and out of twelve subscribers, six hid themselves in the forfeit of only 5 sovs. each, from the weights attached to themselves. Out of the other six, five shewed—viz. Contest, 8st. 6lb. ; The Barber, 8st. 9lb. ; Lady Marcia, 6st. 5lb. ; Liverpool, 8st. 9lb. ; and Retainer, 8st. Liverpool, who was the favorite at 6 to 4, took away, made very severe running, was never headed, and won cleverly by a neck, well rode by Tommy Lye ; The Bar-

ber second, and the others a long way behind.

The Shorts (a mile) gave us an interesting trio, with Rockingham (a great fine horse), who shewed as (which he is) Mr. Watt's property, rode in the harlequin jacket by Darling; The Dancing Master, rode by Johnson; and Sir E. Dodsworth's colt, by Jerry out of the Lady of the Vale's dam, ridden by Garbutt.—Rockingham having since his going into training been under the tuition of Shepherd, Mr. Watt's trainer, where also of course Belshazzar receives his instructions, and Mr. Watt having recently purchased him, "the knowing ones" say, and "the trainer," "lads," "touters," and others echo it, that private trials have told the great Rockingham to possess the vein of superiority over the victorious Belshazzar, and many have and are endeavoring to put the weight of their cash upon his back: however public scenes have shewn the reverse on a former occasion; and public tales, when backed against private ones, win nineteen times out of twenty. Rockingham made the running at a strong pace, keeping the lead to near the distance, where Garbutt tried to come, but failed; and the great one won cleverly (with well pushing) by three quarters of a length, run up to the end by the Dancing Master, whose *steps* were too *slow* to keep him company. Rockingham appeared in his race to be one of those lazy sort of animals who require a great deal of riding.

The St. Leger (Leger length) closed the day's exhibitions, and again brought out to retrieve his faded laurels Belshazzar, rode by Darling; with Partner, by Jas.

Jacques; Charmer, by Jas. Garbutt; and Sister to Retainer, by John Day. Belshazzar (who was the fancied one at even) took the lead, and made very strong running, leading up to the distance, where Garbutt tried the voice of his Charmer, and made a rush, heading him but for a moment, when she fell back. Belshazzar then came from her, and won cleverly by a length without being touched. He looked as fresh as a daisy after the contest. The time of running was 3 min. and 17 seconds, which is certainly good time, and tells Belshazzar to be a superior horse and a dangerous competitor: indeed I hesitate not to say, that with regard to pace this race was the best run one of the Meeting.

WEDNESDAY.—The Constitution Stake was walked for by Mr. Walker's Augusta; Rockingham declining to meet her and Consul, which Mr. Walker also intended to start for the Stake.

Mr. Heseltine's Puffendorf (a horse with only one eye, and a white nightcap on) turned out with Mr. Houldsworth's Hawk, for the Colt Sapling Stake, a mile and three quarters. *Polyphemus* made play at a so-so pace to about half a mile from home, when Hawk let fly, defeated him, came away, and won easy—rode by Connolly.

The Stand Plate wound up all, and was carried off by Mr. John Scott's Rodolph (and the aid of Connolly's beautiful riding), at two heats, defeating Bounce and Mr. King's b. c. by Tramp. Just on reaching the ending post in the second heat Rodolph broke down in the off-fore leg, and left the course very lame.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Edin., May 18, 1836.

## THE LATE SEASON IN ESSEX AND SUFFOLK.

We have received a "Biographical Memoir of the late Colonel Cook" from our Correspondent NEMO, which we regret must stand over till next month. We give, however, his concluding remarks on the above Counties, as their interest would be lost by postponement.

SIR,

I Am happy to hear, from good authority too, that the Nimrods of Essex and Suffolk have had a brilliant season. Mr. Mure, in the Thurlow and Suffolk country; Messrs. Brewitt and Nash, with the Essex Union (late Lord Petre's), in the Stifford part of the county; and, *though last not least*, old Charley Newman, with the renowned East Essex, who, I am more than glad to hear has this year surpassed, if possible, all former seasons, as the scalps on his kennel door, as well as the awful state of his nags, will on inspection, I hear, clearly prove.

I am sorry to hear Conyers has but a sorry tale to tell. How can it, however, be otherwise, when he will per-

sist, season after season, in defiance of every advice, and one would think common sense, in keeping on poor old Holmes, who really ought, in spite of those great political economists and anti-sinecurists, Messrs. Hume and Cobbett, to have been consigned, at least ten years ago, to a snug cottage and sinecure pension for the remainder of his days.

There is a brilliant little pack of Harriers down in the neighbourhood of Braintree, some of whose noble deeds I long to relate; and if I can but get permission so to do of their scientific and indefatigable Master, you shall hear again shortly from

NEMO,

May 4, 1833.

## COURSING ANECDOTE.

A FARMER in this neighbourhood, known for his good breed of greyhounds, had often coursed a hare unsuccessfully: at last her appearance and habits became so well known to him, that he was able to distinguish her from others, and knew where to find her when wanted. On a bank sloping gently to the water of Leith, the back-ground rising more precipitously to the Pentland Hills, puss was always to be found at home at certain hours; and whenever the farmer wished to gratify any of his friends by witnessing the speed of his dogs, he had only to proceed to her haunt. She became so accustomed to the sport, that it did not seem to annoy her, as she trotted away at leisure before the dogs, until hard pressed, when, turning her head to the hill, and putting out her speed, in a short time they were "at fault." This lasted for some time, until the farmer, irritated, it is supposed, by the repeated defeat of his best dogs, measured the

swiftness of a good charge of No. 3 against that of poor puss—or, in other words, "shot her," greatly to the regret of all who knew her.

Such a circumstance occurring half a century ago would have fixed the character of "*uncanny*" on some old woman of the neighbourhood, as the form of a hare has always been supposed to be a witch's favorite metamorphosis: indeed she was seldom alleged to assume any other shape; and had the chase led past a lone moorland hut, occupied by an old woman, and the dogs lost sight thereabouts, as it is likely they would, the evidence would have been considered conclusive. The writer of this (who does not count nearly so many years as the period above-mentioned) recollects that in the same district a crooked sixpence, then considered necessary to dissolve the enchantment, was actually put amongst the charge intended for a hare of this sort.

Currie, near Edinburgh, May 12,

THE SHROPSHIRE FOX-HOUNDS, WITH SOME REMARKS  
ON SHROPSHIRE AS A HUNTING COUNTRY.

SIR,

**S**HROPSHIRE is not the most fortunate county in England as regards its Nobility, few of the great landed proprietors of that rank residing in the county. The Duke of Cleveland and Lord Craven, although owning large tracts of country, have no mansions in Shropshire in which to display their hospitality to a numerous tenantry; and the seats of Lord Berwick at Atcham, and Sir Ferdinand Acton at Aldenham and Morville, have been nearly deserted for many years. Indeed the Earl of Powis may be almost said to be the only Nobleman constantly resident in the county; and his Lordship, beyond the patronage bestowed on the races at Ludlow, has never evinced any predilection for the sports of the field. Nevertheless the Gentry of this county have long distinguished themselves in the Sporting World, and the names of Sir Richard Hill of Hawkstone, Mr. Corbet of Sundhorne, and Mr. Cecil Forester (the late Lord Forester), will ever be familiar to sportsmen as long as real English feeling exists, and their names transmitted to posterity as the liberal patrons of everything connected with the field, and true models of the old English gentleman and landlord—a race now, alas! nearly extinct; whilst in the lower grades of fox-hunters the name of Tom Moody will never be forgotten.

In more modern times the county has been gratified by the liberal patronage afforded to fox-hunting by Sir Edward Smith

of Acton Burnell, Mr. Smyth Owen of Condover, Mr. Lloyd of Aston, and the too-celebrated Jack Mytton. Whatever may have been the errors and vagaries of the latter Gentleman, the sportsman will be inclined to throw a veil over all. In the pursuits of the field, the turf, and various other ways, a splendid fortune was exhausted, a noble estate ruined, and a house dissolved. Mr. Mytton's faults may have been numerous; but, like others, he has figured the hero of many feats which never had existence except in the imagination of the creators.

As successors to these gentlemen a new race has arisen. Mr. Gibbons of Harley, the Hon. Mr. Forester, some of the Peels, and Mr. Egerton Jeffreys have already acquired celebrity.

The surface of this county does not offer the same attractions to the sportsman as Leicestershire, Warwickshire, or Northamptonshire: it is in many parts rugged and heavy, and broken in every direction by hills and mountains: the soil is also in many parts of a clayey stiff nature, and in others black, wet, and loamy: the inclosures are in general small, with thick and strong fences; and that succession of undulating pastures over which the Leicestershire man delights to shew his speed is unknown. To ride well up to hounds in this country requires nerves of adamant, and a horse of undaunted resolution and power. Mr. Corbet of Sundhorne used to say, "that his men, after following

hounds in Shropshire a couple of seasons, were pretty sure to prove *clippers* in whatever country they afterwards hunted."

A Shropshire hunter has long been celebrated; and for heavy weights the breed of this county may fairly compete with the very best description of Yorkshire horse. Elmore of Piccadilly has purchased some of the best horses that ever went into his stables out of Shropshire; and the late Lord Forester, by the sale of his studs at Belvoir and other places, usually obtained enormous prices for his Shropshire cattle: this, however, may not be stating much for any horse his Lordship rode; his superior skill and judgment were such in displaying the qualifications of a horse as to cause him to appear in other hands an animal of very inferior pretensions.

The county is much indebted to Mr. Lechmere Charlton for the trouble and expense he has been at in keeping up a stud at Ludford. It cannot be said that any of his horses have yet been eminently successful in propagating a very superior breed, and none of Master Henry's stock have hitherto answered the high expectations formed from the superior blood, bone, and size of that horse. In Corve Dale, and indeed throughout the county, there are a number of mares of the old Sultan sort: the produce of these has invariably been the finest colts; and the Lutwyche and Pavilion mares are still in high repute. Pilgarlick, a Yorkshire horse, although little known, and whose performances were never anything but mediocre, is yet the sire of some good colts, and his rising stock display very su-

perior pretensions. With breeders this horse ultimately must prove a great favorite. One of the first breeders in the county (probably the first) of hunters is Mr. Mere of Benington. This gentleman has at all times a stock of colts that would bear comparison with any in the kingdom. The first point to which Elmore makes is generally Benington, and he rarely pays a visit without bringing away something worthy of the attention of the London market.

Foxes are rather plentiful everywhere. In summer they harbour about the Stretton hills and Styper Stone mountains in great numbers, and towards winter fly to their common haunts. In consequence of the almost inaccessible nature of the country about these hills, and the great difficulty in drawing the coverts, they are seldom visited by fox-hounds; hence they are at all times tolerably stocked; and were not the foxes occasionally disturbed, they probably would remain altogether in the neighbourhood. Towards the spring of the year the country people get up, therefore, a grand *battue*. Commonly this pastime is not very destructive; but reynard is forced from his haunts, and the bitches generally breed in a more open country. The late Mr. Samuel Wilding on such occasions frequently coursed them with a strong rough greyhound—a race almost peculiar to these parts—no other description of dog facing the hills and the fox with equal courage.

Several packs of fox-hounds skirt the county, and occasionally hunt within its limits—Sir Richard Puleston's, Captain Hay's, and

Mr. Dansey's. None of these are exclusively Salopian. The glory and pride of the county is centered in the packs denominated *par excellence* THE SHROPSHIRE FOX-HOUNDS, and unquestionably they do honour to the county in all respects. There is no point, however minute, but to which the most rigid attention is paid. Probably the expense of huntsman, dogs, horses, kennels, &c. &c. may amount annually to rather more than three thousand pounds; but this includes every expense, the whole of which is defrayed by subscription of the Members. Several of the most celebrated sportsmen of the day have at various periods, under the appellation of Presidents of the Hunt, held the management of the whole of the affairs; and it is but just to state, that during the *administration* of Sir Bellingham Graham the Hunt arrived at a point of perfection from which it has not since retrograded. Of late the affairs of the Hunt have been under the direction of Mr. Lloyd of Aston, the President; and from this gentleman's uniting the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, he has contrived to give satisfaction to all parties, and secured the general esteem.

The hounds are rather what is termed *fast*: although perhaps not so high bred as some of the Leicestershire dogs, there is to be found in them a mixture of all the best blood in the kingdom. With a good scent to live five and forty minutes before these hounds, a fox must get away at a very rapid pace, and at the expiration of that period the field will be more select than

numerous. Sir Bellingham Graham bestowed unusual pains in selecting the various crosses from which the packs are formed; and to his care, and that of Sir Edward Smith, much of their recent celebrity may be ascribed.

The past season has not been particularly brilliant in runs: the scent throughout the season in most parts of the kingdom has been exceedingly cold. In Shropshire it has been peculiarly so. With the exception of a day at the Twemlows, and another at Shrewsbury White Gates, there has been nothing worthy of much notice. It has been generally observed that never in any season were both packs in higher condition, and it has been the subject of much regret that occasions of display were so very rare.

The kennels are about four miles from Shrewsbury on the Welch Pool road. In their arrangements nothing is wanting: the huntsmen's cottages, stables, &c. are neat and unpretending, and they are well situated and central. When it is considered that frequently during the season coverts are drawn nearly twenty miles from home, the before-named expenses cannot be considered enormous.

The Members of the Hunt are all of the best families of the county: much care is taken in the admission—perhaps there is a feeling somewhat too exclusive: there is also an aristocratic air thrown over the proceedings of the Hunt, exciting, however, nothing beyond risibility in any one. It contrives to give a *tone* to most of the fashionable movements in the county, and some of the younger Members also acquire an air of

tone from their connexion with the Hunt. However, everything is managed in a most gentleman-like spirit; and that hospitality for which the proud Salopians have ever been celebrated is still a distinguishing feature.

Nothing is more against the well-being of a subscription pack than the absence of the influential men of the county, to whom all affairs of this kind naturally look for patronage. When it is considered that Berwick, Morville, Halstone, Lutwyche, Milliehope, and many other of the old family mansions, have for years been unoccupied, it is surprising how the hunting establishment has been kept up: yet public spirit with the county gentlemen has never for a moment flagged, and Shropshire may reasonably boast of having the best subscription packs in the kingdom. It would almost amount to treason to compare them with some of the Leicestershire establishments, yet the Members need not shrink from observation on this account.

Nothing is looked forward to with more anxiety in Shrewsbury and its vicinity than the Hunt week. This usually takes place at the latter end of the season; and as most of the Nobility and Gentry then make a point of assembling at Shrewsbury, the county town becomes a most agreeable residence, and that dullness and languor which are its usual characteristics give way to an air of bustle and animation only equalled by the Race or Assize week. Much of the gaiety and festivity of this period depend upon the popularity of the President. When such is the case, strangers are very nu-

merous, and the patronage of the Hunt is proportionably estimated. The grand display of fashionables is reserved for the Hunt Ball, which at all times is the great magnet of attraction for county beauty and elegance.

*Feminé sono naté  
Per vincere e regnar,*

may well be applied to the Shropshire belles on this occasion. Since the demise of the Bailiff's Feast at Ludlow, Hunt dinners are not to be despised.

Fashion has of late years extended its busy influence even to the sports of the field. Everything must now be done in be vies. The cockney bursts from his dingy abode in the City only to meet his assembled compeers at the bustling Margate: the *ennuy'd* West-ender flies from his Town Club to meet fresh faces congregated at Bath or Cheltenham: and unless the Sportsman has spent or embarrassed a fortune in a crowd at Melton, he can never presume to move a *distingué*. "Let me be naked and unshorn; let me live on roots and sleep on flints, so that I have but consideration, distinction," said the Dervis: and it is the same with the English. At whatever sacrifice, distinction must be obtained. It is not now enough that a man should figure where his forefathers did; he must move in a more fashionable and a more heterogeneous sphere. This mania hitherto has not raged very fiercely in Shropshire: its gentry are still contented with their old halls, and are still anxious to transmit them unimpo verished to their successors: they have yet to learn how to glimmer *ignis-fatuus*-like, and expire.

A SALOPIAN.

## THE NEW GAME ACT.

(Concluded from our last Number, p. 28.)

SIR,

**H**AVING considered the effect of those provisions which the present Act has either introduced or sanctioned, let us now advert to some of those regulations which it has destroyed, or, in other words, has repealed. I fear it will, on an attentive consideration, be found, that in several instances the useful plant has been plucked up, where the object was merely to extirpate the noxious weed. I believe the purest motives to have actuated the person who brought in this Act, but no art is more difficult than that of legislation. The Act of the *first or second of James the First*, which complains of "the vulgar sort and men of small worth making a trade and a living of the spoiling and destroying of the said games, who are not of sufficiency to pay the said penalties, &c. nor to answer the costs," treats as an offence (and such every true sportsman will deem it) the tracing or coursing hares in the snow. As this Act is repealed, such is no longer an offence. The Act of James introduced the *qualification*, or amount of property or rank, which authorised a person to sport. But this qualification, which was increased by subsequent Acts, is wholly destroyed by the New Game Bill, through the simple operation of repealing all those Statutes which had directed it. With the qualification the New Act has swept away all those provisions, in themselves very useful, and often leading to the detection of poachers, by which the houses of *unqualified* persons might be search-

ed for game, or for nets or other instruments improperly employed in its destruction. When game was made an article of sale, and the object professedly was to put an end to poaching by driving the contraband dealer in it out of the market, the *landed* qualification to kill, and consequently to sell, game ought never to have been taken away. The respectability of the sellers was a *sine qua non*: it was essential to make the law work well. The qualification afforded some chance that the individual was respectable: it gave some pledge that the power he had of selling his game would not be abused: it kept the sale of game in the hands of persons (I am now speaking of the landed qualification, for the other qualification never ought to have existed) not only having some stake in the country, but also a certain interest in the game itself, and its preservation, and a motive properly to use the power they possessed, and not recklessly to abuse it. But when a mere certificate could, even in the hands of the most desperate and unprincipled thief and poacher, legalise his right to sell by whatever foul means he obtained the game, what controul could be obtained over a person of his description — a person bound by no laws, human or divine? He has no character to lose, no property to injure, and the licence is only a legal permission to sell the produce of rapine and of plunder. So much for allowing game to be sold by persons having no qualification to kill: in

other words, such is the blessed result of doing away with the *qualification*! But if by any course of reason it can be shewn, as I much doubt, that it was right to get rid of the qualification, I have still to learn the propriety of sweeping away all those provisions for the search, in the houses of suspected persons, after game, and the unlawful instruments of its destruction.

Several of the *repealed* Acts prohibit killing hares with snares, hare-pipes, and other the like engines. If this prohibition had been retained, and had been acted upon, (and every true sportsman must ardently wish it had been, and extended to interdict even the shooting of hares,) many of the London poulterers would have had a small supply of hares, and could not, as some of them have publicly during the present winter, sold this species of persecuted game at *six-pence per pound*, when the ordinary butcher's meat was selling at a higher price. But then some of those *Lordly preservers*, who find the sale of game a very convenient addition to the credit side of their banker's book, might have suffered in point of profit with their *partners-in-trade*, the poulterers. *Pro Deum atque hominum fidem!*

The *fifth of Anne*, another of the *repealed* Acts, complains of the inefficiency of the laws "for the better preservation of the game"—"by reason of the multitude of higlers, and other chapmen, which give great encouragement to idle loose persons to follow and destroy the game." Do the present *dealers in game* give no such encouragement as that here pointed at? Under this Act

of Anne the informer was to have half the penalty, even though he was implicated in the offence. But the Justice and Lord of the Manor had each the power of taking away from any unqualified person the game, his dogs, nets, &c.—a very useful power, but which, as it is apprehended, is extinct with the Act which gave it.

The same Act subjected gamekeepers selling game without the consent or knowledge of their Lords to punishment. I presume this, as being part of the repealed Act, has ceased to be part of our law: although, now the sale of game is rendered legal by persons having certificates, it would seem to have been *essentially* necessary to preserve this clause in an improved shape. As gamekeepers have from their situations particular facilities afforded them of taking the game, perhaps it would be still better that gamekeepers never should be allowed to sell game. This is the improvement I would suggest.

I am aware it may be said that the New Game Act is not chargeable with the offence of *originating* all the alterations I have enumerated, when I have been speaking of the clauses it has repealed, since some of those clauses had been previously repealed by former Acts: but, I answer, that the New Act brought *the whole* under revision, or affected to do so, and having for its object, professedly and substantially, a new code founded on new principles, the framers of it were bound to consider the entire law, with all its variations at different periods; and whilst they added that which they

deemed necessary, it was their solemn duty to preserve to us all that was good of the old law. I fear, however, *the tale of the tub*, or more properly its moral, was not in their recollection. I cannot think, after all the preparation, all the discussion, and all the boundless prodigality of hope which was excited, that the repeal of former excellent clauses ought to have been concurred in, with no better argument in support of it, than that such repeal had been originated by former law-makers, who never were placed in a similar situation. If they had not the same difficulties to contend with, they had not the same means of surmounting them, and were evidently not proceeding upon the same principle as those who framed the new law.

Before I quit this part of the subject, allow me to remark, that in the short time I have been able to bestow upon the different Acts of Parliament repealed I may possibly have made some mistakes, and been guilty of some inaccuracies. I should likewise observe, that I have never seen the Parliamentary Report of the evidence before the Game Committee. I am, therefore, utterly ignorant of the extent to which that evidence confirms, or is at variance with, the view I take of the subject. Indeed nothing is more remarkable than the silence which has prevailed with respect to the working of the New Game Act, and the little which is to be gleaned from any public work on the subject.

Having thus considered the New Game Act in detail, I will trouble you with a few observations upon its principle. It seems to me

that this so-much-vaunted Act is a failure, in assuming as its principle that the sale of game was the *universal remedy*, the *golden elixir*, the *panacea*, which, being duly administered, should for ever cure that hydra-headed disease called poaching.

If there be any cure for poaching, it is not to be found in this plausible piece of *quackery*, which with its accompaniments (doing away with the landed qualification, &c.) will add to the disease. To speak in plainer language, if there be any cure for poaching, it can only be found in giving steady employment to the peasantry, and in improving their moral condition.

If the Legislature, yielding to circumstances beyond its controul, cannot effect these desirable objects, it must, like a wise physician, have recourse to palliatives: it must tell the landlord the wholesome but disagreeable truth, that he must be content to share the game with his tenant if his tenant be disposed to sport. If the sale of game be still permitted, the tenant must be allowed to sell what he kills on the farm he occupies: but no other person must be permitted to sell who has not a landed qualification, not even the gamekeeper, though he sells for his master, and by his direction.

Some of the clauses which have been repealed should be restored: and during six months in the year, namely from the last day in February to the first day of September, the hare must be protected from destruction if you will have any of that species of game left.

The utter extirpation of the hare must be the inevitable consequence of the law as it now stands.

I have shuddered at the sight of leverets hanging up in the poulterers' shops in the months of *July* and *August*. If the present Act exist two years longer, it will be many years before the mischief to the game can be remedied.

I again with great sincerity assure you that I could have wished this matter to have been taken up by an abler pen. My first letter, published in your Number of January, was written with no other view. If it had effected its object, I should have remained silent. As it did not, I have troubled you with my crude and hasty views, written at intervals amidst more serious avocations. But I am *in heart* a Sportsman. All Sportsmen are interested in the subject. That the lover of the trigger is—that the keeper of

the harrier is—that the admirer of the greyhound is, no one will doubt. That the fox-hunter is, I think is equally clear. Let the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, cease to be—and in this war of extirpation under the New Game Act they will soon cease to be—and foxes will not long survive the destruction of the principal source of their food. Even you, Mr. Editor, are a party interested in the subject. With the utter failure of game, there will be the fall of sporting; and your publication, entertaining and valuable as it is to all true lovers of the brush, the scut, and the trigger, will cease to exist, instead of possessing that influence which it is my sincere wish it may long retain.—Yours, &c.

J. B. (*b. v. b. v.*)

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### MALTON MEETING.

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SIR,

ON receiving the entry some twenty miles from the scene of action, I was almost staggered at the presentation of such a miserable list, and had almost determined to decline paying the worthies a visit; but recollecting that there was virtue even in the "widow's mite," and the prospect of meeting many old friends and a few new faces (*i. e.* horses) on Langton Wold, I recanted my first determination. I know not and cannot conceive why these training grounds, with horses and every convenience at hand, should fail to produce a tolerable Race Meeting: but such is the case. Middleham, where some years ago we had its Craven and Yearling Stakes, Gold Cups, &c. &c. in all the glorious circumstance of

turf importance, is now no more. No bell is heard to call the prancers to the post—no judge is seen to give the important award. Why it is so I cannot tell, unless our northern trainers, like too many of the world, are more jealous of their nearest neighbours and friends than of strangers, and fear the exhibition in "the home department" may tell more than they wish or desire: but on this point they are the best judges, and can give perhaps the best reason. All I wish is, that the example of the Catterick Club may inspire them to emulate their exertions to procure increased patronage, and prevent at least Malton from becoming a nonentity in the pages of our Racing Calendars, and cause it to occupy

double the space of increased interesting intelligence than it has of late years. Surely the Scotts, Marsden, Perrin, &c. &c.'s stables, if disposed, can save the tottering fabric from its fall, and I sincerely trust they will do so. Does the season of their appointment not suit? why then alter it; and if it can be fixed in a warmer portion of the year, I am sure no one will complain; for the "pelt-ing shower" and "bitter blast" (and that too on Langton Wold is no joke) are very generally a penalty placed upon the assemblage, from which all the influence of great coats, cloaks, &c. cannot avert, and but too little mitigate. Would not the autumn of the year, when the brightest hopes and fondest anticipations have been blasted, and numerous proud hearts have condescended to go "*a gleaming*" for expenses, be a more propitious season? Is there any other cause that blights the blossoms? why then join heart and hand to remove it, and in a word **SAVE** the Malton Meetings from a lingering and miserable death.

**THURSDAY.**—The weather tolerably fine, though dreadfully cold, and a thin attendance.

The Yearling Stake (the Craven not having filled) was the first exhibition, and brought out four fine young ones, as here enumerated:

|                              |                 |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Mr. Bell's b. f. by Palmer-  |                 |
| rin, d. by Fitz Teazle ..... | J. Marson, jun. |
| Wyndham .....                | Heseltine.      |
| Maid of Lune .....           | S. Templeman.   |
| Bubastes .....               | T. Nicholson.   |

The Maid of Lune came away tripping it sweetly, with a showy carriage, until about half a distance from home, when Bubastes

came up and put the Maid in the rear, winning cleverly by a full length. The winner is a fine good sized colt.

The Filly Stake followed, and from an engaged party of *only three*, found but two to attend—Mr. Watt's chesnut, by Blacklock out of Muta, rode by Nicholson, and Mr. Hudson's Vesta, rode by young Marson, son to Marson, the trainer of the latter. The conflict brought forth one of those singular events which we can only expect to see or hear of about once in half a century.

On starting the Muta filly took a little of the front, though both kept well together, and on coming towards home a terrible struggle ensued, which ended in a dead heat. After some time the ladies again came forth to go *the dance* over again; and, however incredible it may appear, true it is, that a repetition of the *same movements* was gone through, and the finish again declared by the Judge to be another blank.

The Welham Cup, of which we'll talk hereafter, was then run, to give the two breathing time, and, after the decision of who should first "*fill the Goblet*," the two fillies a third time came forth for the ambition of being declared victor; for I think it could not be for the value of the Stake, which was paltry. Again they kept close company to the distance, when Nicholson commenced military punishment with great force, and fairly tired and flogged his adversary out of it at the close by half a length. Neither of the two may be very superior, yet perhaps Vesta may be the best, though the most unfortunate of the two. Had a regular jock been

on her back, it is highly probable she might have run the Muta one out of it at the first if not the second heat. As it was, the Muta blood streams of truth and goodness, descended from the celebrated (and so long as blood in pedigree shall be prized), never to-be-forgotten MANDANE, out-balanced in bottom the less pure blood even of Arbutus, Blucher, and Sir Peter.

For the Welham Cup we had a turn out of four cocktails, and as many Gentlemen jocks. They were, Mr. Bower's Scorton, rode by Mr. Singleton; Mr. R. Bower's The Dutchman (Mr. Worsley), Mr. T. E. Dyson's The Emperor (Capt. Davidson), and Mr. Mark Foulis mounted on his own Patchwork. The Dutchman made the fun until near home, when Mr. Singleton came up, gave him the "go-by," and won cleverly.—So ended the first day.

FRIDAY.—Weather, &c. much the same as yesterday.

The Cottage Stake commenced the performance with four, I can't say cocktails, for one (or more) was thorough-bred, but they were to have been regularly hunted with fox-hounds, which no doubt they had: and here we had the gratification of seeing Sir Tatton Sykes (notwithstanding his former resolution) again mounted on a horse of his own, by Dinmont out of Sister to Speaker; Captain Thompson on his own Prosody, Mr. Singleton on Mr. R. Bower's The Roué, and Captain Davidson on a horse of Capt. Ramsden's called Arlington. Prosody took all the exercise out of the rest and won the race cleverly.

Scorton, the winner of the Welham Cup yesterday, again rode by Mr. Singleton, came out for a Match against Mr. M. Foulis on his own horse The Dandy; but Scorton in the race shewed the same pleasure as the Irishman's pig—"any way *not* the right one, your Honour!" and so bolted, leaving The Dandy to take the good things without unruffling himself.

A Maiden Plate of Fifty, heats, brought out five, all anxious to part with the obnoxious title of virginity, and was won at three heats by Mr. W. Richardson's chesnut colt by Comus, dam by Cerberus, rising 3 yrs old, rode by Young Noble, a son of the late well-known rider Mark Noble, beating Mr. Dyson's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Cerberus, rising 3 yrs, who won the second heat; Mr. Hopkinson's gr. g. by Brutandorf, dam by Minos, rising 3 yrs; and two others—each heat being won cleverly. When the horses were mounted, and about to start for the first heat, Mr. Hopkinson's gelding became restive, and, after plunging and rearing he fell backward over upon the boy who rode him. The poor fellow lay for some minutes without any signs of animation, but on procuring medical assistance, which fortunately was at hand, he came round, and, I believe, was quite recovered out of danger.

Thus closed our pleasures, disappointments, and misfortunes at Malton; and now, until the York Spring Meeting permit me to subscribe myself, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Malton, April 19, 1833.

## THE UPPER SHANNON—CROSS-FISHING ON FOR TROUT AND SALMON—SCENERY ON LOWER PART OF LOUGH DERG—HOLY ISLAND, &amp;c.

*(Concluded from our last Number, page 30.)*

SIR,

**T**HE season for trout and salmon fishing on this water commences in April, and in a good year some capital sport may be enjoyed; but this proved a remarkably cold backward spring, and we made several attempts with such little success that they would not be worthy of mention: indeed, although the fishing here is of the very first excellence, it is only on occasional and suitable days that such is experienced; and the sportsman must arm himself with a double stock of patience, or perseverance, whichever he can command, or he might be apt to take disgust at nearly a blank day or two, and retire in disgust, thereby forfeiting the crowning of his toil *in a glorious day's sport*, which is always sure, sooner or later, to ensue. This truth was verified to a tittle; for after trying it on during the last week in April to little purpose, I was awakened at day-break on the first inst. with the cheering intelligence "that the day was come." On rising I was so happily convinced of it, that I could not help exclaiming, like the chimney-sweeps, "Oh! rare May-day!" The Hogans (brothers), who reside at Urra, near Peterfield, had been desired to hold themselves in readiness. These men, who are small farmers, keep boats, fishing-tackle, &c. There are others at different places on the Lough, but these men (deservedly) are most in request. In former days the Gaynors

Nenagh, May 3, 1833.

(brothers also) were the leading men: one of them, self-taught, made even his own hooks, and they were as good as the best Limerick. Anxious as we were to get to work, we hastily drove in a good breakfast, and then, with a hamper containing swags of belly-timber, drove off to the bay of Dromaneer, where the Hogans were to rendezvous with their suite of cots (boats), &c. The drive, four Irish miles, lies through a fine country, and passes by some pretty residences; among others, the ruins of that of Rockford, beautifully situated among well-laid-out plantations on the Nenagh river. This, the property of my friend, was burnt down by accident not long since, which occasions his present domicile in the town. On reaching the hamlet of Dromaneer, we saw our cots balancing on the gently-rippling waves, as a sweet south-west wind just stirred them under the walls of the old Castle which abut on the Lake. Nothing could be more exhilarating: a lovelier scene never cheered the angler's eye in a lovelier morning: we were certified by the most delicious witnesses of good sport: all nature was up, harmonious, and rejoicing—

"A west wind kiss'd the May morn  
bright,

While varied clouds bedeck'd the sky;  
The young Dawn met the God of Light  
With Nature's glorious minstrelsy.

"Old Shannon hail'd us to his streams,  
The springing trout were all at play:  
While balmy showers and sunny gleams  
Proclaimed the angler's favorite day."

As *Cross-fishing*, particularly in boats, must be a system very little known to the English angler, and as I do not think it has ever been written on, I shall devote a few lines to describe it. In Scotland it is adopted *occasionally* for salmon-fishing, and is there called *harling*, and as often (very improperly) trolling. It is the most killing of all fly-fishing; and where the single rod can be used, and in small rivers, it is not in use among *Sportsmen*: but in such a vast expanse as Lough Derg, where, although trout and salmon abound, yet they are necessarily so scattered, a single rod might pass everything almost in a hard day's work. All approach the Shannon with intent to *slay*—and they may. A real good day is, like most other good things in this world, not often attainable, and neither line nor net of *any* kind can depopulate this expanse. Some ridicule angling as a solitary amusement: Byron, who was too un-Britishly constituted to have the feelings of a Sportsman, has termed it a vice. Cross-fishing completely sets that taunt null and void—nothing can be more social, spirit-stirring, or frequently noisy. Sportsmen too, those who at least do nothing but hunt, frequently affect to deride all fishing; but I can assure the best of them, that if I had him on such a river as the Tay, with a fifteen-pound salmon in a rocky stream, and the banks thickly wooded, at the end of a single gut, or in a cot on the Shannon in a rough day, with two good Gillaroo trout of seven or eight pounds a-piece frantically pulling different ways, he would find, by the most conclusive of

all arguments, that *ad hominem*, he would require all his pluck, activity, and decision. In the New World, cross-fishing would be eminently useful, and to those who reside in the vicinity of large lakes, but who may not have tried it. In describing it I shall give, chapter and verse, a journal of our day on the first. When the men had got their "morning" (a wet of mountain dew called here pot-sheen), two peculiar rods about seven feet long, with very strong stiff tops, were stuck in the ground upright, about twenty yards from each other, for the convenience of putting the flies up; they were furnished with reels and hempen lines of the thickness and taper of a full salmon line. These were pulled through the rings in the usual way. To each end of them a foot link or cross-line, as it is named, seventeen yards in length, was looped to swivels which were fastened at these ends, thus uniting the two lines. From this foot link at regular intervals were suspended fourteen lines, to which the flies were to be attached. The foot link was strong, not continuous, but in lengths of sixteen hairs, slightly twisted and knotted together: the fly-lines were also of horse-hair, but much finer. These were loosely looped to the foot or cross-line, as without such precaution when a heavy fish is on, and the great connected line in tension, it would twist *notwithstanding the swivels*, and the fly-lines and flies would be coiled. These fly-lines are secured and prevented to and fro on the cross-lines by two knots on each side, (the flies generally used on the

Shannon I shall subsequently take an opportunity of noticing). They thus maintain their equidistant position, and were placed about a yard and a half asunder, their own length being just a yard. The flies being put on, my friend, taking one rod, placed himself in the stern of one of the cots, rowed by one of the Hogans and another man, while, similarly prepared, I entered the other boat. I have before stated that they somewhat resemble a small Norway yawl. Mine was rowed by the elder Hogan and an assistant. When we got out a few boats' lengths, we kept at a distance of twenty-five yards from each other, the rowers plying at about two and a half miles an hour, to afford time to the fish to discern and take the fly. The flies played a few yards astern of the boats, which advanced in parallel directions, the cross-line being slightly curved outwards by the resistance of the water. All the fly-lines were submerged with the exception of the two nearest each cot: these are played like bobbers, which keep the rest in proper position. It might be supposed that the splashing (however gentle) of the oars would deter the fish from taking; but every one who has fished single rod in a boat knows how close trout will rise to it; and here it is more strongly exemplified, the flies in the middle being seldom so effective as the nearer ones—and for this reason my friend generally prefers but twelve flies, for then the tackle may be lighter: we had (as I have stated) fourteen, but there are some who imagine they can never have too many lines in the water. As there is no possi-

bility of knowing what may take, or the size, great attention and delicacy are necessary at the slightest indication of rise or tug, as carelessness or severity, when a big 'un takes, would smash all. I forgot to mention that in the middle of the cross-line, between the seventh and eighth hook, a white feather is always fastened, the hooks on either side which belong to the man whose cot they are next to, and when a fish takes on either side the nearest man plays and lands, or rather boats, him, his companion going out, or rolling up line as the manœuvres of the scaly victim may indicate. This requires great science and judgment, and has no little to do with the success of this peculiar sport. In this, as in all other lakes (and many and various ones of almost every size and peculiarity I have tried) which it has been my lot to fish upon, I have invariably found that the best sport is to be had at that precise spot which separates the shallow water of the shores from the deep water, *on the shelf of the submerged bank*, let that distance be what it may, and about whatever sunken or apparent rocks may stud any sheet of water; on shoals also, and sand-banks. The reason is obvious—the food is here most abundant; and it may always be ascertained by the colour of the water. Here, this critical distance was about a hundred yards more or less; on it our boats were so rowed as to make the flies lie, my boat being *close* as possible in shore, the sinuosities of which we narrowly followed. The inshore boat is considered the best berth, and commonly tossed for, or taken in turn: this day it was given to me as a bird of pas-

sage. We had been out about ten minutes, and some surprise was expressed that nothing took hold, as they were rising around, when a wave of the water, similar to the last of those which throwing a small stone into a pond causes, and a right good tug downwards on my fourth hook, opened the day's play. "Yu're in him tight; ase off to him, or he'll smash all to smiddereens," roared the elder Hogan: "hould tight agin, or by J— he'll be under the cot—yu've turned him nately—now give him rope, and he'll hang himself may be—no, he's a raal one." Here he made a rush, and both giving out line fast, the hooks were soon fifty yards astern. "Now hould him just as you would a fine white-handed young lady you was handing into a ball-room." Here my gentleman, a Gillaroo, jumped two feet out of the water. "He's four pound certain," cried I, judging by his length. "Is it a four pound fish play up music like this? He's sivin iviry inch of it I'll wager a noggin." Another and another spring right out of the water, but he was well hooked; this tired him, and it became time to take him in hand. Keeping a steady eye on one another's motions, we closed him gradually, but when near the boats he made another rush, though for a small distance, and here he was held steadily, until a little more force being gradually applied, his nose was got above water. After a few seconds he began to flounder, and then it became safe to wind home. But in the imperceptible motion of the boats, we had floated inwards, and to avoid entanglement among the rocks, we moved gently into

deeper water. I now laid the rod down along the side of the cot, the top sternwards, keeping one hand on the line, and, slipping it up to the top of the rod, commenced to draw him alongside, my hand playing the line: in doing so, however, his struggles were still sufficient to make great care necessary, and to avoid getting your hands hooked by the adjoining fly-lines, which *I knew by experience*. A small gaff or cleek—the other loose hooks make a landing net ineligible—is in use. This is a hook similar to the common one, but more than double the size of the largest salmon hook, attached to a long light pole, and requires also some skill in the management, as a bungler might touch the line, which would instantly cause the loss of the fish, if not the fly, &c.: whenever it can be done, moreover, time is taken to insert the gaff as near the gills as possible, in order not to spoil the fish. Hogan brought this one into the boat *secundem artem*, and proved the accuracy of his judgment, as it was above seven pounds. To give as good an idea as I can, I should say that the Gillaroo are cod-shaped about the head and shoulders to a certain degree, and this great breadth gives them an actual weight far beyond what their length would seem to indicate. They are a very resolute trout, and afford great play. The smaller fish are hauled up without ceremony; but a herring-sized trout is unworthy the angler's notice on Lough Derg, as the average is about 4lb.

It is certain, though perhaps it may not appear evident, that cross-fishing is the most diffi-

cult of all angling: it is more difficult to manage a long line with twelve or fourteen, than a single rod with one or a pair of flies: with the latter, the capture of the fish depends on individual skill, while the former requires the combined management and simultaneous accuracy of both anglers, and a corresponding sympathy of skill on the part of the rowers, any infraction of which would in nine cases out of ten lose the fish. Moreover, it often happens that two, even three fish are on the line at the same time, and as the difficulties are increased, it is then that this sport really commences. With the most experienced, if it occurs that two weighty fish move off in opposite directions, by which the cross-line and flies are *stretched to tension*, the affair lies within the scope of mechanical philosophy and the calculation of relative forces, so that unless obviated by the most critical skill, one or both of the fish break away. It is in conjunctures such as this that the superior art of the angler is developed.

We continued fishing in the bay of Dromaneer for some time in the expectation of hooking a salmon, in which however we were disappointed, though a considerable river which passes the town of Nenagh (and to which that fish resorts) throws itself into this bay: our sport with the trout, however, was good. We now pulled away for the Korakees, a cluster of rocky islands, about mid-way over which is considered a more certain haunt for salmon. The distance was about two miles, and the lines being wound up as close as possible, the rowers gave way

to lose no time through the deep water. Being anxious to try for one of the large perch, I let a line out nearly a hundred yards astern, baited with a loach (here called *Collia Rua*), and very soon got a tug: it was only three pounds weight, and deemed by Hogan hardly worth the trouble of taking in. I was, however, of a different opinion.

Having arrived at our new station, we went to work, but with no better success: just, however, as we were going to give up, a small one, about four pounds, here called a peel (in Scotland a grilse), took on my friend's side, and was secured without much difficulty. As the large trout were to me "metal more attractive," it was resolved to stretch over at once to the Connaught shore; indeed we could do no better. The day was at its height, and a bright sun and dead calm had set all to rest; so we took advantage of the idle hour, and steered for the opposite coast, where, being sheltered by the Galway mountains from the westerly winds which prevail in Ireland, and the natural flies being at the same time wafted off the shore, the fish are most abundant. Indeed with an east wind few flies are to be seen, and this Lake is supplied from the western shore. This is not mere conjecture—it is an ascertained fact. Has any angler observed this of any other loch or lough? In this trip another perch was taken considerably heavier than the former one, but this would not do. "It doesn't please me at all at all; divil a one of me will be content wid liss than betune seven or eight pounds." Nothing could be more beautiful

than this row. As we reached the middle the whole vast expanse unfolded itself like a panorama—the upper part I have endeavored previously to describe—and lay above us; while below, on the Tipperary shore, Parker's Point and the woods of Castle Lough, narrowing in towards the termination at Killaloe, rose in abrupt and mountain majesty, contrasting with the opposite shore, where Raheen, the ancient seat of the Bradys, was smiling in the sunshine. This is a very ancient possession, and has the feudal privilege of free park and warren, of which it would appear the quondam Powers in Ireland were very chary, it being said that there are not more than three or four more places in Ireland which can boast this relique of the Baronial times. On the Tipperary side, below Parker's of Castle Lough, is Ballinalley, also a Parker, a pretty residence, on the grounds of which are the remains of a fort once the stronghold of Borough King of Munster: it is skilfully planted, and its identity preserved.

Standing out from the bay of Scariff lay Holy Island, clothed in the hoary garb of centuries, the varied ruins of its seven churches presenting the picturesque in one of its most attractive forms. It was in ages past a place of considerable importance as a monastic and literary institution, and is still held in high estimation by the peasantry. Penances are still performed here; and from the particular tenacity with which the lowest cling to their old usages and localities, funerals here are frequent: these are of course managed by means of boats—the corpse being towed in one by itself—as from the strange incon-

sistency, which it would seem forms a part of the character of these certainly singular people, their treatment of *their own* dead (however regardless of taking life they unfortunately are) is romantic, nay frantically tender. Nothing else however, save in summer a solitary herd and a few peaceful sheep, intrude on this sacred solitude, except an occasional *pic-nic* party; and nothing, as it then lay before us, could form a fitter contrast to Island More (or the Great Island), which a few miles above was swarming with herds of cattle and horses, and is inhabited by a wild set, who carry on illicit distillation in spite of all obstacles. It would have been impossible almost for the most heedless to gaze on this antique memento as it lay dormant in the broad bosom of the Shannon, without sensation easier to experience than detail: even the boatmen, used as they were from almost daily habitude, could not pass it without some expressions of rough but expressive feeling.

A light breeze, the sun having some time passed the meridian, now sprang up, and they strained away at the oars so as to reach our fishing ground ere it might again fall off. We reached it in the very nick of time: the fish were sharp upon the take, and our sport for an hour and a half was first-rate. From want of long practice, however, I lost four or five fine trout, and some flies. Whenever a heavy trout rose, and was not hooked, the men backed their oars, which let the flies over him again, and sometimes this was attended with success. The breeze began to die away; and one of the men stuck up a hand,

kerchief on the gaff-pole, which was quickly attended to in a cabin on shore, whose hole in the roof immediately began to emit volumes of smoke: this was a sign that the praties were boiling, and we went on shore. We unpacked our well-stored hamper, and, there being by good accident a kind of table, laid our cloth and set out our meal. But nothing could prevent the hospitality of these poor people: they had a few acres of ground, and brought forth their little all—potatoes, eggs, milk, and butter: the last, as well as the eggs, they never taste; it goes as well as the pig to pay the rent: but they freely pressed them on us, and it was with a difficulty indescribable they were prevailed on to take anything in return. Unquestionably they are a most singular compound of the finest feeling and foulest ferocity; somewhat like the Afghaws, where no one is denied the warmest hospitality, but where it is as much “*en regle*” to follow the cherished guest, and knock him on the head or rob him. Having previously tried them years ago, I got our perch gutted and put them, scales and all, in the embers of the turf fire; when done, the skin comes off, and, eaten with potatoes and butter, nothing can exceed them. Trout are done almost in the same way, and the Hogans broiled some by placing a few sticks across the clear embers: it does not require the patent sauce of hunger to make these go gaily down.

After a few glasses of good whisky-punch, we got again afloat, when I could not resist the inclination I felt to set foot once more on Holy Island, where during my

previous sojourn in this country I had formed one of many a pleasant party. We pulled away for it, and reached it as a four o'clock May sun was shedding its radiance on the purple heath of the Galway mountains, which was as it were thrown back and reflected on the old ruins. The wind had totally lulled, and there was an utter stillness around, in such true harmony with the place itself that to do it common justice is impossible, at least to me. As I rambled by myself through its ruins, recalling the many to mind I had last there mingled with, most of whom were reposing like its present inmates, though their last mortal lot had not fallen in such pleasant places, I shall leave to the reader to decipher my feelings as best may suit with his own. It seemed as if the old Sanctuary were enjoying a day-dream of its pristine and peaceful glories in the repose of nature; for though the air elsewhere had been teeming with them, even the pleasant sounds of bird and bee were here wanting. It was solitude the most uninterrupted, but divested of all its terrors. No person who has not visited Holy Island in May can form any true idea of the colour termed *grass green*—nothing can exceed its verdure; and to any (and such there are) who are curious about the place in which their bones are to rot, I would commend them to this sweet solitude. Let them fear no unhallowed body-snatcher—whatever risk they might run when in life, Superstition would throw her mystic veil over them, and “*requiescat in pace*” would stand truly for sometimes the

more appropriate one of *non est inventus*. Viewed as I then beheld it, when "burnished in the western sky the purple light of sun down glowed," I cannot venture to attempt a fuller description of it. I had made the circuit of the Island in these abstracted and varied feelings, when I struck my foot against something in a bunch of nettles that was close by an old tomb, which gave a sharp sound, and I saw a slight glitter.....Had I lit on some old relique? I had; and such a one as, if all we read be true, might not have been unusual in such holy cells. It was a bottle, sealed, and mostly encrusted with dirt, and I took it on to where my friend was seated on the shaft of an old pillar, engaged in dressing a fly, with which he yet vowed to catch the old one, he, as well as the Hogans, being anxious to shew the best. On producing my relique, he informed me that it was a bottle of very fine old Port, which had been left behind two summers past by a party of whom he had formed one, and that it had been sought for in vain. It was a lawful prize, and, harmonizing with the scene, was quaffed to *old* remembrances and *old* friendships.

Again we retraced our course to the Korakees, and in the excitement of sport descended from the flights which the visit to the Island had occasioned, and where we made a brilliant but unfortunate *finale*. The wind freshened, and the evening began to get cold and rough, when a rush and strain on my comrade's part of the line betokened a salmon, which was the case. We used every caution, as he was a very fair one, and

were beginning to work him in earnest, when a slash at one of my hooks, which make both lines whistle through the rings, and a strain on the line, which forced each to stand firmly against the stern of the cots, enabled me to give a practical proof of what this fishing is when Greek meets Greek. The *tug* of war it was with a vengeance! and to give me all chance, my friend contented himself with holding his fish as easily as he could without altogether losing him: but it would not do; and to ensure his if possible, which was evidently well hooked, I began to roll up. The grip held better than could have been expected, and I was just on the point of at least seeing my customer, when the line came short up, and he was off to his native deeps. It was Hogan's opinion he was a very heavy fish. It was a matter of comparative ease, though it took time and patience, to bring the other to boat, about nine pounds.

It was now necessary to make for shore, and we landed on the old ruined wall of Dromaneer Castle just as "twilight grey had in its sober livery all things clad"—twenty one trout of various weights from seven to one pound, two salmon, and two perch, being the return of the day.—"What capital sport we have had!" said I, and gave Hogan a *thimble full* at landing.—"It's but jist betuxt and betune," (betwixt and between,) replied he.—"I have seen jintlemen lave the Lough wid worse, but many wid a dale bitter," said the younger brother.—"It's true for you," (i. e. that's just the case,) replied the elder.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BELLE,

A FAVORITE SETTER, THE PROPERTY OF THE AUTHOR.

ADIEU ! my long-tried faithful friend !  
No more we'll roam together ;  
No more the Sportsman's course we'll wend  
O'er stubble and o'er heather.

No more you'll steep in dew your feet,  
When infant Morning blushes ;  
No more the tangled copse you'll beat,  
No more the brook-side rushes.

Nor shall again the magic scent  
Give to thy form its beauty ;  
Nor lend, as through each limb it went,  
A charm to grace thy duty.

For when before the game you stood  
Transfix'd—spell-struck—and breathless,  
Pausing before the work of blood,  
Thy sinewy form was deathless.

Deathless in grace—thy speaking eye  
Was all that proved thee mortal :  
Like bards when rapt by minstrelsy  
Pour'd forth from Heaven's blue portal.

Adieu ! my long-tried faithful friend !  
No more we'll roam together ;  
No more the Sportsman's course we'll wend  
O'er stubble and o'er heather.

J. B. (b. v. b. v.)

MR. MURE'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Have been looking in vain in the last few Numbers for some account of the sport with Mr. Mure's hounds this season from the pen of your able Correspondent RINGWOOD. We have closed a brilliant season in Suffolk, at least brilliant when the game-preserving spirit of the country and the not over-abundant supply of foxes are taken into consideration. The 14th ult. was my last day with them, and on that day the nineteenth

brace of foxes was completed by this very rising pack, and only three brace of bagmen among the number. They have since had a capital day with a stag, with which sport we generally wind up ; but not being present I cannot give you the particulars, though I hear the run was one of great severity, and that many of the nags were calling out for their mammas before the end. The deer was uncartered about a mile from the kennel at Her-

ringswell, and taken near Botesdale, and there was only one short check during the whole of the run. The pack are much improved in appearance since last year, are remarkably steady, and a dash of the old Trelawney blood has added very much to the musical notes of the entry of last year. This was done by Mr. Mure, who is an excellent judge of melody either in the house or kennel. They pack together beautifully, giving evident symptoms of a breeder's attention. The servants continue the same as last season; and friend Will has profited by Ringwood's lec-

ture, and does not give his red rag so much licence as heretofore. The New Game Bill is working admirably in this county as far as we fox-hunters are concerned—only the game-preservers seem inclined to wreak their vengeance upon poor reynard in return for the plunder of the poachers. This, however, will work its own cure. I have lately been over to see Lord Berners' heronry, but fearful of trespassing too largely on your valuable pages, will reserve my say for another month.

SUFFOLK PUNCH.

May 7, 1833.

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### A SCRAP FROM PILOT.

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SIR,

**A**S our hunting season is completely over, I cannot help wishing you the compliments of this warm weather. But I do not write for the sole purpose of complimenting you on the excellent manner in which your good Old Mag continues to shine, as it ever must over all its little dirty opponents, who by their low pitiful ignorance endeavour to prejudice all of their own stamp in their own favour. Still say I, go on and prosper; and while you have the warm hearts and fervent admirers which I know you have both in town and country, you cannot help succeeding in the good old path of honour and rectitude.

Since the last few words which I sent you from Norwich, I have been paying a visit to the North of England, to get a peep at the Raby Hunt, which is done in princely style; and to see the Duke take the field is a most

charming sight, for he is now no chicken, though a game old cock. My time, however, was most disagreeably passed, for this nasty Influenza got hold of me, and prevented my stirring during the last days I was in the North. I am now once more safely landed in the *Wen*, and really it seems to have grown since I left it. Can you believe that on this present May 6, I have not yet seen your Mag. Oh! country, country!—how do I long to see your green fields even with a foot of snow on the top of them! If that's not a bull, I never saw one.

Since I left Norfolk, I have had several letters of the occurrences with the hounds at Knapton, and those of Mr. Fellowes, kept near Norwich, both of which have had a very good season. The former Hunt turned out a couple of deer on the last day, and ran the first half

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H A W K.

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an hour ; and the other, one of the gamest little devils that ever was seen, took the hounds an hour and thirty-five minutes, as hard as any one wished to ride, and, my correspondent says, "a great deal faster than any sportsman ought to have ridden, as the hounds were constantly rode over, to the great annoyance of all good sportsmen."

In my last to you I mentioned a son of Mr. Baker, who struck me as riding well ; I find that a splendid dinner was on the 29th of April given to him and his father by the Gentlemen of the Hunt, as a token of their satisfaction of the excellent manner in which the hounds had been hunted. Every delicacy of the season graced the table of the King's Arms at North Walsham, and after dinner a splendid silver mounted whip and a pair of sil-

ver spurs were presented to the lad who had so often led the field, and shewn the way to go it. Long may he live to enjoy his well-deserved honours, using both whip and spur with a cautious and a feeling heart ! for it is only the part of a brute to keep dig, digging everlastingly against the sides of a done-up animal : and many a time have I blushed for humanity, and wished for Dick Martin's Act to be instantly put in force.—I must now shut up my paper, and put on my night-cap, for sleep is, I do verily believe, one of those necessary luxuries that we cannot do without for many a day together : therefore, wishing you for the present thousands of thousands of subscribers,

I remain, your old Subscriber,  
PILOT.

London, May 6, 1833.

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### MALE SPARROW HAWK—*Falco Niveus*, LINN.

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**A**CCORDING to Bewick :— "The length of the male is twelve inches, that of the female fifteen. Its bill is blue, furnished with bristles at the base, which overhang the nostrils ; the colour of the eye bright orange ; the head is flat at the top, and above each eye is a strong bony projection, which seems as if intended to secure it from external injury : from this projection a few scattered spots of white form a faint line, running backward towards the neck : the top of the head and all the upper parts of the body are of a dusky brown colour ; on the back part of the head there is a faint line of white : the scapulars are marked with two spots of white on each feather ; the greater quill feathers

and the tail are dusky, with four bars of a darker hue on each : the inner edges of all the quills are marked with two or more large white spots : the tips of the tail-feathers are white : the breast, belly, and under coverts of the wings and thighs are white beautifully barred with brown : the throat is faintly streaked with brown : the legs and feet are yellow, claws black."

The rapidity with which the hawk pounces on his prey seldom gives the mother time to protect her young, or retaliate on the despoiler. Our domestic poultry no doubt have courage sufficient, but not speed of wing to aid their motive of restitution.

The following, from *White's Selbourne*, will practically shew

the retribution bestowed on a captive marauder by the matrons of the poultry yard:—

“A neighbouring Genleman one summer had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a fagot pile and the end of his house to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly vexed to see his flock thus diminishing, hung a setting-net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the caitiff dashed and was entangled. Resentment suggested the law of retaliation:

he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued: the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before. The exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him into a hundred pieces.”

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### LETTERS FROM COWES.—No. I.

THE YACHT CLUB—THE FALCON, THE ARUNDEL, THE WATER WITCH, &c.

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SIR,

**I**T is with much pleasure that I send you the inclosed letter: it is the first of a series promised me by one of the ablest seamen of the day, and will I am satisfied be read with deep interest, not only by the amateurs of that delightful summer amusement, YACHTING, but also by every practical man to whom

“The stir of the deck and the spread of the sail”

have been from habit and profession endeared. Conformably with my announcement of last month I had intended embodying it with another communication, which I also forward to you: for reasons, however, which I will not detain you by explaining, I prefer the present mode of laying it before your readers.

May 6, 1833.

DASHWOOD.

DEAR —

I gladly comply with your request in spinning you a yarn on nautical matters; and, if it be acceptable, will regularly fur-

nish you with the Sporting Intelligence from the Royal Yacht Club rendezvous at Cowes, more particularly as the contention for the Gold Cup given by His Majesty will create this season a very great sensation, and the opinions of the amateurs as to the result will be looked for with unprecedented interest. The bringing together such magnificent vessels as those of the Dukes of Norfolk and Portland, the Lords Yarborough, Belfast, Vernon, and Anglesea, with many others, is indeed a sight that cannot be produced by any country, save one, in the world: and the astonishment of our neighbours on the opposite coast was complete on the assemblage of nearly *one hundred sail* of the R. Y. C. at Cherbourg two years since, on the occasion of a valuable prize being given by the French Government to be contended for by vessels of this Club. They could not be made to understand or believe that individuals should at their own ex-

pense equip such splendid armaments, or that it was not the affair of the Government; and that it was quite impossible but that Lord Yarborough's ship was a National frigate, and that her Noble Commander held a commission as Commodore for the occasion! At that period our Gallic friends *could not turn out one yacht* on which to display the tricolor flag: however, they made ample demonstration of good feeling towards their novel visitors in entwining the R. Y. C. colours with their own in the decorations used for the grand ball in the Dock-yard, where they gave us a very splendid entertainment; returned on our side by that munificent Nobleman Lord Yarborough by one still more brilliant.

To the Royal Yacht Club too much praise can scarcely be given for their successful efforts in the improvement of naval architecture: nor must it be forgotten that they give employment to a vast body of seamen that would otherwise be a-drift—whether owing to the great increase of steam navigation, or to the general use of gas, and the consequent destruction of our South Sea fishery, must be left to the Right Hon. the President of the Board of Trade to determine. Indeed all minds must be made up, and all parties convinced beyond a question, as to the great national utility of this princely establishment, and the public merits and patriotic conduct of many of the individuals at the head of it. To speak alone of three amongst them, or rather of their superb vessels. The ship *Falcon*, belonging to Lord Yarborough, has always had the advantage of the men of war in the many cruises his Lord-

ship has taken in different parts of the globe. The Duke of Norfolk's cutter *Arundel*, of 210 tons, may be said to be one of the fastest and finest vessels in the whole world. But to the Earl of Belfast it is that the country is more particularly indebted; and his Lordship may be fairly said to have earned a naval medal of merit, which all those who are conversant with his exertions must acknowledge should be awarded to him. Taking the given length of the worst and most despised class of vessels in His Majesty's Navy—that called the ten-gun brig—he declared that he would construct a brig that should not only be superior for the purposes of war, but should actually be made to *outsail any vessel in the Royal Navy*—rather a bold declaration this, it must be acknowledged, more particularly as two vessels built upon an improved and scientific plan were to be opposed to him. To work, however, his Lordship went, and the produce of his labours is the celebrated *Water Witch*, built for him by Mr. Joseph White of East Cowes, on the model of his former yachts, the *Harriet*, *Therèse*, and *Louisa*, and precisely the length of the ten-gun brig, which, though incapable of either fighting or running, is unfortunately quite capable of going to the bottom, as was lately again demonstrated in the case of the *Calypso*, after a dozen previous accidents with the things employed as packets on the Falmouth station. The improvement in the build of the *Water Witch* is in her increase of breadth of three feet eight inches, and a finer entrance into the water, which gives her an extraordinary

power in a head sea, and also great stability and capacity for stowage: and she can well carry provisions for four months with 12 guns and 85 men on board. Every possible attention was paid to perfecting her as a man-of-war. She has very high bulwarks, scantling far exceeding that of ordinary vessels, and, moreover, a solid bottom: she is, in fact, a mass of timber, as her Noble owner was determined that no objections should be raised as to her want of substance when brought into trial for sailing. Here he profited by experience of what was urged against the Pantaloon yacht, which vessel, having out-sailed all the old-fashioned ships in Sir Edward Codrington's squadron, was purchased by Government of the Duke of Portland, but was found neither to have a solid bottom, nor the proper quantity of timbers for a man-of-war, *and the latter were put in before she was taken into the King's Service.* Far different, however, was the case of the Water Witch, who started last year under the direction of Captain George Pechell, R.N. to join the experimental squadron of Sir P. Malcolm, with *her proper guns*, and all the weight on board *equal* to to that of four months' provisions, stores, and water for 75 men. The task she had to encounter must be admitted to be a formidable one; for in this squadron she had to contend with The Castor, Vernon, and Snake, all new ships *built on the most approved principles, and only just launched:* however the gallant Water Witch fully realized the expectations of her Noble owner, *and proved herself decidedly superior:* and in a subsequent trial with the far-

famed Pantaloon, in a voyage to Lisbon, she beat that vessel in the most extraordinary style conceivable, and could have made her passage to Lisbon in a dead beat to windward in one fourth less time!!

No wonder, after this, that it is universally asked by sea-faring men why this improved class of vessel is not at once adopted for packets and light cruisers. It has been ascertained that the stability and capacity of the Water Witch is fully equal for every purpose, and that such a vessel would be quite as useful as those expensive brigs just built, one hundred tons larger, and carrying only sixteen guns, being two guns less than what the brigs used to carry that were fifty tons less burden. The expense would much be lessened, and for light cruisers there would be a great saving in men and in the equipment: moreover, for the purposes of war, the brig of 330 tons, like the Water Witch, and with her qualities of sailing, would be perfectly efficient, as it appears that even the large and expensive brig of 430 tons, from her number of guns being reduced to 16, is not in future expected to fight the corvettes mounting 20. These latter vessels it seems are to be charged with the fighting department of the small class of ships of war.

It is reported that the Earl of Belfast has made a most liberal offer of this fine brig to Government: I have good reason for believing, however, that she is fitting up as a yacht; and if such be actually the case, I do really think it a great error of judgment in "the powers that be" to let her slip through their fingers.

So fine a vessel ought decidedly to be in the King's Service. Employed as a cruiser on the coast of Africa *she would be invaluable*, for she is faster than the clipping schooners that are used in the Slave Trade, *and it would be a matter of impossibility for any to escape her by sailing*. The cruisers that are now employed on that station are the ten-gun brigs *razéed*; that is, with the bulwarks cut down, and carrying a long gun on a pivot carriage: but the very idea of such a vessel being a match for a slave schooner is

ridiculous in the extreme. The Water Witch would in eight or ten hours be out of sight to windward of any of that miserable set of men-of-war, which it is to be hoped Government will now see the necessity of withdrawing from the Service, as being as dangerous and useless as they are incapable of either fighting or running.

I am summoned abruptly away, and have only time to conclude with an assurance that you shall again shortly hear from me.

Cowes, April 15, 1833. J. B. G.

### NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING 1833.

MONDAY, APRIL 22.

SIR,

AS far as fine weather goes, and its influence calculated upon, we had every reason to expect a *full meeting*:—then against it, the Chancellor's Budget—the King's commands to the Knights of the Garter—Saint George and the Dragon—a scanty issue of paper currency in the absence of the precious metals—and a *few* from fear they should not see others, and *many* from fear they should be seen themselves, made it altogether a *thin meeting*; not but it was said there were plenty of people in town ready to come down to win sums of money, but a sufficient number could not be found willing to undertake a journey to lose it.

On the Saturday evening a number of carriages arrived with some of the best friends to the Turf as well as to mankind: these, added to those remaining here during the intermediate week, and the town's people that could conveniently leave their homes at a time like this, formed

a congregation on the Sunday morning, numerous and devout as its Church would hold, to hear a sermon by the Rev. George Fisk, of Cambridge, and to give their money in aid of the funds of the National School—a school professedly to teach the child its duty towards God and its duty towards its neighbour from *love and gratitude*; instead of the good-by-force Bill of Sir Andrew Agnew. So elegant, gentle, persuasive, yet so powerful and true were the arguments used by the Rev. Divine, and so sensible the congregation of them, that this is said to be the best collection made since its establishment. I merely make these remarks to prove that a man may be a Sportsman—obey the commands of his Sovereign—do his duty as a Statesman six days a week, and be a Christian the whole seven.

The Heath at half-past one (MONDAY) presented us with a company much more genteel than

extensive, and the list of sports much more numerous than interesting. The first of the six races was a 50l. Plate over the Beacon Course. Sir M. Wood's Lucetta and Lord Berners's Comus horse were the only two entered: the former made play, and play only it was, and to Robinson, her jockey, only a pleasurable ride: to the latter all toil and trouble, and to his jockey, John Day, more like pain than pleasure; having a full stumble and a half in the last hundred yards, whether from his Lordship's fault or the horse's misfortune, or both, is not for me to say: but he had a *leg* that made it unsafe to ride him, and a leg that made it impossible for him to take a proper preparation, therefore could not win. Lucetta won by two lengths, with the betting 3 to 1 upon her.

The Optimist Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., T. M. M.—This contest lay between Variation and Volage: Archibald was in it, but did not start. The fine form of Variation in the October, and its being known that Robinson was to ride her, raised the betting as high as 2 to 1 upon her: there were those, however, that did not like the 5lb. she gave, and the sore heel (they say) she had in the bad weather, which rendered her training incomplete: Arnall rode Volage very correctly under the circumstances, and won by two lengths.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, T. Y. C., four subscribers, and so well done as to make a smart pretty interesting little affair of it—won a head by Pavis on Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.; Landrail, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Macdonald), second. A little remark was made on this riding, but as it was by a

man who is guided altogether by *winning and losing*, it ought not to be noticed, except in justice to Macdonald, who seldom comes to Newmarket, to say that his riding was very good, that his patience was perfect as long as he had occasion for that virtue, and his exertions as spirited as long as they could answer any good purpose. Messenger was third, giving 5lb. to the winner; and Dryad last, giving 2lb.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., T. Y. C., the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, seven subscribers. This was won with "quite a splash" by Pavis on Mr. R. Stephenson's Alice, and, though two lengths, with ease; yet, strange to say, no one claimed the winner: Elvas-ton second (Natt), Tippitywitchet third; followed by Dromedary, Tigress, and others (the strongest and fiercest of the forest), and yet no one claimed!

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., R. M., three started. Robinson, with his best seat, on his best saddle, on The Saddler, won it a length; Mr. W. Ley's The Hermit second (Pavis); Mr. Kirby's Dinah third: even betting on The Saddler. This certainly reads grand, the giving 19lb. to Dinah, both of a year, and 26lb. to Hermit for being a year younger: but *my* greatest delight was to see, for the first time in my life, a Saddler run honest.

The finish to our day's sport was one of the finest and most splendid things that the eye can see or the mind imagine—beautiful in nature, and refined in art: it was a match between Lord Conyngham's Minster and Mr. Ridsdale's (Duke of Cleveland's) Trustee, 8st. 7lb. each, 200 sovs.,

Across the Flat. As soon as it was known that Chifney was to ride, he having been ill a few days previously, the odds rose to 7 to 4 on Trustee—not by lowering Minster; but having met recently on similar terms, only on a different course, when Trustee won by a head, many thought that what *had* happened might happen again, as there are no *ifs* nor *buts* in jockeys like these. Robinson on Minster made fine steady running to Abingdon Mile Bottom, Chifney about two lengths in his rear, with his designs all hid. At the ascent he began to shew himself—Robinson ready to go, and did advance a little, which for a few strides seemed in his favour: at half-way up the cords Trustee just put his nose first, and kept gaining by an inch at a time, which at the post amounted to half a length. Most extraordinary applause followed; not because this Duke or that Lord had won, but admiration at the wonderful talent and matchless exertions of the two greatest horsemen in the world.

TUESDAY we had four races on paper: the first the King's Plate of 100gs.; three entered, Galata, Datura, and Camarine: the *name* of the latter enough of itself to win a race, which she did by walking over for this.

The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes!!—Here's a title! here's a race! enough to make a man run anywhere to *see it*, and run mad should *he win*. This is a race, not only *on paper* but *for paper*, and not only paper, but for gold! Nay, house and land—goods and chattels; and some went so far as to stake their reputations, which had been lost years ago. There were, however,

30 subscribers to the Stakes, "all Sportsmen good and true," of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. Twenty-four of these, from various causes—such as just notions of economy—fear of exposure—illness—in-capacity—a "smattering" of knowledge in calculations—50l. sooner paid than a 100l., &c. &c.; so that we had only six to the post at the trying hour; and these six, though easy to start, were difficult to keep together. Mr. Walker made a very judicious arrangement with his Yorkshire horses Boscobel and Mussulman, making such good play with one, and waiting so well with the other, that they had a fine race for last. Lord Orford's Clearwell, with the odds on the field against him 6 to 4 only, won by a head, for which his Lordship is indebted to Robinson's fine riding, and the perverse obstinate temper of Lord Exeter's Emmeline colt; for if he had taken only half the pains to keep *on* as he took to *get out* of the course, he must have won by a length. Sixty yards from home he was two lengths first, but as he went to the left at starting, for the sake of consistency he went by the post so—thus losing a vast sum of money, the respect of all honest hearts, and the first place in the Derby betting at the present moment. Darling did all he could to convince him of his error, but in vain. Sir S. Graham's Jason was third (G. Edwards), Col. Peel's Nonsense fourth: but why fourth? Nonsense was everywhere. The first and second were fifty yards wide of each other, as if the Heath was not big enough, and with the others more scattered than it seemed possible to place six horses in such a space: it was

a decision of great difficulty for the Judge, and very ugly to the eye of a looker on, except to Lord Orford; but who may still, perhaps, live to see through a different medium.

The Lincoln's Inn Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 5lb., T. Y. C., four subscribers, won a head by Lord Stradbroke's Arethissa colt, by Sultan (Boyce); Mr. R. Wilson's (Mr. Williamson's) Miss Lydia colt, rode by Tom Robinson, second; Mr. Thornhill's Benefit colt third. What a benefit! Boxes, pit, and gallery all empty, with the expenses of the house to pay! One forfeited.

Another Lincoln's Inn Stakes, for fillies, 8st. 5lb., 100 sovs. each, the same course, and same number of subscribers—similar race, and similar consequences, only Mr. Thornhill's Surprise filly won, rode by Connolly; Colonel Yates's Malibran second. The Duke of Grafton paid, as in the Colt Stake.—These Lincoln's Inn sports seem to wear a peculiar dulness as suited to the name and place: the losers looked like clients that had lost their suits, and the winners even little better than briefless barristers.

WEDNESDAY.—Little sport, and a rainy morning—little to be seen, and less to be got; unless a cold, in addition to the influenza. The first race a Match, Rowley's Mile, 100 sovs. Lord Worcester's colt by Zealot, dam by Canterbury out of Merry-thought (the only one of the *Merry-thought* family on the Heath), beat Lord Lichfield's Mount Eagle: this affair, like an impression on soft wax, easy made and soon gone.—Not so the next. This was a good race, and would have been

a great one, but for the lack of two things, MEN AND MONEY. The spirit is left, it is true, though in a little compass. There must have been considerable betting to make Mr. Vansittart's Rubini so great a favorite in so small a ring: there must also have been great losses to produce so much grumbling in such a little compass. The Stakes was a Handicap one of 10 sovs. each, seven subscribers, and all started, which was won a head by Vestris, nicely rode in his usual way by Connolly; Rubini second. There is nothing allowed to the *second horse*; but if there is any abuse allowed, the rider of the second horse is sure to come in for his *full share*. This was the case with Boyce. "Why did the fool force running, carrying 4lb. more than the winner?"—"Why," says another, "did he make play, being short of work from a suspicious leg?"—"Why did he take the lead two lengths in deep running and deep ground, with a fat horse touched in the wind?" Poor Boyce could only say—"and why were ye such fools to *back me*, knowing all these things?" He might have added, I have a master too, who kindly employs me and handsomely pays me: *he* perhaps is entitled to a voice in it.

THURSDAY had five races on the list, but it was difficult to discover whether some of them were in joke or in earnest. The first for instance, the King's Plate of 100gs., the old-fashioned weights and the old distance—two causes of complaint in the present mode of racing, as few horses are prepared for such an undertaking. Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta and Mr. Sowerby's Vagrant were

the only two at the post.—They cantered a little way together, when Lucetta, either ashamed of her companion or *name*, took the lead in a common exercise gallop, and was never overtaken. Robinson seemed to enjoy his morning's ride with perfect composure.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, T. Y. C. eight subscribers.—Mr. Sowerby's Catalonian (S. Mann) won by a length cleverly, carrying 7st. 10lb.: Boyce, on the Duke of Richmond's Ketchup, second. Poor Ketchup got whipt like a sillabub, but without receiving the benefit imparted to that delicious delicacy from such an operation: had the 10lb. he gave to the winner been withheld, it would have done much more than unmerited severity. Colonel Peel's Frailty escaped punishment altogether, though she much more deserved it, being indulged with shameful partiality (as is always the case), and allowed to carry 16lb. less. The Judge placed her third: no others noticed. This was a most extraordinary betting race, considering the Turf privations—Mr. Munroe's Camel filly so great a favorite that it was only 5 to 4 against her, and that with such an overwhelming force all at once, that many thought the great Doctor of that name had come down and brought his whole establishment with him, *except his keepers*: be this as it may, he is not the first that has "gaped at a *Camel* and swallowed a gnat."

Renewal of the One Thousand Guineas Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. Ditch Mile, rising three years old, to which there were 28 subscribers:

and what made the Thousand Guinea Stakes worth nineteen hundred was ten of them coming to the post. There was nothing remarkable in the start, in their coming together, nor in the finish, except that when Teddy Wright called upon Mr. Cooke's Tarentella, she came out and won two lengths with an unknown quantity in hand, which makes her, if her company were anything like good, the best young one that has started this year. The betting was about 5 to 2 agst her, and 2 to 1 against Sir M. Wood's Miss Wasp filly (Natt), third. Gen. Grosvenor's Falernia got second, but without her or any of the others having "the shadow of a chance," though rode with Arnall's usual circumspection.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. D. I. three subscribers, but two only started. Silly things sometimes afford more fun than sensible ones. This, however, was *too far gone*. Robinson on Mr. Osbaldeston's Lady Elizabeth came a good strong pace, knowing what he had to deal with. When they came to the Duke's Stand Sarpedon had a regular break down before the face of his master, Gen. Grosvenor, who shewed him however every kindness, and paid the greatest attention—when *too late*. It is true the steed was fat and fine to look upon, but far from fit to run. The day before it is said he was in the breeding stud, (a different line of life,) proud and happy: to-day on the field of his former glories, crippled and dejected! but as such is the lot of man, why should it not be the fate of horses?

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, T. Y. C. four subscribers—one did not

run: an affair of little interest and less betting. Mr. Gully's Carlton (Pavis) won it by a length very easy, carrying 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Wagstaff's Landrail second, 9st. 2lb. The little thing ran well, though over-weighted and not well prepared, fresh from college certainly; but, like many others, came back in a much worse state than she went.

Third Year of a Renewal of the Newmarket Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. D. M.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Six started, and 28 were doomed to pay half forfeit. This makes a pretty purse (after the second horse has taken 100 sovs. according to the conditions), and invariably causes a great deal of betting. Many a man would come a hundred miles to see this race if conveniences could be made to accord with the will; but unless money could repay him, there was nothing else in the race that would, as it proved anything but a pretty one. There was nothing particular in the start; and if there had, no advantages were taken of it. Mr. Hunter's Forester made harmless play for about half a mile, when a sort of scuffle took place, at which he seemed to have the worst of it, and was the first to shew unfavorable symptoms; but being a fresh horse, of honest parentage, temperate habits, and tenderly rode by Arnull, with other circumstances to his advantage, made him just win by a head: Clearwell second (Teddy Wright). Till within a fair rush

of home this horse had the best of it: when from a bad heart, evil spirit, or general weakness, he tried to bolt to the right (a very unusual thing); and at about twenty yards more, tried it again with increased inveteracy, and just missed the seat of judgment by a sort of hair-breadth escape. This is decidedly the better horse of the two; but I have no doubt it will be found that he prefers a short to a long journey. Mr. Batson's filly Revelry was a good third, and beat a length only from the winner: Mr. Holdsworth's Despot close up—so near, that if he had a little more *power* (only these are not the days for it), he would indeed rule with tyrannic sway. The betting was about 5 to 4 agst Clearwell, 6 to 4 agst Forester, and 5 to 1 agst Revelry. This betting, however, and this running has but one tendency, which is to make "confusion more confused." Tarantella does certainly possess some *dancing* qualities; but we all know how these are heightened by comparison with those that are little taught and little talented: so that any one having a colt or filly healthy and sound may send them to Epsom without running the risk of being accused of temerity, unless something astounding should come out in the Three-Year-Old Plate the last week, but which I believe is not anticipated, though perhaps, for a purpose, hinted at.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, April 27.

#### NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

THIS, the Second Newmarket—in Irish, the last of the three Spring Meetings—to call it a bad

one would not be speaking justly or with truth, as some of the best of our Noblemen and the most

honorable and spirited of our Gentry were present, with a far less number of those who form the contrast. Whether this arises from a less proneness to evil, or a diminution of temptation, I must leave others to guess; but rooks and pigeons appeared equally quiet and perfectly tame, and the few night-birds that come at this season of the year, having no chance of feathering their nests, were scarce, and not at all obtrusive; and where any betting at all took place on racing, it seemed to arise altogether from a difference of opinion, or to be met with in some mode of action not new, but fashionable, therefore in use, to *lead* or *mislead* as might suit the purpose.

MONDAY.—Only two races, and these more likely to cause despondency than reanimate the languid and unnatural spirit of a British Sportsman. The first, a Match for 100 sovs., the Yearling Course, between General Grosvenor's Twatty colt, 8st. 5lb., and Mr. M. Stanley's Skimmer; the latter winning by two lengths, at a pace scarcely amounting to a gallop.

The Wretched Stakes (made and the title given to correspond with the times) of 100 sovs. each, four subs., three to the post—won a head by the nicest skill and judgment of Robinson on Lord Tavistock's Phantom colt by Sultan. I say skill and judgment, because he was riding against things better than himself; but being a little lame, they were not able to take a finishing lesson in their training, which he not only discovered, but turned to account: Lord Conyngham's Brother to Blythe second, rode by Wheatley with all the tenderness

his hopping case required; he put a good face upon it, and even looked like a winner to the very last: the betting, two to one against Lord Tavistock.

TUESDAY.—Five races, and those that expected fine sport were not disappointed. The first race was a Match between Lord Exeter's Byzantium, 8st. 7lb., and the Duke of Richmond's Ketchup, 7st. 8lb. The latter won a length with ease, rode by Pavis—a neat little man and a pretty little horse. Arnall rode the loser, which, in spite of his care and long experience, was beat as soon as on his legs. Those of the Agnew family who think racing a sin would do well to buy this horse, for, in addition to a *fair outside*, beautiful form, and *imposing* appearance, he may be warranted not to possess one profane racing *propensity* or *quality*.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for three and four year olds, T. Y. C., seven subs., and all ran: won by a length by Lord Stradbroke's Witchery colt (Pavis); Mr. T. J. Wood's Sierra second: nothing else particular, only that an old experienced professor like Mr. Goodisson should give one hundred and twenty-five pounds for Carlton, run him in a Stakes like this, with the winner to be sold for 60 sovs., after being in his possession a few days only; but *those* under his own superior management, Sam Day's good training, and Wheatley's unerring jockeyship! With these advantages he entered the ring with the odds at 5 to 4, and "all his blushing honors thick upon him;" but he had no sooner started than all his honors fled, leaving nothing behind *but his blushes* and a horse (the pride of his heart), which he

hawked about the streets the following day for five-and-thirty pounds!

Handicap Sweepstakes (First Class) of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards — Mr. Kent's (Lord Uxbridge's) half-sister to Miss Craven, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb. first; Mr. S. Day's Landrail, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb., second, rode by Robinson, and recently bought from Wagstaff. This is a pretty little creature, and, looking at the weight, she never ran better, being beat by only half a length against as fine riding by little Rogers as ever was seen. Volage was well up, and the betting only 5 to 4 against her, and 4 to 1 against the winner.

*Second Class*—same distance (D. M.), and for horses of all ages; but it happened that five four-year-olds remained in it—won by Mr. Yates's Vagabond a length, rode by Pavis (called a lucky fellow for riding well three times in one day, and winning them all); Mr. Batson's Mixbury second (Natt); Lord Jersey's Fingal a good third—Blythe and Drover beat off a long way, though favored by weight.

Fifty Pounds, for three-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—R. M. This interesting affair brought ten to the post, with a good deal of curious speculative betting, the odds as high as 6 to 4 on Mr. Osbaldeston's Tutor. This must have been brought about by the Squire's well-known veracity, as the Tutor had done nothing in public to warrant him taking such a high station; but before he had run half his course, the Tutor, instead of flogging others, got preciousy flogged himself. Robinson whipped all the way from the Bushes to the

Bottom, in a way I never saw him administer punishment before, and before he got to the end seemed to have lost the equanimity of his own excellent temper—the Tutor himself took the place allotted to the greatest dunce in the school. Mr. Sowerby's Catalonian won it by a head, for which he is indebted to Skiff, (his good old dad), and the patient and steady riding of S. Mann; Sir S. Graham's Jason second, spiritedly rode by G. Edwards, a little of which, could it have been imparted to his horse, would just have done the "trick." Divan was beat a good way from home by the pace, but it is surprising how the good old Grafton blood shewed itself in the rally.

Three races on WEDNESDAY, two of them very good. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. — won by Mr. Ridesdale's Emperor a head, finely managed by Wheatley. Very few Emperors have so good a Minister, but it took the head of an Emperor and the head of his Minister to make one head here: Mr. Sowerby's Plantaganet (Mann) second, and looked very like winning at one time; Sir M. Wood's Dromedary third. No man rides a *horse* much better than Robinson, but on a *dromedary* he is little better than other folks. Pavis, with all his practice (something certainly *to boast of*), cut a poor figure on Frailty, and was last but one. This unenviable place was occupied by Lord Exeter's Marinella colt, after being first favorite, with the odds at only 6 to 4 against him. No one claimed the winner.

These are times, indeed, when no one will give a hundred pounds for an Emperor !!

The next was a Match for 100 sovs. Across the Flat, between Mr. Osbaldeston's Saddler, 8st. 7lb. and Mr. Kent's Rubini, 7st. 11lb. The Squire's popularity as a sportsman made him the favorite before starting at 2 to 1, but at half way he was, as the *Legs* say, "down upon his luck." At the finish he was beat four lengths, or any length you like. It is true he gave ten pounds; but, according to this running, Rubini could have given him ten. It is said The Saddler is about to leave *this business*, and go into the *harness line*.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses of all ages beginning at three years old, and upwards, Across the Flat, thirteen entered, and nine ran: won a head by Mr. Sowerby's Vagrant, rode by S. Mann; Mr. Mills's Kate second (Natt): nothing in the other seven that could either claim attention or deserve censure.

There was to have been a pony race after this, but thanks to our high-minded Stewards for preventing Newmarket from falling so low.

THURSDAY.—Four races by way of finish, and three of them would have been attractive in better days. It began with the Jockey Club Plate of 50l., the money a mere trifle, in times past, compared with the honour. It was on the Turf something like the fable of the belt in the Prize Ring, and the winner of it a sort of champion amongst horses. Camarine, a female, won the Jockey Club Plate this year, but whether a female would win the corresponding prize, *the Belt*, I

don't know; but the present state of the Ring can scarcely be called a *flat contradiction*. Taurus was the only one that started against her: but pretending to run, a "rank roarer," four miles against such a wonderful creature as Camarine, is something like "sporting with the unfortunate." She beat him, the Judge said, eight lengths, and the betting was 3 to 1 upon her. Robinson came in with attitude as beautiful as if sitting for his picture—poor Geo. Edwards, on Taurus, with a noise about his ears as inharmonious as the yellings about the ears of an unpopular candidate at an election.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds, and upwards; T.Y.C. seven subs. Emperor did not run, and Mr. Vansittart's Elisina would not, till ten minutes after the others were gone, and then only to prevent the little boy from being disappointed of his ride. Mr. Yates's Vagabond won a length, good measure, carrying the highest weight of the four-year-olds, 8st. 12lb. (Pavis): Volage, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. (Arnall) second; Miss Mary Anne (Robinson) third:—a pretty smart race, with some good betting at 5 to 4 against the winner, and 2 to 1 against Volage.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each; colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. now two years old. There were nine subscribers, and all had a try, some to know what they had got; and for the money, *all*. Mr. Shard's b. f. Zitella won it a length cleverly, very well rode by Teddy Wright; Lord Lowther's Aline colt by Reveller (Wheatley) second; Lord Orford's Rachel filly third. The pace seemed

something like racers in store. The betting was 2 to 1 against Mr. Shard, and 3 to 1 against Mr. M. Stanley's Skimmer by Skiff, one that it seemed, though young, had "learnt a bit to row." This was a very pretty sight, and I am one of those that would rather have a good thing this year than wait to another and get disappointed.

Fifty Pounds for horses of all ages beginning at three years old, and upwards, proportionate weights according to age, the T. M. M.—There were twelve entered, and nearly the whole started: they observed a good

line of march for some time, but double quick time threw them into the greatest disorder. During the confusion John Day the father, 8st. 12lb., took the lead on Lord Berners's Rotterdam horse (English), and went in first a length, followed by his son on Emir, weighing 6st. 2lb.; so that John Day the great and John Day the little were first and second; the rest like a dismiss on parade, in all directions—an appearance not altogether out of character, it being the last race of the Spring Meetings.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, May 11, 1833.

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### THE LATE MR. FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

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"No more the Smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear."—GOLDSMITH.

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SIR,  
**T**HERE are few men, however elevated or humble their condition in society, but who, in taking a glance at their past lives, fancy they see in the course they have run some path left heedlessly unexplored, some duty neglected, or some project despised, that would, if pursued or attended to, have led them to riches, fame, or honour far above what they possess; so prone is human nature to dissatisfaction and discontent. The talismanic secret of "*how to get rich*" is sought by us all with more than common avidity; and when we learn that any one of our friends, neighbours, or acquaintance has succeeded in discovering the mystery, we prick our ears, and greedily devour the discourse of the tell-tale messenger who proclaims by what means or art he sued the fickle Goddess,

"and was a thriving wooer."

Thus it is, that those who from possessing nothing obtain by any means the possession of much, and whether they be sportsmen or others, attract

the attention of the public with more than common interest. From such and other considerations, the subject of our present notice has often, and no doubt will now be more so, the theme of much curiosity and attraction, and a few remarks and notices of the principal features of his life, racing career, &c. will no doubt be looked for by your numerous readers, which I proceed to furnish you with, guided, I trust, by no motive but to give a plain unvarnished tale, divested alike of fulsome flattery, or unjust, rancorous, and malignant condemnation.

Mr. FRANCIS RICHARDSON was a native of the small market town of Pocklington, in the East Riding of the county of York, and was the son of a blacksmith of that place, who only died some few months ago at the advanced age of eighty years and upwards. The father had a numerous family, and the subject of our present attention, like many of his brothers, was trained up to their sire's

business of shoeing the farmers' horses in the town and neighbourhood. Frank (for by that name he was then always called) was, I believe, ever considered clever at his business, and was said to excel the common herd of his associates.

Of the general occurrences of his boyhood and youth I shall not go into any detail, nor attempt to depict how

—"He, triumphant spirit! all things dared;

He poached the wood, and on the warren snared.

'Twas his, at cards, each novice to trepan,  
And call the wants of rogues the rights of man."

Certain it is he was a wild, wayward, and inconsiderate youth; but of the transactions of his life prior to his being known on the Turf we'll say no more—his sporting history is our object; and in pursuit of that we'll still run on our observations.

Richardson's first connection of any moment with the Turf took place prior to the year 1819 or 20, and he was then a speculator on the "glorious uncertainties" in Copartnership, Confederacy, or Co what you will, with another individual; which connection continued unimpaired until the period of the Doncaster St. Leger 1821, when the firm, having speculated largely and "put the great pot on" Fortuna, who to their mortification only came up a secondary object, the concern became involved in difficulty and apparent ruin. The Son of Vulcan was thus placed in anything but a comfortable position, and was necessitated to advocate the issue of the *promissory currency*, in which he was so far fortunate as to meet with liberal-minded individuals who accepted his tenders. Richardson, with a high spirit of enterprize, pursued the fickle jade Fortune in hopes of a kinder turn in his favour, and was so far the fortunate object of her notice, that at the succeeding Newmarket Meeting she sent him a GOLDEN HARVEST in Michaelmas, winning the first Grand Duke Michael Stakes against a field of nineteen others, and the odds 20 to 1 against her. The odds being so high, of course would

bring a very handsome return for even a small adventure, and consequently Richardson found himself much strengthened by his seasonable autumnal crop. The grateful gales of prosperity and the agreeable tides of accumulating gain, from this period, now began to flow on him without interruption, which enabled him to partly meet the effects of Fortuna's failure with the all-sufficient and ever-current remedy; but although he continued adding to his store as time flowed on, yet he was not considered to have realised any material property up to the year 1824; and this period may be truly termed the epoch of a flood-tide of wealth to the coffers of our Son of Vulcan. Jerry, and Benjamin Smith on his back, brought not only the St. Leger into the pocket of Mr. Gascoigne, and a mountain of gain to all the friends of the stable, but was the cause of a great influx of wealth flowing to Richardson, who had backed Jerry to a great amount, without (I speak from report) having at the start any other winner on the race. Among his numerous bets, he won (I believe) a thousand to some small odds, by placing Jerry the winner, and Canteen the second, of a worthy, honorable, and well-known supporter of the Turf.

Richardson now commenced investing the produce of his gains into the shape of visible property: he purchased land, and commenced erecting a mansion upon it for himself, in the vicinity of York—"a towering edifice," in comparison to the humble cot which he inhabited at that time. The low, the vulgar "*canaille*" (for none other could be guilty of such conduct) was no way backward in investing his elegant seat with an appropriate name. The rearing of the roof, I heard say, was far from completion, ere they had charitably christened the place "JERRY HALL" (in allusion to the horse from whose winnings he had gained such an accession of property)—a name by which it has ever since been recognized, and probably will continue to be known by for years to

come; though Richardson himself some time after named it **ST. NICHOLAS'S PLACE**, in honour of his own horse.

Richardson now began to move on the Turf with an enlarged and extended degree of importance to what he had possessed prior to this period, and in a speculative point of view was considered what is termed "a good man." Of course his means enabled him to advocate the objects of his partiality or interest, or to oppose such parties or favorites as he felt inclined, to a much greater extent than before he was enabled to do; and his extensive betting, of course, drew him into much greater notice and attention. At one of his visits to Newmarket or Tattersall's, I know not which, in the year 1826, he purchased the well-known brood mare **SEAMEW** (then in foal to **Emilius**), by **Scud**, out of the famed **Gooseander** by **Hambletonian**—**Rally** by **Trumpator**, &c. &c., the dam of **Myrmidon**, **Faust**, &c. &c., which he sent down to his newly-erected mansion, and where he had also formed paddocks, boxes, &c. with every requisite appertaining to the stud farm. The produce proved a colt, which Richardson named **St. Nicholas** (after the parish in which he resided), and brought the horse out (the first of his starting in his name) for the Champagne and Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster in 1829, in both of which Stakes he gained a place, though no victory. At this period Richardson had also, it was believed, some property, interest, or something else in the mare **Lady Sarah** (afterwards his avowed property), who, I well remember, was brought out to start for the Leger, mounted by **Harry Edwards**, with more of the appearance of a miserable half-starved sand-horse, than a thorough-bred three-year-old for the Leger; and she betokened something like having been what is termed "*safed*," a system which it is to be feared has been pursued by too many, and with a baneful influence upon the best interests of the Turf, for too long a period—a system by which public opi-

nion and rumour have ever attributed the accession of a considerable portion of the wonder-working ingredient "money," to have flowed with rapid and powerful streams into the hands of the celebrated subject of our notice. None, Mr. Editor, but visionaries would expect to see perfection in the working of any machine; for we know and see too often, that, however beautiful and simple the construction of anything we form or design, there is something which our crazy noddles had forgotten (or if thought of, left in despair to find a remedy). But this atrocious system of abusing a noble and valuable animal to prevent it from proving on the appointed season what it really is able to be, a noble and victorious competitor for one of the first prizes of the nation, and that for the express purpose of literally robbing the honest and honorable public, should constrain us to use our best endeavours to punish, disgrace, or expel from among us all those who participate in such dishonorable practices; and whether they boast a lineage of high sounding pedigree, or of

"a low-born man of parentage obscure," let censure and disgrace fall on each alike—else we may possibly live to see too many an honorable, high-minded individual, who has long been a valuable supporter of the Turf, leave it in disgust.

"Oh, could our country from our sports  
expel  
Such foes! to nourish those who wish them  
well!"

But to proceed with the subject of our memoir. The following year, 1830, Richardson engaged his horse **Nicholas**, and two others (**Landrail** and **Jay**) in the Leger. **Nicholas** proved successful in the York Produce, and that Meeting brought our hero another crop of the golden grain. The defeat of **Nicholas** at Pontefract, however, *blighted* the hopes (if such were ever entertained) of the Son of **Emilius** gaining the Doncaster plum. Who does not remember the start for that prize? when **Landrail** (very like a rail), **Jay** (as thin as a crow), and

some others were brought up (some of them from the adjoining fields, where they were grazing), unexpectedly to start, mounted by lads, to swell the number at the post, and suit the books, of course, of the owners of these animals and their confederates? These things were well known and talked of no little at the time.

The succeeding spring Richardson and his Nicholas made their *debut* at Newmarket, and figured forth by running not only against, but on his neighbour's horse (Little Red Rover), with the apparent intention of (like the dog in the manger) preventing others from taking what the abilities of his own horse could never obtain. The Bashful Man when introduced to superior company and new society made many blunders—perhaps this was a mistake; but I fear few on Newmarket Heath viewed it in that light, and your talented correspondent OBSERVATOR gave the party some wholesome advice at the time on the subject\*. Nicholas only shewed once after, when he broke down at York, was put out of training, and has since been put to the stud at St. Nicholas's Place. His first produce dropped this spring, I believe, are promising.

Richardson now brought on the turf at three years old (and I believe he started her once at two years old) the well-known mare Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery out of Miss Wentworth by Cervantes, the dam of his former mare Lady Sarah, both of which were purchased of Mr. Gibbeson.

Of her performances we need not enter into detail, as they are well known. When she met defeat at York by The Saddler, Richardson suspected himself to have been betrayed by one of his agents, who had been his partner in many of his former spoils. The chain of connection between them was broken, and never after renewed, and the events of that Meeting proved anything but grateful to him.

The succeeding and immediately following Leger brought another accumulation of *brilliant animals* at the

post to again swell out the start, over which our hero was generally supposed to possess no little influence; and these repeated cases and causes of complaint gave rise to, and induced the principal supporters of the Meeting to alter the subscription to the Stake to the same as the Derby, fifty each, half forfeit, thus making each party *PAY for the honour* of coming up to the post. Richardson, in conjunction with confederates who are well known, now purchased The Saddler of Mr. Skipsey, after he had run second for the Leger, and Fang of Lord Sligo, after winning the Two-year-old Stake at Doncaster; both for exorbitant prices—the latter for 3300gs. and half of the succeeding York Derby Stake (in which he was engaged) if he won it. The Saddler won the party the Doncaster Cup and the Stake now termed the Scarborough Stake, and by that means and other exhibitions in the South, brought back a great portion of his expenses. Not so with Fang, who during the last year never gained a single prize to his owner *by either winning or losing*, and finished his exhibitions at the last Newmarket Craven Meeting by cutting a miserable figure for a 3300gs. horse, and was purchased but a short time before Richardson's decease, by Mr. Weatherby, for the small sum of three hundred, (and that sum perhaps was more than his worth,) to go to France.

We have now traced Richardson's rise and progress up to the last year (1832). Of the occurrences (turf ones of course) of that eventful year, I fancy it must have proved a very unpropitious season to our Son of Vulcan. He, who had conquered numerous difficulties on former occasions, found himself at times now met by inextricable dilemmas, from which no escape could be made, and the tongue of tell-tales say that much of the golden grain was sown on such barren ground that not a sprout was reaped in return. Be this as it may, the annual return of the last Doncaster Meeting saw The Saddler, Elizabeth,

\* See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. lii. *Second Series*, p. 40.

and Tutor (a two-year-old which won a Match there) sold to G. Osbaldeston, Esq., and nothing retained but Fang, whose subsequent disposal we have noticed.

Thus we have seen his *debut* and his subsequent farewell appearance on the plains of those courses where his presence ever called forth some peculiar interest. We will now notice those heads who were the principal managers of his stud. On his appearance in the ranks of engaged turfites, Richardson placed his horses under the management of Mr. Joseph Robinson of Richmond, who continued his schoolmaster until Death called him from all earthly cares in the winter of 1831, when the head-usher of the establishment, Mr. Martin Field, took their care and management, and also went with Nicholas to Newmarket. Field retained his occupation with Richardson up to the sales at Doncaster last year, and Fang, the retained favorite, went to Newmarket under the superintendence of Stubbings, Mr. Wagstaff's groom, from whose hands he made his recent discreditable display, though doubtless no fault of his instructor; for if the ability on the part of the animal is wanting, what human art can supply the deficiency?

Of the several riders who have claimed the subject of our scrawl as a master, we may recount Harry Edwards and Connolly to have been almost the only ones who may be said to have had the honour of a second "put up" from him, though the prince of jocks, Robinson, as well as Dockeray, Johnson, and many others, have on solitary occasions put on the white-bodied and scarlet-sleeved jacket, with the black velvet cap, to serve our subject: and some of them can tell, where defeat has met all their best endeavours and disappointed our hero, what a second contest they have been doomed to meet in encountering the volubility of a tongue, whose fluency of the strongest expressions (*not*) to be found in our English Lexicon was calculated to astound and astonish the most sanguine ex-

pectations, and was never measured out in small portions. The writer of this notice once witnessed an attack, under such circumstances, of our hero upon Robinson; and the calm gentlemanlike way in which this scientific horseman met the *fire* presented a beautiful specimen of light to the shadow of a picture which may be imagined, but in which description must fail.

Richardson left his home to visit the recent Newmarket Craven Meeting a few days before its appointment, though then in a precarious state of health. He witnessed the Monday and Tuesday's sport, at the close of which increased indisposition compelled him to retire to his apartments at Newmarket, where he remained suffering under increasing illness until Monday evening, April 22, when the hand of Death closed his mortal career, at the 46th year of his age. His remains left Newmarket the next day, arrived at his residence on the succeeding Friday, and were interred at Pocklington, the place of his birth, on the following Monday, the day week on which he died.

We have now run our notice to a close. We have seen from what channels Richardson drew many of the principal sources of his prosperity, and some of those by which it again receded to other hands. In the adoption and prosecution of his plans Richardson displayed a bold, resolute, and daring front: he ran through the part which he acted on the stage of life like a Cromwell, neither abashed nor dismayed by precedent or practice, and frequently daring all that man durst do, and oftentimes *more*, in the attainment of that consummation which he wished. When mixed with the crowd of speculators on a stand, and every second was drawing the eventful contest to a close, the strength and fervour of his feelings ever found vent by his tongue giving way in the *loudest shouts* (which might be heard far above all others) of his offers to back or lay against those whichever his inclination at the moment prompted him, and which often made those who

did not possess a knowledge of his identity ask

What cracker is this same, that deafs  
our ears

With this abundance of superfluous  
breath?

Indeed under almost all circumstances, whether in the anticipation of fortunate conclusions, or under the feelings of disappointment and ruined hopes, Richardson generally exhibited an active, tumultuous, not to say uproarious character, which frequently, like a wild colt, broke through all bonds of order and management, only tamed by excess of exertion to anything like subjection; but the immortal Byron tells us in those beautiful lines of "Childe Harold," that

— quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.

• • • • •

— there is a fire

And motion of the soul which will not  
dwell

In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire,  
And but once kindled, quenchless ever-  
more,

Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
(Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever  
bore.

Although Richardson did not, during his appearance on the Turf, possess many horses, as this sketch will shew, yet it must be acknowledged that he was fortunate in obtaining such as had got the gift of going in a style above the common order, though not of the most first-rate. His Stud Farm had not arrived at anything like extensive; it only possesses, I believe, three mares—Lady Sarah, a Thunderbolt mare (dam of Linton Lock, &c.), and Mrs. Clarke—the former of the two latter has a filly this year by St. Nicholas, and the latter a colt by Lottery. The other was barren.

It is but justice to this picture of our departed Turfman to say, that in the domestic capacities of husband and parent I believe he was kind and affectionate in the extreme.

And now, Mr. Editor, I pull up, fearing you may think me rather a bold Correspondent by troubling you with so long a scrawl for a first communication.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JERRY HAWTHORN.

May 1, 1833.

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## THE END OF THE SEASON—BY DASHWOOD.

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SIR,

IN the "Few Lines" I sent to you from Horsham at the latter end of March, I intimated my intention of taking a second look at Mr. Steere's newly-established pack in that neighbourhood on the ensuing Tuesday, and of forwarding to you some remarks on them. Being obliged, however, unexpectedly to go to the eastern end of the county on that day in quest of some hounds to reinforce the kennel at Stock House before the season had entirely closed, I was with much reluctance compelled to absent myself from the fixture so kindly made for me: nor was it more in my power, I

regret to say, to witness Mr. Steere's last performance for the season on the following Friday. It is with much pleasure, however, that I am enabled to state that his week's sport was a good one, both from the clear and excellent account of it which he was kind enough himself to send me, and from a very business-like letter which I received on the same subject from that good sportsman Mr. Dawson. On the Tuesday he had a long and extremely pretty-hunting run with a rare old Forest fox, but unfortunately lost him at the finish from sheer want of scent in co-

vert : and on the Friday he made, what all who saw it pronounced to be, a brilliant *finale* to the season, running handsomely in to the traitor at the end of two hours and a half of very severe work across as difficult a country for both horse and hound as can be met with in the three kingdoms.

I earnestly hope—indeed I have no reason to doubt—that these hounds will next year distinguish themselves not a little : at present it is a young establishment (the pack was only rated from hare at the end of November), and, like all others of the sort, must not of course be looked at with too scrutinizing an eye. Let Mr. Steere, however, have fair play—let the Gentlemen of his country preserve for him as they should do—let some kind cholera or pestilence remove the brutal boors from it, who imagine they are doing a virtuous act in tracking and destroying every fox they hear of\*—and the district, when once established and regarded as one regularly hunted by fox-hounds, will be certain to shew sport. There is not, to the best of my belief, a bad or weak fox to be found in it from end to end ; and if the people would abstain from trapping and tracking for one season only, there would be a sufficient stock of game to warrant five days' hunting in the fortnight. Surely, surely, the landed proprietors—the tenantry—the very labourers, must see the advantage of having their country regularly hunted. All that Mr. Steere asks of them is, simply—not to kill. He does not require even an earth to be stopped but at

his own expense : and I do earnestly hope and trust that the liberality he has already evinced will now meet its reward in this appeal to the best interests of his neighbours being duly answered.

Rough as, beyond all belief or comparison, the Horsham country is, I hope to see many days in it during the ensuing season. As I have already stated, if hounds find at all, they are sure of finding what is elsewhere a great rarity in Sussex—namely, a wild and good fox ; and with a quiet creeping horse, and a little local knowledge of the mud and oaks, it is perfectly feasible for any one who does not mind a few thumps and scratches to live sufficiently with them across it. Shall I be pardoned for saying I had rather ride twenty miles to covert (and have the same distance home again) in the dark days about Christmas, to meet hounds in various parts of it, than take the trouble of stepping over my threshold to nine-tenths of the Wyndham fixtures ? Here let me not for a second be misunderstood:—it is not in the power of Colonel Wyndham, were he an angel from Heaven, to shew sport in his Findon country in the state it has now arrived at.

Even with the best of tools and most perfect knowledge of his art, the sculptor, however accomplished and scientific, works in vain on an unsound block ; and at least equally vain and abortive must be the efforts of this fine pack, magnificent as every judge must now pronounce them to be, whilst they have alone such villanous brutes to deal with as the bad

\* It will scarcely be believed, yet it is nevertheless a fact, that during the few hours the slight skin of snow we had last month remained on the ground, several foxes, in the very heart of Mr. Steere's country were tracked into the coverts and shot !

short-running foxes that now infest this portion of their country. I do verily believe that during the whole time they were at the Findon kennel they had not before them more than a brace of animals at all deserving the name of fox; and one of these two results was the constant order of the day:—either some weak wretch was raced to ground or death in a scurry of a couple of miles; or, if it chanced to be an indifferent scenting day, there was from find to finish an incessant ring from covert to covert in the usual diameter described by a doe-hare. Surely, however, for all this untoward and most unsatisfactory work, neither hound nor huntsman can with justice be found fault with; and in saying what I have above, I mean alone to state, that the retrospect of the past season and the prospect of the ensuing one are alike so cheerless, as regards both the scarcity and the badness of the foxes in this neighbourhood, that I had rather ride a very considerable distance to meet a far inferior pack in a much rougher country, and take my chance of finding an animal which, if found at all, is all but *certain* to prove a runner.

I have hunted but very little with Colonel Wyndham's hounds at any time in their home or Drove country, but in the generality of it I am given to understand that the *native* foxes are much better, and the few *Scotchmen* which have been turned down *undeniable* good ones. Most part of the country too itself is of a superior character to the Findon draft; though I am bound to mention, that by far the finest and most sporting portion of the latter district is thrown away and

lost in consequence of the total absence of covert either natural or artificial. A few good gorses, well inclosed and protected, and placed at judicious intervals between Sompting and Rustington, would greatly alter the state of the case; and of at least equal benefit to the cause at large would be the transportation for life of its murderous enemies not far from Steyning. If I thought a certain Gentleman of that neighbourhood in a black coat ever read *the Sporting Magazine*, he may depend on it I would give him a hint or two: as I am satisfied, however, that he would not *defile his fingers* with anything in the shape of sporting for the world, all my labour would be thrown away; and the time too is, I hope, rapidly approaching that will see the extinction of his baneful influence.

I am happy to say that Colonel Wyndham's new huntsman, Sharp, is getting on well and steadily in the country, and appears to be popular in the quarter where most especially he should be so, namely, with the farmers and brown-coats of the Hunt. His pack have decidedly made a marked and great improvement under his hands, and he is not only one of the most respectable looking servants that can easily be met with, but is also an extremely good performer across a country, and very clever and *patient to excess* with his hounds. Tom and Frank still officiate as first and second whips, and the establishment still continues to be turned out in every department of it in a style that is worthy of the best grass country in the catalogue.

Travelling about a good lead

in Sussex towards the end of the season in pursuit of some hounds for Mr. Yeatman, I had of course an opportunity of inspecting several kennels of harriers, which I did not fail to profit by ; and first and foremost I may mention that of the far-famed "Brighton." As a *pack of hounds* I cannot say that they at all pleased me, though for the immediate errand on which I visited them, I could have picked, and indeed did pick, several couples that would have suited me. There is, to my taste, by far too *great a variety* amongst them ; so much so, indeed, that I cannot imagine their running together, as harriers ought to do in their open country ; though I should here say, that I saw them to great disadvantage, all huddled, young and old together, before their draft was determined on, and the kennel made level for the season. Their huntsman, or feeder, or whatever he may be pleased to call himself, is a very civil, and, I think, a very sensible fellow ; and I was much amused at some of his remarks on the various miseries his hounds have to endure from their Cockney fields. Any sportsman, I should think, standing in need of a certain receipt to be driven mad need only undertake to hunt the Brighton Harriers for the term of half a day !

My next point was to the Brookside pack, managed and controlled by that truly good Sportsman Mr. Harrison Carr ; and I had here the high treat of a *kennel-lecture*, as we used to say at Oxford, of at least three hours' duration, and of examining one by one the individuals of his very sporting establishment. I certainly *do* pronounce a visit to Mr.

Carr to be a treat to any amateur of hare-hunting ; and that man must be an adept in the science indeed, who can leave him after an hour's conversation unedified and uninstructed. His very fine and peculiarly marked pack were looking, I thought, in excellent condition, and in spite of their incessant hard work, having been scarcely stopped for a day during the season, quite fresh, and *above themselves*. It is curious, however, to observe the extreme facility with which hounds of this description recover the effects of a hard day. Bring them home to appearance dead beat at night, and next afternoon they shall be romping and dancing about their kennel like puppies just brought in from their walks. I presume that this is the case with Mr. Carr's hounds, though I do not remember mentioning the subject to him : it is so I know, for I have repeatedly witnessed it, with others of nearly the same breed and description.

Several couples of the Brookside kennel have a strong dash of *stag-hound* in their veins, and it was principally to secure a sample or two thus crossed that I paid a visit to their Master. Here, however, as the coachman told his passenger, I was just in time to be too late ; as, though he had made a draft of four couples that would have exactly suited me, Mr. Rowland Alston, who keeps a pack I believe in Hertfordshire, had been before me, and I was obliged to return empty-handed. I the less regretted this, however, on Mr. Carr's (and at a subsequent period Mr. Smith's) assuring me that the buck-hound cross was found neither to improve the

nose, nor to deepen the note, and that consequently he should breed no longer from that strain, though at the time a great favorite with him.

It was not until fate conducted me to the kennel of Mr. Smith, of Uckfield, that I succeeded in my mission for Mr. Yeatman ; and I am happy to say that I was here enabled to draft eight couples of very purpose-like hounds for him, in consequence of the breaking-up of the hare-hunting establishment. As in the Forest country near Horsham, so in the the north-eastern district about Maresfield, &c. the cause of fox-hunting seems to be *looking up*, as they have it in the money-market, and a small pack for twice a week or thereabouts, to be placed under the management of Mr. Smith, is now in the act of being raised in it. Of course, therefore, he was anxious to dispose of the very superior lot of harriers, bred and hunted by him for so many years, and, as I have just said, I was fortunate enough to pick several couples that would not disgrace the kennel of Stock House.

After concluding a satisfactory bargain about the harriers, we took a peep at the few couples of fox-hounds Mr. Smith had already got together ; and taking everything into consideration, I thought that he had the nucleus of a clever pack. A couple of remarkably handsome hounds, Venus and another, from Mr. Sebright of the Old Hatfield, in particular caught my eye ; and altogether there were several couples that in point of form and symmetry would throw no dis-

credit on any kennel whatever. From everything, however, that I can learn of his country, Mr. Smith must be extremely particular as to the kind of hound that he puts into it ; and the very best land-mark I should think he could select to steer by is Mr. Villebois' kennel in Hampshire. It is quite needless, nevertheless, for any one to advise him in this, or indeed any other point : from the conversation that I had with him, I am satisfied he is a Sportsman, and I sincerely wish all success to his endeavours and those of his neighbours in this their very spirited and praiseworthy undertaking. Of the few foxes already found by his hounds, I should add that Mr. Smith has given a remarkably good account, having up to the morning of my visit to him killed either six out of seven, or seven out of eight ; and on the very day preceding he had run a good fox for several miles with the harriers *into a gin*, (I hope accidentally left down,) and of course made a finish, however unsatisfactorily, with blood\*.

On the Saturday preceding Easter, being unable to make out my intended visit to the New Forest, I again found my way into the West of England, and could with pleasure dilate on the occurrences of every day I passed there, had I not recently taken up so many of your pages whilst describing a former excursion in it. True it is, that I last month promised to render a "full, true, and particular" account of what I saw : on second thoughts, nevertheless, the promise may perhaps be more honored in the breach

\* We have received an interesting journal of Mr. Smith's career during the last season, which shall appear in our next Number.—Ed.

than in the observance; and I shall therefore only inflict a slight and general summary on the patience of your readers. Suffice it then to say, that the B.V.H. made a triumphant finish to their season, and that the reinforcement I procured them from Uckfield gave to my inexpressible pleasure the very highest satisfaction.

On the Thursday in the Easter-week, Mr. Portman's Annual Hunt Dinner took place at Hens-  
tridge: I was not present, but am given to understand that the party was an exceedingly pleasant one, and that Mr. Portman's tone was more than sanguine regarding his hopes and expectations for next season. He had perhaps a touch of second-sight, and felt inspired by what was to happen on the morrow; for, finding their fox in the Temple Coombe woods, his hounds had on Friday the most awful thirty-five minutes of the season, to ground *just in time* at the earths in Woolston Copploe. Two men alone saw it; and of these it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Tatchell was one; and Mr. Oglander, "*haud impar Achilli*," and one whom no fence has yet been found to stop, was *I believe* the other. Being elsewhere, taking a last look for the season (and a very satisfactory look it was) at the B.V.H. long-ears, I am sorry that I cannot speak from personal observation of this very splendid burst: it was allowed, however, on all hands to have been absolutely terrific; and so close did they get away to him, and so little time had he to pick his path, that he was compelled from point to point to travel *through the middle of the fields*, laying his

course as straight as an arrow, and neither went up hedge-row nor water-furrow till fairly housed at Woolston. Five minutes more *must* have finished him, and for the sake of the hounds I lament that he was not turned from his point; though no doubt it is pleasing to know that so gallant an animal is still in the country. I need scarcely tell my readers that Mr. Portman has engaged Christopher Atkins, late of the Surry Union, as huntsman for next season. Poor Channing, so many years in the country, I am sorry to say, was still very ill when I left.

Between the period of my two visits, I found that Death had been busy in the home of as good and as gallant a Sportsman as ever followed a hound, and that the inevitable arrow had levelled with the dust that well-known individual Mr. William Phelps of Cucklington. Having had only the very slightest personal acquaintance with him, it would of course be worse than idle for me to lament him as a friend: as a friend's friend nevertheless, and a most distinguished and ardent supporter of the noble cause of fox-hunting, I may be permitted to deplore his loss; and to say that the suddenness with which he was snatched in the prime of life from the enjoyment of his innocent pursuits, affords an awful exemplification of the uncertain and precarious tenure by which even the Sportsman holds his life.—Light and peaceful be his slumbers!

On the following Saturday Mr. Farquharson brought his hounds to the Caundle Holt coverts, and for the first time in my life I had the pleasure of

taking a look at him. Though as rough and dusty in their coats as a Peninsular army, I am bound to say their general appearance pleased me much; they are a large, useful, loping kind of hound, well adapted, I should say, to the country they have to cross, and, in despite of the want of bloom, looked well up to their work, and in hard hunting condition. From beginning to end too the aspect of the whole turn-out was sporting, and like fox-hunting; and a man may travel many a long mile before he encounter two fitter subjects for the artist's pencil than old Ben Jennings and his first whip Solomon. Of either of these well-known performers it is of course unnecessary for me to say much: the former, as my readers are doubtless aware, has been with hounds (if not actually hunting them, at all events wearing the cap and bearing the whip) for at least half a century; and I should imagine the services of the latter to be at least coeval with those of his principal. Both are celebrated, and with justice, as first-rate professors of the science; and I speak only the opinion of all who know, and have been in the habit of hunting with him, when I say, that for a difficult short-running fox there is scarcely, young or old, Ben Jennings's match in the kingdom: Solomon also, as to his real knowledge of the thing, is in his capacity perfect.

Though far advanced into the vale of years, Jennings yet retains unbroken his fine and vigorous constitution, and, I understand, his almost unparalleled power of voice. I use the words, "I understand," inasmuch as on

the day I am speaking of he was affected by a violent cold and hoarseness; spoke, in consequence, but seldom, and very sparingly to his hounds, and never once, though there was no want of opportunity, gave that soul-thrilling cheer so well known in the West of England, and that has been the death-knell of so many a gallant fox. Still it was easy to perceive that the powers of the man are yet unimpaired either by age or labour; and that they may long continue so is, I am sure, the sincere wish of the whole Hunt, with whom the veteran is, as he deserves to be, a most especial favorite. As to pictures, I should desire no better ornament for the walls of my dining-room than an accurate likeness of old Ben and Solomon in the midst of their hounds; and whilst the originals are yet to be seen in perfection, no sportsman should let slip an opportunity of taking a view of them.

Our day's sport I cannot say much of, though the hounds (and their huntsman) did their work well, and it concluded with a *very quick* twenty-five minutes to ground in Lord Digby's park. The *sport* I mean to say here concluded, though not the day's proceedings; for the spade, the vile execrable spade was then sent for, and a vixen fox, after another *very slow* twenty-five minutes at the mouth of the drain, shovelled unceremoniously into the jaws of the hounds. Happen where it may, I cannot speak otherwise than with reprobation and disgust of this too common practice: I am sure I state the sentiments of every real sportsman in the kingdom, *uninterested in making up a certain number of noses at*

*the end of the season*, when I raise my voice against it; and as to the idea of hounds profiting by blood thus clandestinely purveyed to them (though it may pass current as an excuse from the lips of a huntsman), in good sooth it is absurd and ridiculous to the very echo.

Previously to going into Dorsetshire, I had heard that Mr. Farquharson's men were inadequately mounted to their work; but if I were to judge by the sample of the stud I saw out this day, I should on the contrary give him the credit of providing a particularly useful sort of horse for his servants. He himself was riding a remarkably neat and steady bay horse; and carried as usual a straight horn to his saddle, though I was given to understand it is but seldom that he meddles with Ben Jennings or his pack. In nine cases out of ten I am no advocate, I confess, *for a second horn* in the field: it certainly may at times be of very considerable service; but unless it be fixed to the saddle *of a master of the science*, it will far more frequently do harm; and I have over and over again seen the greatest confusion caused, and foxes totally lost, *without an excuse*, save that of the exercise of the proprietor or manager's vocal powers. In fact I can hardly imagine a huntsman's accepting office unless he is to be left perfectly free and uncontrolled when in the field. Of this, however, more anon; for it is a subject on which much may be said, and my limits I know here forbid me to speak at large.

All the world of course knows that Mr. Farquharson has hunted his country (five days a week) *at his own sole expense* for a long

series of years; and all the world is doubtless likewise aware of the magnificent, but not too magnificent, subscription lately entered into, to present him with some plate as a slight testimonial to his merits. Before I quitted the West, the list had already reached the sum of *eleven hundred pounds*; and I am happy to state that in this fine tribute to the principal, the subordinates of long standing, Messieurs Ben and Solomon, are not wholly to be forgotten. All this is just as it should be. Mr. Farquharson has amply earned this token of esteem and friendship from his neighbours: and by way of *pendant*, and in justice to another Hunt hard by, I may here mention that on my worthy friend Mr. Yeatman's retiring from the Blackmoor Vale Foxhounds in 1831, a handsome present of plate, weighing nearly 500 ounces, was with one accord voted to him, amidst the *regretful* compliments of his whole very widely scattered country. Of the various articles of this present, or of the complimentary and well-deserved inscription on each of them, I need not surely say more than a syllable; for to prove that this "mark of esteem" must be pretty widely known, it is only necessary to observe *that it forms part of the dinner service at Stock House!*

On the day following I struck my tent, and proceeded to Mr. Hall's very pleasant and agreeable house, Butleigh Court, near Glastonbury, in order to have a wind up for the season (so far as I was myself concerned) with Mr. Tatchell at Ham Wood. Though Sunday, we spent the afternoon, in defiance of Sir Andrew Agnew, in inspecting the

stud, &c. &c.; and, amongst other things, took a minute look at an extremely clever two-year-old, that augurs well, not only from make and shape, but also great excellence and fashion in his blood, being by Mameluke out of Jessy by Totteridge, the dam of Serab and many others well known on Newmarket Heath. The condition of Mr. Hall's horses, I thought, did his groom high and infinite credit: to be sure, it was the close of the season, and if ever horses are to look hard and well, why now is the time for their doing so. From what little, however, I could see and hear, it strikes me that he has a most sensible practical fellow in the person of his Prime Minister, and, what is not always elsewhere the case with Prime Ministers, the artist not only had his subordinates in good discipline, but also appeared *implicitly to obey injunctions, and study the pleasure of his master.*

Butleigh Court (the old and picturesque seat of the Glastonbury family) has many good qualities to recommend it to the sportsman, independently of the mere local *agrémens* attached to the mansion and stables. In the first place, most undeniably excellent fox-hunting can now be commanded from it; ditto hare-hunting: secondly, as good shooting (pheasant popping in particular) is to be had as a man can reasonably desire: and *thirdly*, though it ought not to be *lastly*, it is situated in the centre of most desirable society, that is to say, in the centre, or within reach at all events, of a set of fellows, whom, of all others, a Sportsman would wish most to see collected round his table. Doubtless all

these reasons had their weight in inducing Mr. Hall to fix on Butleigh as his residence; as old Hurd, whom I shall presently mention, said to me the next day, "I do hope to God, zur, he may stay here for ever!"

On Monday, to me the last day of the season, we met the Somerset Vale at Ham Wood on the opposite side, from Butleigh, of the plague-spot of the country called Sedgemoor—a marshy bog, impossible to cross save by the roads that here and there intersect it; and it was in consequence unavoidable to ride *ten* instead of *four* miles to the appointed place of meeting. There we found Mr. Tatchell and his hounds looking each as I had left them last, with the exception of his having now amongst his pack some very business-like dog-hounds from Mr. King of "the Hambledon," who intends henceforward to keep nothing but bitches in his kennel. Here I am satisfied Mr. King is wrong; though I am well aware that Sir Bellingham Graham's *opinion* and Mr. Oxenden's *practice* go in favour of the *ladies*.

Our day's sport was an extremely satisfactory one, though for the most part over a very bad scenting country, with not a little of covert-hunting in a constant ring; and I am bound to say that the hounds acquitted themselves *à merveille*, and ran at last in to their fox in a very business-like manner. Mr. Tatchell also gave me another convincing proof that the sentence I have already passed on him is a strictly just one; and I maintain that no man on earth could hunt a pack of hounds in a superior style to his performance on this day. Our field was by no means a large one; neverthe-

less there was no lack of those main props and pillars of the noble cause, *the Yeomanry of the Country*; and a very fine specimen of "their order" did they appear to be, and devoted heart and soul to fox-hunting and the support of it. Mr. Amyatt and myself accompanied that worthy fellow Hurd to his house after the finish, and in partaking of his homely hospitality were compelled to drink more bumpers of cider to the health of Mr. Tatchell and his pack, than stomachs uninitiated in the mysteries of apple-juice perhaps found convenient in an afternoon. I can scarcely remember, however, having at any time received a heartier welcome; and from everything that I could see, there is, I think, a very strong affinity between the Yorkshire and the Somersetshire Yeoman; to say which is in my opinion to pay

the latter as high a compliment as can well be imagined.

After discussing Farmer Hurd's good cheer we returned to Butleigh; and on the following morning Mr. Hall and I proceeded to Glastonbury, and thence per coach to Bath, in order to be in time for the Spring Meeting that was to commence the following day. After witnessing the Wednesday's races, at which little if anything occurred worthy of notice, unless it was the very beautiful riding of Mr. Peyton, I once more turned my steps homeward: and, so far as hunting is concerned, have now to bid adieu to my readers until next season, with many thanks for the kindness and support which I have received, and which I beg leave thus publicly and gratefully to acknowledge.

DASHWOOD.

May 6, 1833.

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### ST. ALBAN'S RACES.

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SIR,  
**T**HE weather *et toute autre chose* being propitious for a trip, I joined a pleasant party on Wednesday last, and in one of Baxter's best turns-out, cheered by the bright beams of Phœbus, and the still brighter smiles of the Ladies, proceeded to St. Alban's to see what the natives could shew in the way of horse-flesh. To judge by the equipages, both patrician and plebeian, which lined the way, I had every reason to conclude the muster would be great; nor was I disappointed, for seldom have I witnessed at any provincial Meeting such an union of beauty, rank, and fashion as condescended to grace the antique town of St. Alban's.

The sport commenced with a Match for 50 sovs., last three-quarters of a mile, between Mr. W. Smith's Partisan filly out of Fawn, 7st., agst Mr. Sowerby's filly Tigress, 7st. 3lb. This was a pretty little beginning, and Wakefield brought Miss Partisan quickly home.

Next followed the Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs., for maiden horses never having won before the day of entering—heats, once round and a distance—the fortunate one to change hands for 150 sovs., one sov. entrance to belong to the second horse. This brought five competitors forth: viz. Mr. Gardner's gr. c. Friar Tuck, by Little John, 4 yrs; Mr. W. Smith's

gr. c. The Ghost, by Gustavus, 4 yrs; Mr. Roberts's b. m. Miss Eldon, 4 yrs; Mr. W. Day's b. f. 4 yrs; and Mr. Coleman's ch. f. Palmella, 3 yrs. The whole group sprang away emulous for the laurel, the Friar, unlike his fraternity in general, being foremost in the swift race, followed by the Ghost (who no doubt was the cause of his hurry), and Zebra after; but Pavis, who piloted the Friar, not liking the idea of a spectre in his train, got on so rapidly as to reach the goal first, though with difficulty, the others being almost neck and neck.—Palmella for the second heat was drawn, and the Ghost tried it on again; but solid flesh and blood in broad day-light proved too much for him, and the Friar again outdid his Ghostship.

The Verulam Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with an addition of 30 from the Fund, twice round and a distance, 5 subs. or no race—if more, second horse to receive back his coin—the winner to subscribe to race of next year: four came to the scratch to compete for the gold—Mr. W. Smith's b. m. The Witch, 5 yrs; Marquis Conyngnam's br. m. Dinah, 5 yrs; Mr. Du Croz's b. f. Cinderella, 5 yrs; and Mr. Martin's b. m. Missetoe, 5 yrs. They all started at a good pace, Dinah looking like a winner for a good bit of the way; but we all know the powers of witchery, and so does Wakefield, for he, after a tussle near the goal, so bewitched Mistress Dinah and her followers as to gain the race. This was a very good and honest-run gallop.

Next came the No Man's Land Stakes of 50 sovs. each, with 20 from the Fund, six subs. or no race—if more, second horse to re-

ceive back his stake—heats, once round and a distance, winner to pass hands for 80 sovs. in usual way, six subscribers. For this started Mr. White's b. m. Kittums, 4 yrs; Mr. North's b. m. Miss Warwick, 6 yrs; and Mr. Coleman's Palmella. They jogged on together until within the distance, where the whip and persuaders became requisite on all sides. Palmella did well, Miss Warwick still better; but there was a superlative to her comparative, for Kittums did *best*, and gained the laurel.—The second heat was run in similar style, to the advantage of Mistress Kittums, who has to thank Wakefield for her luck.

The wind-up of this day (the 16th) was the Sandridge Stakes of 10 sovs., with 20 from the Fund, for nags not thorough-bred, heats, once round and a distance, Gentlemen riders, 5 subs. or no race—more than six, second horse to receive his stake—winner to go for 250l., eight subs: Mr. Dunkley's br. h. The Curate, 4 yrs; Mr. J. Messer's br. h. Reform, by Don Cossack, 4 yrs; Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. Bilberry, aged; and Marquis of Abercorn's ch. g. Westley, 5 yrs. Reform led away at a quick stride, spite of the Conservatives in the rear, but in nearing the goal The Curate whispered he had an amendment to make, and sprang forward to salute the Speaker in the chair first. The second heat run at a slashing gallop, The Curate again triumphant in spite of his opponents. Thus ended the first day's fun, which was well worth viewing, and so, I doubt not, thought the belles of Hertfordshire, of whom, as I before observed, there was an ample supply.

The second day ushered in the Members' Plate of 50 sovs. for thorough-breds; heats, once round and a distance; the victor to be had for 200 sovs.; a sov. entrance, to go to second horse. This occasioned a strong muster, no less than five cantering up to "de ordre;" namely, Marquis of Conyngham's Dinah; Mr. Messer's ch. m. Zarina, 5 yrs; Mr. Gardnor's bl. m. Ida, 5 yrs; Marquis of Abercorn's Palfrey; and Mr. Coleman's b. h. Haymaker, 4 yrs. Dinah led off the ball, with Ida quadrilling close on her heels; the others tailing it after them respectably until the turn for the run in, when a dashing spin took place between the first two, Ida winning, with nothing to spare.—In the second heat Haymaker was drawn, and the other four rattled off, chaperoned by Dinah, who, after a severe struggle with Zarina, won the race.—In the third start, Ida and Palfrey drawn, score work all round, terminating, after some *persuasion*, in favour of the Marquis. This was a beautiful race, and had the course not been so light, or Zarina less full in flesh, there is little doubt but she would have been the winner; for her strength and courage are such as to carry her at the top of her speed over the heaviest course.

The Hill End Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added from the Fund, for hunters, Gentlemen riders, heats, once round and a distance, winner to be sold for 200 sovs., 5 subs—Mr. Christian's b. h. Metheglin, 5 yrs (Capt. Bouverie); Mr. H. Peyton's br. g. Glovecutter, 5 yrs (owner); and Mr. Dunkley's The Curate (Capt. Brother). Glovecutter went off at his best, followed close by

Metheglin, and The Curate a few lengths behind: thus they kept on, going it pretty sharply until coming round the hill for passing the distance, when The Curate mended his pace, running a most severe race with Metheglin, and winning.—In the second heat The Curate was drawn, and Metheglin and Glovecutter had the course to themselves—a fair race, won by Metheglin.—In the third and last, Glovecutter was drawn, and Metheglin walked over. Great discontent was occasioned by the withdrawal of the Parson after the first heat, many bets depending on him. Mr. Coleman, by purchasing him, was the cause of this disapprobation, which I regretted, as he has hitherto by his exertions on the course given satisfaction to all parties; but as a horse *can* always be drawn, those who lay their coin on him must make up their mind for such a circumstance.

The *finale* of the meeting was the Tally-Ho Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, free for any horse carrying 11st., Gentlemen riders, heats, once round and distance, two leaps over hurdles to be taken in each heat. Six gay competitors marched forth for glory: Mr. Peyton's b. g. Don Juan (owner), Mr. Maidment's bl. g. Sultan, Mr. Coleman's Sober Robin, Mr. North's Miss Warwick, Mr. S. Pill's Jujube colt, and Mr. Pratt's Paddy.—Sultan led the van at his best, followed close by Miss Warwick; the rest playing follow-my-leader until near the finish, when a close race home ended by the Lady taking (as she always ought) precedence.—In the second heat (Jujube drawn and Paddy distanced) spin was

the order of the day, but Mr. Peyton's piloting was too much for the Sultan, and the Don came in at high odds.—The last heat brought the Don straight home, despite Sober Robin, who tried hard for the prize, but "no go." To the Gentlemen riders who exhibited, too much praise cannot be awarded for their skill and judgment. Of the politeness of some of the spectators the less we say the better, but our *multitude* never were remarkably dis-

tinguished for that quality. But notwithstanding those little drawbacks, these *shades*, which must be found in every picture to make it perfect, and shew the *lights* to greater advantage, it was a very pretty affair, and, graced by the Aristocracy of England, the loveliest in the world, shewed enough "sweet eyes" to make many a one remember with delight St. Alban's Races.

SLASHING HARRY.

May 18, 1833.

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### SPORTING SUBJECTS, &c. IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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**N**EXT to the long-anticipated pleasures which the "merry month of May" brings in her variegated and joyous train—when Nature and Nature's children are vying with each other in jocund manifestation of the opening season—there is nothing upon which we are accustomed more deeply to fix our affections than the animated sports of Epsom Downs, and the contemplation of such subjects in their separate excellence as we find them delineated by the pencil of the artist. The former will be found elsewhere—the latter it is our purpose here to speak upon.

The Royal Academy has this year given to the public its Sixty-fifth Exhibition of Works of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. The catalogue invites the visitor's inspection of no less than 1226 distinct performances—all of which, as may be supposed, possessing different shades of merit, and some select few aiming (with tolerably successful ambition) at the *ne plus ultra* of their respective departments.

In answer to the question usually put to those who *have seen* by those who *have not yet seen* this popular sanctorum—"Is the Exhibition a good one?" we decidedly answer in the *negative*. We should say it would be difficult to cull even so many as *one hundred* pictures out of the *twelve*, that would satisfactorily requite the deliberate inspection of the connoisseur. To give the *why* and the *wherefore* for this would occupy more space than we can now accord: suffice it, that the fact is so, and "pity 'tis 'tis true."

But we hasten to introduce our readers to those numbers in the catalogue which are not likely to carry general disappointment in the conning, and which will, we believe, in some instances afford a rich treat to such of our Sporting friends as have not yet paid to the Metropolis their annual visit.

31. *Portrait of Cæsar*, a favorite dog, the property of the Earl of Roseberry—G. MORLEY.—A very clever and spirited little sketch.

51. *Returning from the Haunts of*

*the Sea-fowl*—W. COLEMAN, R.A.—This is a bold design, skilfully managed, and may be taken as a specimen of the artist's best style. The descent of the youthful fowlers from the craggy and frightful precipices is depicted with so much truth that the spectator almost trembles for the safety of the daring urchins. The whole detail of the picture exhibits considerable ability: the coloring, too, is in excellent taste.

86. *Contention*—J. WARD, R.A.—Two dogs and one bone. The savage and ferocious look of the mastiff who is tethered to his kennel, but whose paw upon the subject of contention makes his claim unquestionable, is very happily contrasted with the "well I'm sure" sort of a countenance of the disappointed and envious competitor. It is a clever performance on the whole, and was much noticed while we were in the room.

95. *The Shooting Pony*—A. COOPER, R.A.—This is as good a thing as we have seen of Cooper's for some time, and decidedly a *fatter* pony than is elsewhere to be met with about town. The animal is carefully drawn, and has a good deal of merit in the coloring.

113. *A Perch*—W. HAWKINS.—We should say it is certainly not a *fresh-caught* perch: we secured a much primer fish of the sort at Merton a few days ago. The fact is, it looks as if it had been transported from a lumber garret "with all its imperfections (and *dust*) on its head."

400. *A Chevin, or Chub* (by the same artist) is a much better performance, though far from being insusceptible of improvement.

129. *Portrait of a Bitch*—H. C. DESVIGNES.—A bitch of a portrait.

127. *Portraits of Three Ponies*, the property of, and rode and driven by H. R. H. the Princess Victoria—G. MORLEY.—The prettiest trio (not excepting the fair graces that surrounded us) in the "Great Room." The animals are judiciously placed, and have been painted with a great deal of care and good judgment. By the way, there was scarcely a lady

that did not, *en passant*, express a hankering to call one of them her own.

151. *Portrait of a Favorite Spaniel*—H. FIELD, H.—The dog is well drawn, and makes an animated picture.

170. *A Jack in Office*—E. LANDSEER, R.A.—Though this, any more than some other quadrupedal productions noticed in our review, is anything but a *sporting* subject; yet, considering from whose pencil it emanates, and the intrinsic merit of the picture, it is impossible to contemplate the design without deriving infinite amusement. The hero of the piece (a costermonger's dog) is perched upon a cat's-meat barrow, and is casting a supercilious and indescribably ludicrous look of defiance upon sundry hunger-starved "diners out," who are eying with most suspicious and tantalizing glances the last unsold morsel skewered in the pewter plate below. The whole detail of this picture is uncommonly laughable, and ought to be engraved as a companion plate to the *Monkeyana*.

202. *Interior, with a Figure and Dead Game*.—W. M. BAKER.—We could discern nothing in this picture worthy of particular remark, either of praise or the contrary.

261. This, which is also *Dead Game*, by S. TAYLOR, is a much better picture. The grouping of the birds is good, and the drawing and coloring very correct: it is, indeed, a very creditable performance.

268. *Deer and Deer Hounds in a Mountain Torrent*.—E. LANDSEER, R. A.—Here this highly-gifted artist shines in the plenitude of his powers. The attitude and horror-stricken countenance of the deer, gazing upon the frightful havoc of the torrent, is finely conceived. Every part of the picture, in short, is full of grandeur and sublimity, and possesses merit of the highest order. The coloring throughout is exquisite.

271. *Portrait of a Gentleman on a favorite Hunter*.—A. COOPER, R.A.—Cooper has here again made a hit: both the horse and the rider are as

good as the latter could desire, which, we take it, is as satisfactory praise as the artist is ambitious of.

318. *Hunters*, the property of W. Wigram, Esq.—E. LANDSEER, R.A.—Without any extravagance of praise (and with but one or two exceptions) this picture is unquestionably worth all the rest in the Gallery. The position of the animals could not have been better; and whether we contemplate them in their anatomical propriety—in the skilfulness of the coloring—or in any minutiae which have reference to the *tout ensemble* of the picture—we are bound to pronounce it one of the most finished performances of horse-painting that have yet appeared from the pencil of Landseer. The glossiness of the fetlocks of the chestnut horse, and the same species of perfective coloring distributed over the bay (which, by the bye, may be said to almost stand off from the canvas), were the admiration of every one around us. The gratification expressed in our hearing by two country gentlemen (one of whom said he would give anything to be able to transfer the mare to his own stud) would have pleased the artist himself, had he been within ear-shot. One opinion we will venture to hazard, without being far from the mark—that there is no price the owner of these hunters could set upon them that would deter the admirers of *such* horse-flesh from calling them their own.

351. *Sir Walter Scott, seated at the bottom of the Rhymer's Glen, &c.*—Another inimitable production from the same hand as the preceding. Though not, strictly speaking, a "sporting" subject, the subsidiary part of the picture is almost legitimately so, being (as the catalogue denotes) the portraits of three canine favorites renowned in the ballad of *Thomas the Rhymer*, viz. "Maida, the name of the stag-hound, the gift of the late Glengarry; the yellow terrier, Ginger, and the black, Spice, were of Dandie Dinmont's family of Pepper and Mustard." The artist has here done everything in *painting*,

which the unrivalled author of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" achieved in *poetry*, to render the subject matter of this picture imperishable.

357. *Thomas Blood, Esq.*—A. COOPER, R.A.—An excellent portrait, we should say; though a gentleman at our elbow thought it "rather too young looking."

352. *Group of Fish from Nature.*—W. B. SMITH—Roach, dace, &c. Very good indeed.

390. *Portrait of a Hunter, well known in Sir Richard Sutton's Hunt.*—W. BARRAUD.—Any one who ever saw this hunter once would swear it was the well-known grey. Barraud has risked nothing of his fame in sending this picture to the Exhibition.

414. *Portrait of Thorngrove*, the property of E. Griffiths, Esq.—T. WOODWARD.—This animal—which to our fancy is anything but handsome—is much indebted to the artist's judicious disposal of the coloring, and which forcibly reminded us of some of the masterly touches given to Mr. Wigram's hunters.

425. *Fitzjames lamenting over his Steed*—A. BARRAUD.—This is a very clever picture, which the Committee have honored by cramming it into an obscure nook in the Anti-room. The prostrate position of the "gallant grey" (which is in an extremely delicate attitude for an artist to escape censure in) the artist has been successful in portraying with very happy effect. The manly figure of Fitzjames in the livery of the chase, and the graceful form of the greyhound, are in excellent keeping with the whole design. The coloring is extremely good. A well-executed engraving from this picture would be sure to sell.

445. *Hawking Party going out*—T. WOODWARD.—This is a better performance than 414. It is true that here there is more scope for the display of the artist's ability, and Woodward has not failed to take advantage of it. The composition is altogether good; and the tone of coloring

throughout denotes the touch of a promising hand.

482. *Portrait of Mr. Shirley*, huntsman to Sir Richard Sutton, Bart.—J. GREEN.—A more faithful portrait was never put on canvas. We fancied we could actually hear the winding of Shirley's horn.

483. *Cashmere*, the property of P. Dauncey, Esq.—G. HANCOCK.—This picture—which, for a wonder, and no thanks, we suspect, to the "Hanging Committee," is placed in an excellent light—would not have disgraced a closer affinity with the three hunters up stairs.

584. *A Leteret*—G. S. SHEPHERD.—Though but an humble subject, it is too well painted to have been assigned such a situation as brings it in contact with the feet of every passer by.

742. *Foxes disputing a prize*—G. HAVELL.—This is a spirited performance, and both the foxes, as well as the feathered victim, are uncommonly well drawn and painted. If we had been disposed to find fault

with the picture, we should say the back ground might have been softened down to advantage.

953. *Dead Game*—E. COXBETT.—We copy this from the catalogue only for the purpose of remarking, that we *hunted* about the room repeatedly in quest of it, but nowhere could we *scent* it.

988. *Portrait of the Head of a favorite Pony*, the property of E. T. Copley, Esq. Halnaby Hall, Yorkshire.—H. B. CHALON.—This is a highly-finished production, and partakes of all that spirit and freedom of touch for which the pencil of this artist is so distinguished. With a head so well executed we should like to have seen the whole body.

1010. In the Library we observed a *Design for the Archer's Lodge*, now erecting in the Regent's Park, under the superintendence of—G. MOORE.—It is a fanciful and unique structure, and one that, when finished, will constitute an additional ornament to this delightful Park.

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## EPSOM RACES.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1833.

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SIR,

A Number of circumstances combined gave an unusual interest to these races—such as the most beautiful weather ever known so immediately after the coldest, comfortless, and ungenial spring, particularly to Ladies who are fond of field sports, and who love to see their Lords amused in the most innocent, harmless, beneficial (both to themselves and the country if they choose to make it so) of all the pastimes of this our splendid sporting heroic nation. Horses, too—a Briton's pride—are now brought forth in white gay clothing to sniff the pure fresh air made soft by summer's sun, instead of being brought as 'twere

by stealth to encounter the bitter pinching northern blast, or cold drenching rain, made worse by the rude blasts of March and April's fickle showers:—thus it has been until now—exercised half up his graceful legs in dirt, mud, the splashing chalk, or tenacious clay: now he skips with his sprightly limbs on a velvet lawn, and a heart as light as the "Merry month of May" ever made one:—men seeing this, and being long debarred from such a sight, were more under the influence of excitement than on a common annual occasion; for, in addition to a *certain* winner of the Derby, there were five or six others that might be traced up to

a "moral certainty" of doing it; so easy is it to believe what we wish to be true! There were nearly twenty—such as, "there is no knowing what may happen!" Another, "my wife dreamt that a chesnut horse won it, but never told me that to dream of a chesnut horse is DANGEROUS." We were not indebted to the attraction of the Oaks for our company: *that* "hash was settled" before we met; but as the pies were baked and the lettuces cut, many thought they would *eat as well* on Epsom Downs (better fun than horse-racing) as elsewhere.

We met at the post on TUESDAY our old friend Baron de Tessier with all his arrangements in perfect order: we say friend, because every one who undertakes a thing, does his duty with honour and punctuality, and provides for the public safety, is the friend of all. The Downs are greatly improved too under the Baron's good stewardship, ably conducted by a Mr. Wood, who not only attended to those who came for pleasure, but to the health and soundness of horses taking their exercise; and, above all, to the race-course, which is now a most beautiful piece of turf, and its termination free'd by good management from every danger.

The first race (in imitation of Newmarket) had a very good entry, [and amongst them horses of name and character, called The Craven Stakes. Vestris was a great favorite, and though ridden with elegance up to excellence, in the fullest sense of that word, by Henry Edwards, yet he could not get a place even. The Duke of Rutland's Hawker, very well rode by Boyce, won it by

half a length. This horse, claimed in a race a short time ago, proves by this to be well worth the money. Mr. Cosby's Copper Captain was second—Charles Day, his jockey, perhaps from hearing it said that round about is sometimes the nearest way home, either had a mind to try it by running the large outer circle at a turn, or that he could not help it, or his master may have found something new in mathematics, and might wish to make an experiment in that science: be this how it may, three or four lengths were lost, if not the race, as, after all, he got a good second place. I don't recollect to have seen in a field of twelve so many in good places.

The Shirley Stakes of 25 sovs. each, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb., for three-year-olds, one mile—three started, and one paid—handsomely won a length by F. Buckle (nephew to the late veteran), on Sir G. Heathcote's Samarcand; Lord Exeter's Cactus second (S. Darling), with the odds as high as 4 to 1 upon him.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, for two-year-olds bred in Surrey and neighbouring counties, trained at Epsom for the last three months, last half-mile, five subscribers. Three started, and are, of course, real friends to the town: two did not start:—won by Mr. Gardnor's colt by Whalebone, his dam Luna (Pavis), a length; Mr. Forth's Sister to Echo second; Sir G. Heathcote's Figaro colt third—the latter a favorite from the Baronet winning the last so smartly: in other parts of the course the winner backed at odds.

The Epsom Oatlands Stakes of 25 sovs. each was a walk over:

but not so the Epsom Stakes, as we had four heats for it; and by the time it was over the people began to be a little "how-come-ye-so," and the horses somewhat "groggy." Eleven started for the first heat, which was a dead one between Mr. Sloane Stanley's Brother to Kate and Mr. Ley's The Hermit. Hermit won the second heat; and, if the management had been good, must have won the third, and consequently the Stakes. As it was, George Edwards's Camel filly won a heat, and not running for either of the former ones was the freshest of the lot, and won the last also quite in a canter. The Brother to Kate ran a severe dead heat, and three times second:—lots of fun for those who feel no sorrows but their own; and sometimes pretty picking in a game of "three poll one."

A Match was run between the heats—Lord Conyngham's Lady Charlotte, 8st. 7lb., and Mr. Cosby's Temperance, 8st. 4lb. It is seldom that *Temperance* has the worst of it, but in this case she had. If Wheatley defeated Arnull by *a head*, there would have been nothing to wonder at; but he beat him by a *neck* also.

Second day, WEDNESDAY, the Ewell Stakes of five sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for horses of all ages, variously rewarded according to merit; 3lb. for winning once; twice, 5lb.; three times, 7lb. extra. These conditions brought seven to the post; but, as the Judge placed them all, it could be called a fine race, like the Craven the day before. The Duke of Richmond's Gondolier won it a length, rode by Boyce, who always had the race in his hand, with little chance of change

in half a mile; Sir G. Heathcote's Stately second (Buckle); Alice third, Lucy fourth, Tarquin fifth, and Carwell last.

The Woodcot Stakes of 30 sovs. each brought only four to the post—a merry little party certainly, and ran the half mile in double quick time—as two-year-olds their backs suited to their burdens, as far as distance and form of ground goes. Pavis won it, on Mr. Yates's Ophelia, half a length; Lord Egremont's brown colt by Sober Robin, his dam Billingsgate, second (Arnull). What a cross! Sober Robin out of Billingsgate! Extremes *may meet*, but it is not a judicious plan in breeding racers. Gen. Grosvenor's Mameluke filly was third. This is the first of the Mameluke family that has appeared in public: she is, not, however, a fair specimen of the race, being rather inferior in size to others we have seen. A younger Brother to Forester, that makes such a noise in the Derby, was fourth and last.

The Gold Cup of 100 sovs. value, by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, the winner to be sold for 250 if claimed—seven to the post—won by a fine looking filly of Mr. Bristow's (rode by Hardy) a length, called Languish, and demanded for Gen. Grosvenor the moment she pulled up: the roguish Bohemian (Farrell) second, and the splendid impostor Byzantium third. Some of the others were far from giving satisfaction, particularly those that had been used as trial horses.

The Croydon Stakes of three sovs. each, with 40 added for horses of all ages, and all sorts but good, ten subscribers, the

winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded. Mr. Trelawney's Walter was first one heat, second the two next, and then, it is said, went hopping home. Mr. Crommelin's Sinbad was fourth the first heat, nowhere the second, and won the two last. There is no doubt but one heat might have been spared us, if Sinbad had taken the second heat, which was evidently within his power, instead of allowing the Brother to Stately to win it, to which he had no pretensions. Chapple rode Sinbad, the winner; but whether this was a slip of the master or man, we have no right, or the means of knowing, in a *race of heats*.

THURSDAY, THE DERBY DAY—a day of hopes, a day of fears, a day of opinions at all prices! but worth nothing!! It is true, a good-natured man tells you, in the fulness and warmth of his heart, that he shall win the Derby; but if the betting is 40 to 1 against him, and he dare not take 30; whilst another tells you *he* has a good horse, and boldly takes 3 to 1, because the public goes with him—a man becomes as much afraid of going alone at forty years, as at the end of fourteen months; which the present race clearly proves. The countless multitudes began to assemble early in the morning—many to avoid the heat and dust, but the greater number to take places. Things wore their usual appearances, and I am willing to admit we had an increased number of visitors, an additional care for their comfort and safety; with the Ladies as beautiful and numerous as ever: but in boasting, betting, bouncing “turns-out,” large well-stored baskets, and

green gooseberry Champagne there was certainly a woful falling off. Twenty-five or six horses might be counted at the post; but these, I fear, neither better in looks nor quality than those of former years. However, if they all go down together, they are as good for speculation and sport as those of the very best years.

The start was considered pretty fair for such a number of horses, and it might soon be seen that several of those high in the betting began to take front places; amongst them Mr. Sowerby's Catalonian, Mr. Hunter's Forester, Despot, Twatty, and Uncle Toby. There seemed some order and regularity for a time; but as soon as Catalonian took an advanced place, almost alarming, Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus, the first favorite, began to shew symptoms of defeat, falling gradually into the rear—thus lengthening the tail at both ends, and making plenty of room in a course that has hitherto been thought too narrow. By way of hiding their shame by great examples, Lord Jersey's Glenmore, the Duke of Grafton's *Ægyptus*, and Lord Verulam's Little Cassino gave up all further trouble after wealth and contested honours; but not so the high-mettled Catalonian: he persevered to near the New Stand, when Connoisseur, Revenge, Sir Robert, Forester, Dangerous, and another, began seriously to contest the thing with him, and went by the post as follows:—Mr. Sadler's Dangerous by Tramp, his dam Defiance by Rubens (Chapple), first a length (great praise is due to Chapple for taking the gentle pull he did at the New Stand, as it enabled

him to make a run with anything that might come up); Mr. John Scott's Connoisseur (Templeman), second; Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge (Cowley), third. These were what the Judge placed: other persons, unauthorised, placed Catalonian (S. Mann) fourth, Sir Robert (Darling) fifth, and Forester (Wright) sixth. This part was no doubt pretty correct, and as it was a scattered company the task was one of little difficulty. Mr. Sadler, they say, wins from eight to ten thousand pounds on the event. What a pity Mr. Osbaldeston's Saddler does not do something of the kind for him! People seem to think this Derby will be a harmless affair, something like a penny subscription—though it makes *ONE very rich*, yet no one is much impoverished by it. The principal bet made was 40 to 1 against the winner.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, with 25 added, which really looks nothing after the last, was won a length by Mr. Peel's Lucy—Sir G. Heathcote's Stately second. Although there were four others in the race, the Cockneys scarcely put down their knives and forks to look at it.

We had another Stakes, called the Hopeless Stakes, of three sovs. each, with 40 added, heats. There is something rather ridiculous in *heats* on a Derby day, the people being too much *heated* already. Mr. Greville's Dryad, however, soon put a stop to it, by winning them both quite easily. There were six others that could not see danger, though taught an hour before to know what is DANGEROUS.

FRIDAY, THE OAKS DAY, the

last of the Meeting—decidedly the genteelest, but not the most numerous. Here a man may see his friends, if he has any, and may be seen of them. We had twenty fillies up at the post, said not to be either so fast or so good as the colts in the Derby: but if a man has nothing better than the eye to guide him, his opinion is not worth much. They got away very well, and ran very fast, if truth is to be found in experience; and the *best* in the lot, according to *regularly received opinions*, like the colts, was the first that was beat—Tarantella, only 2 to 1 against her! while 1000l. to 10l. was bet against the winner, Sir M. Wood's Vespa, by Muley, dam Miss Wasp. Nearly the whole of the way up the rails Octave seemed to have the best of it, but in the last hundred yards Vespa, from her superior stride, won a neck, well rode by Chapple, the winner of the Derby; the Duke of Grafton's Octave second, rode by John Day; Mr. Batson's Revelry about a length more (Wheatley); the rest scattered far and wide.

We had Mr. Denison's 50l. Plate for a finish, which Mr. T. J. Wood's Filho da Puta colt won cleverly at two heats, nicely rode by Flatman (no longer Natty—he is a man now); Lord Conyngham's Lady Charlotte (Chapple) second both times. Several others ran. Crouch's little Boy came staring in some time after, when the Baron said, "where have you been?" "*The Sea* bolted with me, Sir!"—this being the name of Mr. Day's colt.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

OBSERVATOR.

May 28, 1833.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

**The Turf.**

## INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**T**HE King has given a Plate of 100gs. out of the Privy Purse to be run for at Lancaster—the conditions the same as for the Hampton Plate.

At a Meeting of the Members of the Jockey Club, held at the New Rooms, April 25th, 1833, it was resolved, that in future ballots for the Jockey Club shall take place in the Craven First Spring, Second October, and the Houghton Meetings: the Candidate to be proposed in a meeting previously to the ballot; or in case the ballot take place in the Craven Meeting, that notice of his being a Candidate shall be stated in the Sheet Calendar published next preceding that Meeting, and also put up in the Coffee-room on the Monday in that Meeting; and notice to be given in writing, and put up in the Coffee-room, on what day the ballot will take place, at least one day before the time of balloting.

It was also resolved, that from and after the end of the year 1833 horses shall be considered at Newmarket as taking their ages from the 1st of January instead of the 1st of May.

And that in future no horse shall be considered to be struck out of his engagement, unless the owner, or some person authorized by him, shall give notice to the Keeper of the Match-book, or to his Clerk; or to one of the Stewards present.

*Newmarket Second October Meeting 1833.*—Tuesday: Second Class of the Derby and Oaks Challenge Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. A. F.—

Duke of Portland's Pledge colt, 8st. 11lb.  
Sir M. Wood's Contriver, 8st.  
Duke of Grafton's Octave, 7st. 10lb.

*Newmarket Houghton Meeting 1833.*—Monday: Lord Verulam's Cassino agst Mr. Greville's Whale, Brother to Grampus, 8st. 4lb. each, T. M. M. 200, h. ft.—Tuesday: Mr. Hunter's Forester, 9st. agst Gen.

Grosvenor's Ann (late Hannah), by Wrangler out of Helena, 7st. A. F. 200, h. ft.

Monday: First Class of the Derby and Oaks Challenge Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. A. F.

D. of Cleveland's Muley Moloch, 8st. 7lb.  
Mr. S. Stonehewer's Chantilly, 7st. 8lb.  
Mr. Cosby's The Bravo, 7st. 8lb.  
Duke of Grafton's Ægyptus, 7st. 2lb.

*Craven Meeting 1834.*—Tuesday: The Claret Stakes of 200 sov. each, h. ft.; for colts 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 2lb.; D. I. the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake:—

Mr. Hunter's Forester, by Gustavus  
Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus, by Partisan  
Lord Exeter's Cactus, by Sultan  
D. of Rutland's c. Shylock, by Waterloo  
Mr. Gully's Frankenstein, by Young Phantom  
Mr. Houldsworth's Titus

Friday: The Port Stakes of 100 sov. each, h. ft.; for colts 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 4lb. (not named in the Claret); T. M. M. the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake:—

Mr. Thornhill's Muley Moloch, by Muley  
Lord Verulam's Little Cassino, by Sultan  
Lord Jersey's Ishmael, by Sultan  
Sir S. Graham's Jason, by Centaur  
Mr. Stonehewer's Chantilly, by Gustavus  
Mr. Greville's b. c. Whale, B. to Grampus  
Lord J. Fitzroy's Clearwell, by Jerry  
Mr. Batson's Revelry, by Reveller  
Lord Exeter's Sir Robert, by Sultan  
Mr. Sowerby's Catalonian, by Skiff  
Mr. Walker's Mussulman, by Muley  
Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge, by Fungus  
Mr. Forth's Imbar, by Emilius  
Mr. Houldsworth's Despot, by Sultan  
Mr. Cooke's Tarantella, by Tramp

The Ale Stakes of 100 sov. each, h. ft.; for colts 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 4lb.; D. I. the winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.—

Duke of Portland's Pledge  
Col. Peel's Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler out of Whiteboy's dam  
Mr. Houldsworth's Ostrich, by Buzzard

The Earl of Chesterfield, Earl of Albemarle, and Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence have accepted the Stewardship of the Hampton and Moulsey Hurst Meeting.

Robert Bayley and Henry W. Newman, Esqrs. have been appointed

Stewards to the Clifton and Baistol Races for the year 1834.

Lord Verulam has sold Vestris for 600gs.

The Marquis of Conyngham has sold his bay colt Minster, by Catton, 4 yrs, to the Earl of Lichfield for 600l.

Mr. Vansittart has sold Rubini to Lord Uxbridge for 500gs.

Mr. Potter, of Westow, has sold a two-year old filly, by Lottery out of Camilline's dam, by Smolensko, to Mr. Brandenburg for 100 sovs.

#### STUD SALES.

His Majesty's Annual Sale of Colts and Fillies, bred at the stud at Hampton Court, one year old in May, took place at the Corner on Monday the 29th of April, as under:—

Bay colt, by Emilius out of Sister to Spermaceti by Whalebone, &c.:—to Lord Lichfield, 150gs.

Ches. colt, by Langar out of Delphine by Whisker out of my Lady by Comus, &c. engaged in a Stakes of 100, h. ft. in the York August Meeting 1835 (allowed 3lb.):—to Capt. Bulkeley, 155gs.

Br. colt, by Redgauntlet out of Ada Sister to Augusta):—to Mr. Greatrex, 60gs.

Bay colt, by Camel, out of the dam of Moses, &c.:—to Mr. Yates, 135gs.

Ches. colt, by Cade (a high-bred Arabian) out of Elfrida by Whalebone out of Elfrid:—27gs.

Ches. filly, by Sultan out of Rachel by Whalebone out of Moses's dam:—to Mr. Yates, 230gs.

Ches. filly, by Whisker out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, &c.:—to Lord Orford, 350gs.

Bay filly, by Camel out of Maria by Waterloo, &c.:—to Mr. W. Edwards, 175gs.

Bay filly, by Reveller out of Lamia by Gohanna; engaged in the Craven Meeting, 100, h. ft. for fillies only, D.M.; and a Produce Stakes at Bath, 50, h. ft. 1835, in Mr. Grant's name:—to Lord Uxbridge, 135gs.

Brown filly, by Camel out of Galatia by Amadis out of Paulina by Sir Peter, &c.:—to Mr. W. Edwards, 70gs.

Bay filly, by Waterloo dam by Gohanna (the dam of Ambrosio):—25gs.

*Mr. Henry's, at Newmarket.*

Tam-o'Shanter, by Tiresias, 5 yrs:—to Mr. Osbaldeston, 58gs.

Deva, by Partisan, 3 yrs:—to Gen. Grosvenor, 45gs.

Hannah, by Wrangler, 3 yrs:—to Gen. Grosvenor, 41gs.

#### HORSES PURCHASED TO GO ABROAD.

The following Stallions, Brood Mares, &c. have been sent abroad since our last, proving the great interest taken in the breeding of horses in Germany:—

Sixteen brood mares of the best blood, such as Truffle out of Corinne, Truffle out of Bizarre, mare by Tramp, dam by Sancho out of Blacklock, dam covered by Lapdog.

Halston, by Banker, who has won and received twenty-two times.

Burlington, by Godolphin out of Mouse.

Brown colt, by Master Henry out of Cobweb.

These were all bought by Mr. Lichtwald, the dealer; and it is to be hoped the German Noblemen and Gentlemen will encourage him, as, having given great sums for many of the above, he must have expended some thousands.—Besides the thorough-bred horses, &c. he purchased many hunters.

Three young things have also been purchased by an agent of the Prussian Government, *who could find only these good enough in England!*

#### THE CHASE.

We are informed by a Correspondent, that the subscription having been increased, Mr. Wyndham will continue to hunt the New Forest next season.

#### AQUATICS.

A meeting of the Royal Yacht Club was held at the Thatched House Tavern on the 11th ult., when the following new Members were elected: the Rev. T. Leveson Lane, Turquoise cutter, 77 tons; Hon. A. Craven, Menai cutter, 175 tons; Lord Newborough, Sapphire cutter, 69 tons; Lord Exmouth, Ganymede cutter, 69 tons; E. B. Beaumont, Esq., Zephyr cutter, 55 tons (late Mr. Fullerton's); Marquis of Waterford, Gem schooner, 125 tons (late Mr. Brett's); Henry Robinson, jun. Esq., Will-o-the-Wisp cutter, 35 tons.—James Weld, James Saunderson, and T. P. Williams, M.P., Esqrs. were chosen the Committee of Management, in addition to Commodore Lord Yarborough and Vice-

Commodore the Earl of Belfast.—It was decided, that the Annual Club Ball should be held on the 13th of August, and the King's Cup sailed for on the 21st of that month, when the dinner, fireworks, &c. in honour of His Majesty's birth-day will take place.

The Kings of Prussia and Sweden have consented to permit the vessels of the Royal Irish Yacht Club to enter the harbours of their respective territories free of port or harbour dues.

A match between the Sabrina of 21 tons, and the Lady Louisa of 13 tons, both belonging to the Royal Thames Yacht Club—and having been recognised by the Club, the Commodore hoisted his flag on board the Jubilee Gravesend packet—was sailed for on the 13th of May, from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, pounds for tonnage. There was a splendid flotilla to witness the contest. The signal gun was fired at a quarter past eleven, and both vessels soon got under weigh. The wind was occasionally fresh, though both vessels were becalmed on their return. The Sabrina rounded the flag-boat at nine minutes past two o'clock, and the Lady Louisa in five and a half minutes afterwards. The Lady obtained an advantage after passing Gravesend Reach, but in the next the Sabrina recovered her lost ground, and maintained it to the finish, passing the flag-boat at Greenwich as the College clock was striking six, the Lady arriving at six and a half minutes past six. The vessels were received under a salute of 21 guns from the Miranda cutter.

On the following day the Lady Louisa sailed against the Victorine of 16 tons, the same conditions as the preceding, and won by four minutes. There was a great struggle to round the flag-boat at Gravesend, which the Lady did first by about a minute only. The wind was light, and consequently in favour of her Ladyship. The Victorine is first-rate, and with a fresh breeze the match might have terminated differently, even though the Lady Louisa is acknowledged to be the fastest boat of her tonnage on the River. She has won eight Cups

and several Sweepstakes within the last few years.

A Sweepstakes between these three vessels, Sabrina, Victorine, and Lady Louisa, is announced for the 11th of June.

The Above-bridge match of the British Yacht Club, for the Cup, is fixed for the 22d of July.

#### ARCHERY.

The silver bugle-horn, presented by Sir Henry Jardine to the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Body Guard for Scotland, was shot for on the 27th of April in Hope Park, and won by H. G. Watson, Esq. the Treasurer to the Royal Company.

*The Archer's Guide.*—A little work under this title, by "An Old Toxophilite," has just made its appearance, giving the history and theory of the art. The author has shewn great research, and traces the history of the bow from the earliest times. A sketch of the history of Archery in England follows, in which Richard Cœur de Lion and his brave Crusaders, and Robin Hood and his merry men, are not forgotten. The high and palmy state of archery under Edward III. and Henry IV. and the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, in which the Bowmen bore so conspicuous a part, are dwelt upon with the pride with which an Englishman must ever regard the heroic achievements of his forefathers. The decline of the art under succeeding Sovereigns is traced to its nearly total extinction towards the end of the seventeenth century; and an account of its revival as a fashionable amusement within the last half century concludes the sketch. The "Art and Practice" contains all the requisite information for attaining proficiency in that healthful and delightful science, with old Roger Ascham's "five points," followed by general observations, different kinds of shooting, a glossary of terms and phrases.—The work is illustrated with plates of the costume and paraphernalia, position in shooting, &c., by R. Cruikshank; and we have no doubt that it will make a *hit* among the

patrons and patronesses of this Old English sport.

#### CRICKET.

The Marylebone Club held their anniversary dinner, preparatory to commencing the season, at the Pavilion, Lord's-ground, on the 9th of May, H. Howard, Esq., the President, in the Chair. H. Jenner, Esq. was elected President for the ensuing year, and a Committee nominated. The first meeting of the Club was fixed for the 20th, and matches to be played on every succeeding Monday at Lord's, except when return matches may interfere with that arrangement.

The wickets were pitched on the morning of the 20th for the opening match, between the Club with Cobbett and the East Surrey Club, in which the latter did not appear to have a chance. They scored in the first innings 70, and in the second only 13—making the "tottle of the whole" 93. The Marylebone marked 130, winning in one innings, with 47 runs to spare.

The arrangements for a single wicket match between Fuller Pilch of Norwich, and Marsden of Sheffield, two of the most celebrated cricketers in England, have been concluded—to come off at the Norwich and Sheffield grounds soon after the 21st of June. The umpires and referee are to be selected from the Marylebone Club, and the lovers of cricket will have the opportunity of seeing the science of the game in perfection.

*Nyren's Cricketers' Tutor.*—Although our "stumps" have long been "bowled down," we can recur to the olden time with the most vivid recollections, when we participated with joyous hilarity in all the triumphs of this manly and invigorating sport. Alas! those days are past, and our "wicket" is struck. Still we remember that "such things were, and were most precious to us." The author of the modest and unpretending little volume before us is John the son of Richard Nyren, the "father and general of the famous Hambledon Club," which ranked among its members the most polished players this country ever produced. The

author belonged to the Club when among its members it could boast of the Duke of Dorset, the Earl of Tankerville, Sir Horace Mann, &c. of whom several amusing anecdotes are related with a truly graphic pen. No records of their achievements, however, met the public eye, and all reminiscence of the old players—of "Old Small," and "Lumpy," and "Hogsflesh," with other worthies of the bat, noble and ignoble in the race from "Shenkin" downwards—who distinguished themselves more than half a century ago would have been lost, had not the author rescued their fame from oblivion by the present publication, in which he has introduced short biographic sketches of them, and their peculiar modes of batting, bowling, fielding, &c.—Ample directions are given for playing the game, and the "Laws, as amended in 1830 by the Marylebone Club," (of which he was also a member,) are appended. He protests strongly against the modern innovation of *throwing* instead of *bowling*; and expresses his fears, "if the system continue, he cannot even hope again to witness such exquisite finish as distinguished the playing of such men as Old Small, and Aylward, and the two Walkers, and Beldham, and Lord Frederick Bleauclerk—the last retired as soon as this system was introduced." The task of collecting and arranging the materials was entrusted to Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, and he has executed his task with much ability, and in a very playful and witty style. The volume is very appropriately dedicated, by permission, to W. Ward, Esq., "the *safest* player in England—first, because he is a countryman, having lived in Hampshire; and secondly, and chiefly, because, as a cricketer, he considers him the most worthy man of the present day to reflect credit on his choice of a patron." The work only requires to be known to be duly appreciated.

#### ANGLING.

An Association on a very superior scale has been established at Driffeld, under the title of "the Driffeld Anglers' Club," for the purpose of

enabling the resident gentry of that district and their friends to enjoy the sport of angling in the beautiful streams in the vicinity in perfection, by the preservation of the fish from poachers and depredators. The following are some of the regulations of the Club:—Each Member to pay 5l. yearly towards the preservation of the fishery. Sir Tatton Sykes, the Hon. M. Langley, and Charles Arkwright, Esq. to be allowed two transferable tickets each, and other Members one each. Proprietors of the stream, who do not subscribe, but consent to the preservation of their portion, to be allowed one ticket each. Gentlemen who reside at Driffeld, or within thirty-eight miles, to be allowed the privilege of fishing for one season, on being recommended by a subscriber, and paying 2l.; and Gentlemen living beyond that distance, 1l. The Secretary of the Club to have power, from time to time, to offer rewards not exceeding 10l. for the apprehension of poachers, and to take legal measures for the protection of the fishery, &c. In the list of Members we observe the names of Lord Scarbrough, Sir Tatton Sykes, Sir Wm. Milner, Sir H. Boynton, Sir T. Legard, Sir W. Cooke, Charles Arkwright, A. Bosville, Harrington Hudson, W. C. Maxwell, G. and F. Foljambe, G. H. Thompson, J. Grimston, Edward H. Reynard, J. F. Foord, Esqs. &c. If the fish can be preserved from destruction by poachers, in a few years' time Driffeld will boast of one of the finest trout fisheries in the kingdom, and which cannot but be of considerable advantage to the town from the attraction it will afford to the "brothers of the angle."

## COURSING.

The Sliedkielter (Ireland) Meeting took place on the 25th and 26th of April, as follows:

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Penrose's Phoenix beat Mr. Alcock's Quick; Mr. Shepperd's Commodore beat Mr. Baker's Regent; Mr. Alcock's Gloster beat Mr. Leigh's Briton; Mr. Power's Bran beat Mr. Leigh's Blast; Mr. Penrose's Pilot beat Mr. Squirrel's Tomboy; Mr. Baker's Beauty beat Mr. Leigh's Miller; Mr.

Penrose's Snowdrop beat Mr. Carr's Major; Mr. Penrose's Snowball agst Mr. Alcock's Snake—undecided: Snake won by a toss.—*First Ties.*—Mr. Penrose's Pilot beat Mr. Shepperd's Commodore; Mr. Baker's Beauty beat Mr. Penrose's Snowdrop; Mr. Power's Bran beat Mr. Alcock's Snake; Mr. Penrose's Phoenix agst Mr. Alcock's Gloster—undecided: Gloster won by a toss.—*Second Ties.*—Mr. Penrose's Pilot beat Mr. Alcock's Gloster; Mr. Baker's Beauty beat Mr. Power's Bran.—*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Penrose's yel. and w. d. Pilot beat Mr. Baker's brin. b. Beauty, and won the Cup.—Pilot was got by Mr. Power's (of Kilfane) Comet, out of Mr. Penrose's old Phoenix, who was got by Barber out of Jewess, own Sister to Champion, that won the Cup at Kilfane, running six courses in one day and killing all his hares.—Pilot, though not two years old, has won two Cups (sixteen dogs running for each) and a number of Matches: he never was beat.

## COCKING.

A Main of cocks was fought during Chester races, between the Earl of Derby and H. B. Hoghton, Esq. for 25 sovs. each battle, 10 each bye, and 500 the main; 40 in the main, and 8 byes, and was won as under:—

| <i>Mr. Hoghton.</i> | <i>M. B.</i> | <i>Lord Derby.</i> | <i>M. B.</i> |
|---------------------|--------------|--------------------|--------------|
| Monday .....        | 6 1          | .....              | 2 0          |
| Tuesday .....       | 5 1          | .....              | 3 0          |
| Wednesday...        | 4 0          | .....              | 4 2          |
| Thursday ...        | 5 0          | .....              | 3 2          |
| Friday .....        | 2 0          | .....              | 6 2          |
| <hr/>               |              | <hr/>              |              |
| 22 2                |              | 18 6               |              |

A Main was fought in the Liverpool race week between Capt. Hawkins (Hines feeder) and Dr. Bellyse (Davies feeder) for 10 sovs. a battle, and 200 the Main, which was decided as follows:—

| <i>Hines.</i> | <i>M. B.</i> | <i>Davies.</i> | <i>M. B.</i> |
|---------------|--------------|----------------|--------------|
| Tuesday ..... | 4 1          | .....          | 2 2½         |
| Wednesday     | 2 1          | .....          | 4 1½         |
| Thursday ...  | 4 0          | .....          | 3 1          |
| Friday .....  | 4 0          | .....          | 3 0          |
| <hr/>         |              | <hr/>          |              |
| 14 2          |              | 12 2           |              |

A Main was fought on the 7th of May at Halmager, Sussex, between the Gentlemen of Chichester (Shaw feeder) and the Gentlemen of Bishop's Weltham (Austin feeder), for 4l. a battle and 20l. the Main; which was a hollow thing in favour of Shaw, who won eight mains and one bye, whilst his competitor only won a single main, and no bye.

## RACES TO COME.

|                                 |        |                                |          |
|---------------------------------|--------|--------------------------------|----------|
| Ascot Heath .....               | June 4 | Hereford .....                 | July 30  |
| Newton .....                    | 5      | York .....                     | August 6 |
| Guildford .....                 | 11     | Worcester .....                | 6        |
| Buxton .....                    | 12     | Shrewsbury .....               | 6        |
| Hampton .....                   | 12     | Brighton .....                 | 7        |
| Bibury Club .....               | 13     | Salisbury .....                | 7        |
| Tenbury .....                   | 13     | Walsall .....                  | 9        |
| Newcastle .....                 | 17     | Wolverhampton .....            | 12       |
| Bath .....                      | 19     | Oxford .....                   | 13       |
| Knighton .....                  | 19     | Leeds .....                    | 14       |
| Wells .....                     | 25     | Leominster .....               | 21       |
| Ludlow .....                    | 26     | Newport Pagnel .....           | 24       |
| Stockbridge .....               | 27     | Yarmouth .....                 | 27       |
| Liverpool, Aintree Course ..... | July 2 | Aberystwyth .....              | 28       |
| Bridgwater .....                | 3      | Northampton .....              | 28       |
| Winchester .....                | 3      | Weymouth .....                 | 28       |
| Newmarket .....                 | 8      | Warwick .....                  | Sept. 3  |
| Preston .....                   | 9      | Dorchester .....               | 4        |
| Taunton .....                   | 10     | Lichfield .....                | 10       |
| Newcastle, Staffordshire .....  | 16     | Leicester .....                | 11       |
| Lancaster .....                 | 16     | Abingdon .....                 | 11       |
| Cheltenham .....                | 16     | Doncaster .....                | 16       |
| Chelmsford .....                | 16     | Heaton Park .....              | 25       |
| Kendal .....                    | 23     | Newmarket First October .....  | 30       |
| Southampton .....               | 23     | Newmarket Second October ..... | Oct. 14  |
| Bridgnorth .....                | 24     | Newmarket Houghton .....       | 28       |
| Goodwood .....                  | 30     |                                |          |

## BETTINGS.

Scarcely anything is yet done on the **LEGER**, the fever on the Derby and Oaks not having subsided. After the York Meeting, Muley Moloch got up to be first favorite, with Belshazzar close at his heels. The prices at Tattersall's on the 27th were as follow:—6 to 1 agst Duke of Cleveland's Muley Moloch (taken); 9 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's Belshazzar (taken); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's Rockingham; 16 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Mussulman; 20 to 1 agst Col. Crawford's The Mole (taken); 20 to 1 agst Lord Warwick's Trepidation (taken); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Anne; 20 to 1 agst Mr. Scott's Connoisseur.

The Settlement of the Derby and Oaks passed off on the 28th very quietly—it appeared a very harmless affair, and not a grumble was heard.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Sporting Subjects in the Royal Academy" is omitted in the Contents of the present Number—it will be found at p. 131.

We are obliged to "X Y Z"—but he should remember the old aphorism, that "the malice of ill tongues cast upon a good man is only like a mouthful of smoke blown upon a diamond, which, though it may cloud its beauty for a moment, is easily rubbed off, and the lustre of the gem restored."

The duel between Lord Camelford and Mr. Best took place on Wednesday the 7th of March 1804. His Lordship died on the following Saturday, the inquest was held on Monday the 12th, and a verdict of "wilful murder," or "felonious homicide" by some person or persons unknown, recorded.—For the full particulars of this affair, see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiii. p. 300, and vol. xxiv. p. 14.

**SUSSEX HUNT RACES.**—A Correspondent writes as follows on the dispute which occurred at these races, as stated in our last, p. 23. "The foolish behaviour of the Stewards—in allowing a half-bred horse to start, who wins two heats, and the Cup is withheld until he produces his pedigree—is the principal reason of Cock-tail racing being in disrepute. Had I been the owner of the winning horse, I would have told them better. The Law of Racing with respect to the case is as follows:—A horse being objected to *before starting*, the owner is bound to produce his certificate then, or in a given time allowed him: if not objected to until *after starting*, the person making the objection is to find out his pedigree. Now it appears they cannot do so; therefore the owner of North Star is entitled to the Stakes."—We agree with our Correspondent that the objection should have been made before starting, and *that* not having been done, the *onus* lies with the objector. The bets go with the decision. If a horse is proved to be *disqualified*, all bets are void.

THE  
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.                      JULY, 1833.                      No. XXXIX.  
SECOND SERIES.

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OF WELLESBOURNE, WARWICKSHIRE.

## PASTIME.

**PASTIME**, from her pedigree, performances, and almost from her name, ought to have adorned our pages some years ago; but the rapid changes she has had in passing from the hands of one to another, and other causes, have prevented her appearance till the present moment. It is true her exploits on the Turf are getting out of memory; but with some they are too good ever to be forgotten, and her fame as a brood-mare is all to come, as none of her produce have hitherto appeared at the post: from her fine powers, however, her exquisite symmetry, and purity of blood, there is little doubt of her shining in the stud, as she did on the course. This picture was painted the first year of her being turned out of training by LAMBERT MARSHALL—the engraving by ROMNEY, which we hope will merit the approbation of our numerous friends. The mare in the water is merely to elucidate an historical fact, that PASTIME has such a horrible hatred to being alone, that up to the time of her portrait being taken, it was impossible to preserve her in that situation: a cat was sufficient; for during the time she was in Prince's stables, pussey absented herself without leave, which was the cause of such a disturbance that Mr. Prince had to get up in the night to restore the runaway companion.

## PEDIGREE.

PASTIME, bay filly, foaled in 1822, bred by Mr. Fuller Craven, was got by Partisan (Son of Walton) out of Quadrille (Sister to Fandango) by Selim; grandam, Canary-bird, by Whiskey or Sorcerer; great grandam, Canary by Coriander; great great

grandam, Miss Green by Highflyer; great great great grandam, Harriet by Matchem; great great great great grandam, Flora by Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Bay Bolton—Belgrade Turk.

## PERFORMANCES.

1825.—At the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Mr. F. Craven's PASTIME and Mr. Vansittart's Darioletta withdrew Stakes in a Subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. (the One Thousand Guinea Stakes), D.M., 8 subs. for which the Duke of Grafton's Tontine by Election walked over.

May 20th, PASTIME ran second to General Grosvenor's Wings by The Flyer, at Epsom, for the Oaks; the Duke of Grafton's Tontine third. Seven others started, but were not placed. This was an excellent race, Wings winning by a neck only, and PASTIME lame. Mr. Fuller Craven, as owner of the second, received 100 sovs. out of the Stakes.

June 21st, PASTIME (rode by A. Pavis) won the Foal Stakes at Winchester, of 50gs. each, h. ft., the New Straight Mile, 13 subs., beating Mr. Shard's Hougomont and Mr. Scaith's Whipcord. Even betting on PASTIME.

1826.—On Monday in the Second October Meeting, PASTIME, at 8st. 2lb., the property of Lord Wharnccliffe, beat Col. Udny's Tarandus, by Sorcerer or Zodiac, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb., T.Y.C., 200, h. ft. Five to 4 on the winner.

November 1st, Houghton Meeting, PASTIME, 8st. 1lb. beat Lord Exeter's Enamel, 8st. 7lb., both four years old, a Match, D.M., 200, h. ft. Seven to 4 on PASTIME.

1827.—At the Craven Meeting, PASTIME, 8st. 2lb., received ft. from Mr. Payne's Helenus, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. D.M., 200, h. ft.

First Spring Meeting, May 1st, PASTIME, 8st. 6lb., won a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds, T.M.M. (four subs.), beating by a length the Duke of Rut-

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land's Adeliza, 8st. 4lb., and Mr. Payne's Barytes, 7st. 12lb. Three to 1 on PASTIME, 5 to 1 agst Adeliza.

At the First October Meeting, PASTIME, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb., won the Trial Stakes, a subscription of 10 sovs. each, weight for age, D.M. 9 subs., beating Mr. Payne's Belzoni, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb., and Col. Wilson's Lamplighter, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. Five others started but were not placed. Six to 4 on Lamplighter, 5 to 1 agst Pastime, 8 to 1 agst Belzoni.

At the Second October Meeting, PASTIME, 9st. 6lb., won the First Class of the Otlands Stakes of 30 sovs. each, B.M. beating Lord Verulam's Brocard, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb., and Lord Exeter's Recruit, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb. Three others started but were not placed, and Mr. Payne's Helenus, 6 yrs, 9st. 6lb. paid. Seven to 2 agst PASTIME, 9 to 2 agst Brocard, 3 to 1 agst Recruit.

1828.—Second Spring Meeting, May 5th, PASTIME, 6 yrs, 9st. 8lb., belonging to Lord Sefton, won the Second Class of a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, T.Y.C., beating Mr. Rush's Carthago, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb., Mr. Dilly's Bielskoi, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb., and Mr. Walker's Spondee, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. Four paid. Seven to 4 on Pastime, 5 to 2 agst Carthago.

1825.—September 20th, PASTIME started for the St. Leger at Doncaster, but was not placed.

1826.—April 13th, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, PASTIME ran third for the Claret Stakes: won by Mr. Wyndham's Chateau Margaux; Lord Exeter's Enamel second.

April 26th, at the First Spring Meeting, PASTIME, at 8st. 9lb. was beat by Mephistophiles, 7st. 11lb. in a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs.

each for horses of all ages, T.Y.C. Eight others started, but were nowhere. Three to 1 agst the winner, 8 to 1 agst PASTIME.

1827.—At the Second Spring Meeting, PASTIME, 5 yrs, paid ft. to Col. Wilson's Lamplighter, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. each, D.M., 100, h. ft.

At the Houghton Meeting, Monday, PASTIME, 8st. 9lb. was beat by Col. Wilson's Lamplighter, 4 yrs, 8st. a Match, T.M.M., 100, h. ft. Ten to 6 on PASTIME.—On the Friday following, PASTIME ran third for the Audley End Stakes of 80 sovs. each, A.E.C. (one mile six furlongs): won by Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Souvenir; Col. Udny's Amphion second.

1828.—At the Craven Meeting, PASTIME ran second to Col. Wilson's Lamplighter for the Craven Stakes: Mr. Ridsdale's Sharpset by Cervantes third; Mr. Wyndham's Chateau Margaux fourth; Mr. Payne's Belzoni fifth; General Grosvenor's Goblet by Skim sixth.

Oct. 28th, Houghton Meeting, PASTIME was engaged in a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, M.M. and paid.—October 30th, started for a Handicap of 10 sovs. each, T.Y.C. but was not placed. Won by the Duke of Richmond's Gulnare, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. first running a *dead heat* with Mr. Rush's Carthago, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.

At the sale of Lord Sefton's Stud, at Tattersall's, June 14th, 1830, PASTIME, covered by Emilius, was purchased for Sir Mark Wood at 470gs.—produce engaged in the Riddlesworth, 1834 (*dead*): produce engaged also in the Riddlesworth 1837; stallion to be named in the July Meeting 1833: produce or failure to be declared in the July Meeting 1834.

## MANCHESTER MEETING.

SIR,

A Vacant hour, an itch for scribbling, and an inclination bent to sporting pursuits, induce me to intrude myself upon your columns, to fill up a vacuum

which I regret to see left vacant by all your highly interesting and talented Correspondents, who so ably as well as accurately furnish us with the pith of everything

interesting at the several Meetings in this Sportive Kingdom: that omission is the Meeting at Manchester, a town which, in a sporting view, certainly ranks next to the Metropolis for the numbers of its Turfmen, and its never-failing interest in the racing of this country.—I here give you a few slight notices of its principal incidents, which, if you possess no better, may possibly be worth transporting to the pages of your next month's entertaining periodical.

To those who usually attend the Meetings on Kersall Moor, I need not say that the turn-out, from the stately coach down to the humble "*padder of the hoof*," amounted as usual to some scores of thousands; an immense number of which would, no doubt, never see either race, horse, rider, or anything pertaining to Turf paraphernalia; which is, however, always the case no matter where. Some seek "*the Bagatelle*," or "*the Rouge et Noir*," some "*the Knack-Board*;" others "*the Three-sticks-a-penny*," and no few "*the pint and pipe*:" all have, like us, their hobbies, and here all seem to enjoy it.

The weather, though not wet, was truly insupportable—the extreme heat, and the high wind which blew the sand piping hot from the baking it had previously sustained, on the course, which is of a sandy nature, and generously filling the mouths of all, produced insatiable and intolerable thirst, calling forth far more potations than I fear our Temperance Societies would have allowed us, though, like the children of Israel, we had to suffer no little from parched tongues and choking dust. The heat, indeed, produced so great a declension

in the publicans and booth-keepers' stocks, that very many of "*the casks sounded out of tune*;" and no few of the Bonifaces, like many others, *were cleaned out*.

The ground was as hard as flint, and made it undoubtedly *dangerous* running, though without any hope of going fast enough to win a Derby Stakes. Indeed an old friend and Turfman declared to me that he believed the course was as hard as in the memorable year 1793, when, from the excessively drougthy season, the course was so hard, that out of only twenty-one horses that started at that Meeting, the following eight were severely lamed—Mr. Clifton's Citizen by Pacolet, Mr. Garforth's Rosalind by Phenomenon, Mr. Chichester's Mendoza, Mr. Hulton's Cavendish, Lord Donegal's Weazel, Mr. Arnold's Messenger, Mr. Ridley's Heiress, and Sir J. Leicester's Smoker. Many of these were severely injured, particularly Rosalind, who was so very lame as to be got back to her stable with great difficulty, and on reaching it she dropped down and was not able to get on her feet for some days: indeed the late Mr. John Acred of Whitewall Corner, who at that day trained her, had to remain at the late Mr. Leicester's house near the course (where the horses then all stood), in attendance on her for a month or more after the Meeting, before she was able to travel for home, and she never started after. I have been thus particular in naming this as a memorable period, which has been the subject of much conversation in the district some hundreds of time. Since that period much has been done for the course in the way of improve-

ment, else, perhaps, the same dire effects might this year have been manifested ; though in the days of 1793 we should remember that four-mile heats were the most fashionable order of the day. However, thanks to the Fates, no disaster, accident, or mishap occurred that I could hear of ; not even a single individual killed, which is too frequently the case, from the effects of carelessness, or the influence of the Jolly God. But

“ ’Tis time we should return to plain narration,  
And thus my narrative proceeds.”

WEDNESDAY. — The opening piece was the Produce, a mile and three-quarters, with a show of three from an engagement of seven—four getting out by paying half. These three were Honeymoon, Comptroller, and Ostrich. The Comptroller gained the favour of the gazers, and was backed at 5 to 4 on him ; while 2 to 1 was laid against Ostrich’s powers of flying. Honeymoon took the first *sweets* of the *play*, followed by Ostrich up to the distance, where the Comptroller came up, and a very determined sharp run took place with him and the Ostrich, who was only able to fly from him no more than a neck, though cleverly, at the end: well ridden by Darling. Ostrich is a very good-like horse, and shews to have a good share of running about him, and it is to be regretted his worthy owner has not put him in the Leger. The Comptroller is also a stout useful good-like nag.

The Wilton Stake, for all ages, a mile and three-quarters, followed, with three aspirants, Contest, Falconbridge, and Wolverhampton. Falconbridge (who it will be remembered was pur-

chased last year from the stud of the late Lord Scarbrough) made the most show up to the distance, when Darling came up with Contest, and a severe wrestle took place with the two, both running head and head at a neck-break speed until within the last stride or two, when all Johnson’s best efforts on Falconbridge proved abortive, by his horse shewing that foul stain “ the white feather,” and swerving quite off, which of course threw Contest (who was backed at even) in the first. Wolverhampton was *sent to Coventry* early in the race, for he never could get up to enjoy the least taste of his companions’ society.

A *Free Handicap*—only you *must* carry the weight imposed upon you—was the next affair, and brought five at the standard. Good Handicaps are novelties not often met with, to produce anything like bringing the nags close together ; but this was the reverse of custom, for it produced a good race. Priscilla (6st. 4lb.) made the running, pretty well attended by Jemima (7st. 6lb.), rode by Morris Jones, up to within the distance ; and here Dodgson brought up Lelevo (6st. 7lb.), and made a very smart run home with Jemima, who only carried away the *cap*, *feathers*, and *monish* by a head, with even betting on her—Sally Barlow, Prince, and Priscilla, not even getting a place.

Our patriot King’s Golden Gift, with three miles and a distance to go for it, closed the day’s fun ; Contest, shewing a second time along with Giovanni and The Earl. Darling on Contest, with 6 to 4 on him, made the running to within half a distance from home, when Harry

Arthur came up on Giovanni, and carried off the Stake very cleverly—the Earl, with all his *blushing* honours thick upon him, far in the rear.

Thus ended the first chapter.

THURSDAY commenced with a turn-out of the following six two-year-olds:—

Lord Derby's Magnus,  
Mr. Cook's Inheritor,  
Mr. Houldsworth's Partridge,  
Mr. Cooke's colt by Lottery,  
Mr. Leicester's Cherubini,  
Mr. Beardsworth's Gadabout filly.

I must say that these Lancashire turfites shew themselves more cunning about the young ones than any of their near or distant neighbours; and here was another instance in point: Partridge was *not in season*, 5 to 2 being laid against her, even though she came from *the preserves* of their worthy townsman, turfman, or spinner, whichever you like, for in each and all capacities I believe him to be equally honored and esteemed. Neither could Inheritor find inheritance in their eyes, except at a discount of 4 to 1; but not so with Magnus: he was the apple of the eye, at only 2 to 1; and "sure enough," as the Irishman said, "he did the trick" in good style, winning cleverly by a length. He made the running, Partridge and Inheritor following after down the hill to the distance; and here Mr. Cooke's colt came up, and with Inheritor endeavored to "shew off" as *first-raters*; but they were soon compelled to retire behind, and leave the favored Magnus (a good-like horse, who in shape and colour forcibly reminded me of The Colonel wot won the Leger) master of the field, well ridden by Simon Templeman. Inheritor, a strong useful animal, ridden by Robert

Heseltine, ran in second; and Partridge, a smart light mare, ridden by Darling, *alighting* third; the rest nowhere.

Now came the Leger, of 25 sovs. each, with the advantage of 100 added to it, and the owner of the second to have his Stake returned, the usual Leger length, seven subs., and but one absent. Sir Thomas Stanley's La Grace, the favorite at even, and ridden by Templeman, made the running, followed pretty closely by Sam Darling on his flying Ostrich, and the two shewing their less speedy companions that they were not capable of moving to advantage in the same sphere as themselves, for not one of the others could be said to have any participation in the race. On gaining the distance Darling put his horse first, and won cleverly two or three lengths; La Grace, coming in, of course, second. The other four, who shewed such moderate abilities, were Moselle, Schemer, Larkspur, and Eve. La Grace is a fine strong useful mare. Two to 1 was laid against the winner, and nothing but La Grace and him named.

The Gold Cup, or a bit of Plate, was next put forth as a tempter, worth a hundred: to it was added of course a subscription of ten each, and a gift of thirty for the second. All these addings and givings only gained six engagers, and but three performers. Johnson, on Lord Derby's Speculator, made the running to the distance, when Heseltine came up with Physician, and administered a dose which compelled Speculator to resign the rivalry, and consequently the Doctor won easy; Speculator dropping in second, and Sally

Barlow (who was beat on Wednesday some distance for the Handicap) well up: which goes to say, that first-rate abilities were absent in the race. Speculator undoubtedly had lost his wonted action, probably from the severe contests which he ran for the two Cups at Chester, which, together with the hard state of the ground, completely put his good properties entirely out of the way, else Mr. Skipsey would have found that it required a more talented Physician than his to have knocked his head off. The odds were even between Physician and Speculator.

The Maiden Plate of Sixty followed, and closed the second day's feast, bringing forth five—of these Mr. George Oates's (the trainer's) mare *Venus parted with her maidenhead*, by winning it easy at two heats, rode by Tommy Lye.

FRIDAY.—We had four appointments, and all boasting that great stimulant, a voluntary "Gift from the fund, or public Purse," either as the whole Stake or an addition, a liberality which presented itself with every Stake save one, and the King's Guineas, throughout the whole Meeting, and which, thanks to the open hearts of the Lancashire Lads, we cannot find paralleled at any other Meeting in the nation. Indeed the Manchester Meetings have stood now for many years pre-eminently distinguished for their munificent liberality. From these four appointments we could be said only to have had but one race; the cause I know not, and leave for others to explain—that was, the Lancashire Stake of 25 sovs. each, with stipulated forfeits, and 100 added, altogether amounting to some two hundred

and seventy-five pounds, and the second saving his stake—two miles and a quarter. For this five turned out, as follow:

Mowbray Hill ...rode by T. Lye.  
 Manchester .....S. Darling.  
 Sir John .....Calloway.  
 Ocean.....W. Weatherill.  
 Mr. Houldsworth's Trident.

But who jocked the latter I do not now remember. Mowbray Hill, from his victorious struggle at Liverpool Spring Meeting, was the pet at even: 2 to 1 was laid agst Manchester, and nought else either fancied or named. Manchester, emulous to show off, made play at a very severe and heart-breaking pace, followed by Sir John up to within the distance, where all else were tailed off far and wide behind. John then came alongside, made a very severe run home, won at last with great difficulty by a head only, and pulled up very lame.

The Kersall Stake for half-bred ones was walked for by Mr. Wilden's br. m. Miss Tramp; and the Broughton Stake was taken in the same manner by Mr. Lacey's Moselle by Chateau Margaux.

The usual Hundred Pound Plate, according to custom, was the tail-piece, for which only two, The Cardinal and Catgut, appeared; the latter, I suppose, merely starting (and perhaps paid for it) to obtain for the other the Stake, consequently as regarded racing it was all *Moonshine*—The Cardinal, with Darling, taking the money by going the distance, without being put the least out of temper, and Catgut following in the rear.

Thus closed our Whitsuntide's sports, and now I conclude my observations by subscribing myself yours, &c. FRIEND NED.

Liverpool, June 1, 1833.

## GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE NORTH.

**T**HIS Scene is taken on the spot—the figures from portrait sketches made by Mr. Marshall some time ago; the picture painted by LAMBERT MARSHALL purposely for this work, and engraved by ROMNEY. The Pointers are of the true Kingston breed, said by some, in these days of *rail-roads, steam, and flying fox-hounds*, to be “rather slow:” but if a Sportsman wants something faster than the one that has found the birds, it must be to catch such as he has not the skill to get by other means; and if he wishes to see anything more

steady, he can only find it by looking at the Lion on Northumberland House. The Noble families of Manvers, Cawdor, Pierrepont, Campbell, &c. still venerate this breed of dogs.

The Setter that is backing so patiently is descended from the breed long in the possession of Capt. William Churchill of the Guards, the friend, both in youth and manhood, of His late Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who invariably declared that of all four-footed animals he ever knew, these were the nearest to perfection.

## CRICKET MATCH WITH EAST AND WEST SUSSEX.

SIR,  
**T**HE recent fine weather has produced the bat and ball on every good bit of turf in the neighbourhood, with the exception of that delightful spot Goodwood Park. This may not be the case a few seasons hence; the young Earl of March is of a family who always bore a conspicuous part in the noble game, and every part of a match can be conveniently viewed from the whole east front of Goodwood House. On the 3d and 4th inst. a good muster assembled on Woolavington Common to witness the decision of a match by the East and West Divisions of Sussex, wherein there was much to admire, and (let truth be spoken) something to object to; I mean only in the fielding department. The game terminated thus—West 31 and 40—total 71; East 64 and 8—72. The bowling of Lillywhite was so perfectly correct as to set at nought the science of “Our Jem,” W. Broadbridge, Hooker, &c., and I am certain that had my unknown yet courteous friend, JOHN STUMP, been present, he would have given him his meed of approbation. A “recruit” in the eleven from the East, who

played in the name of *Goad*, bowled at the other wicket, and gave promise of future excellence. The wicket keeping of *Box* is close, neat, and never failing, and reminds me of what W. Slater’s was before he broke his finger. The Western party took the field with spirit, and indeed, with that able coadjutor *luck*, lowered four wickets for a single run! After which *Hudson* and *Morley* exchanged a few greetings *en passant* between the wickets, and turned the tide of fortune in their favour, ultimately winning by seven wickets. I hope to see the return match in the Royal Cricket Grounds, Brighton; and if so, will send you the result.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

CH. CHESTER.

June 10, 1833.

P.S. I have just been informed that a Gentleman’s Club is about to be formed for Goodwood Park. I am pleased to hear it. Mr. Ladbroke is residing within a few miles’ ride, and he could put them in the way they should go. A hint or two from such an experienced cricketer is invaluable on these occasions.

**LIROUSE SHOOTING.**

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## A LETTER FROM QUARTOGENARIAN.

SIR,

**D**URING my late sojourn in the land for which Dean Swift said "God had done everything and man nothing;" being moreover in a part of it redolent of swamp and snipe, in order to fulfil my promise to your correspondent "P. M.," I made every inquiry and investigation possible respecting the Jack Snipe and its habits. I am sorry to say I could learn or hear of little I was not aware personally of before, and which amounts to nearly as little, but which certainly induces me to say that the Jack Snipe does not breed with us *anywhere*\*. On my return home, on the 1st day of this month, I resumed, on my own ground, this investigation, and with an old dog, *perfectly manageable*, perambulated the Moor of Dornoch, and the haughs which lie immediately below this house, between it and the Ern River, where the common or whole snipe breed abundantly. The result was the same: I found plenty of young snipes, as well as old ones, but *no jacks*. Now in what is termed *the season*, there are both jacks and whole snipes on these low grounds. That the jack was the male of the species is an idea so absurd to my poor notions, that how it originated is hardly to be accounted for; but I had in Ireland a very long argument with a *soi-disant* naturalist, who insisted on it, upon no better grounds than I could discover than that he found it in

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the Synopsis of some antiquated ornithologist—an authority which with him it was treason to deny. I asked him how he could account for the total absence of these birds when the hen (or female, more properly perhaps speaking) were sitting, as they did? He at first instanced Black Game; but that ground not being tenable, this "learned Theban" had recourse to the general issue, that there was no accounting for the ordinations of Nature. Now every shooting sportsman knows that the cock or male snipe is most assiduous, and when disturbed shews his anxiety by his whistling and drumming in the air over the nest. An old work I have before quoted, *Anonymous Essay on Shooting*, says on this subject, "Among the common snipes some are larger than others; these are thought to be the males:" and Colonel Hawker takes no notice of it, but, following Bewick, classes the jack as a distinct species. This, no doubt, he is; and, I have as little, does not breed in this country, save and except possibly by accident, of which, however, I have never seen any remark or notice.

Now, scarcely a season passes but we see accounts in some of the country prints of a woodcock's nest being found, and all are aware that these birds do migrate northwards to breed, so that it is only the wounded birds who remain per force. On the same principle, it might be fair to

\* I do not mean to *decide* that the jack snipe breeds in *no* part of Ireland: I only say I could not ascertain that it did in that part I was. If any Irish subscriber can throw any light on the subject, I shall feel much obliged to the informer. My own feeling is that they emigrate.

presume that Master Jackey might condescend, even among us occasionally, to enter into the wedded state; but what a woodcock would carry well away is annihilation to the minikin jack, and the fact is, he is either killed or missed. Where these birds *do* breed, I am sorry to say, I can afford as little information; they are said (that is the snipe) to incubate in vast quantities in Germany and Switzerland, as well as in Sweden, Norway, &c.; and I should imagine Holland and the South of France might be added.

In the spring of the year 1810, I chanced to be crossing the Atlantic in a frigate, and we were blown off the Western Islands (Azores) in a gale of wind; for reasons (which as a landsman and a passenger, of course, I knew nothing) it was considered requisite to make these Islands again; and the day after the gale subsided, the weather being very fine, we were running down upon Corvo, when an individual happening to go into the quarter-gallery, the window of which was open a *little*, found a jack snipe jammed in this opening, and in the last gasp of death: where he had come from, of course, it was impossible to conjecture; but that he had fought a fearful flight was evident, for he was almost a skeleton—at the time we were fifty miles north of Corvo, and it was the month of March.

Thus much is more what has arisen from the inquiries I have endeavored to make, than anything approaching to an answer to "P. M.," whose question is, "What is become of the usual quantity of the jack snipes this

season?" This was in your Notice, Mr. Editor, to Correspondents, in the last March Number; and immediately below *you* have given a short extract from the *Norwich Mercury*, which, in my humble opinion, is the only answer to the question, *viz.* "that fine and delicate apprehension with which these living thermometers of Nature anticipate a severe or mild season." The moor on which I shoot, above mentioned, has in most seasons a very fair sprinkling of jack snipe, who *never arrive* until the whole ones which breed on it depart, which they do *en masse regularly*, and *always* with an east wind, about the end of October. So completely do they disappear, that you might empty your ammunition at them *one* day, and not see *one* bird the *next*. During their absence generally, jacks are to be met with; and on their return, which is as regular and as sudden in the end of February, as certainly Master Jackey cuts his stick; where it would seem as yet is best known to himself. Having (for the times) very good winter shooting, in pursuit of which I am obliged to use heavy shot, I seldom trouble these gentry, of which, however, a few couples are mostly seen. Last season, being about to send a box of game to a particular friend, and wishing to have some of all sorts, I tried (it was in the month of January) very hard for some of these little birds. In three days' close beat I saw but two, both in the unfrozen rills proceeding from a strong spring: the frost was intense, but there was *no snow*. Better ground for wild-fowl generally in a favorable season, for its extent, than this

place there is not on earth, but the degree of hardness *must* be *just* to a *certain* point; for let it be over or under, no matter how trifling the degree, there is little, I might more truly say *no* chance of success. I shall endeavor to explain this, as it goes to give the little opinion I can presume to offer as the result of my own experience on the matter, and most fully corroborates the Norwich Editor's remarks and conclusion.

The first year I shot on this ground, now the eleventh season, was a particularly hard year; but there was abundance of snow, the fall of which of course softens the temperature, and I had excellent sport. I was told, however, I was not to expect that every year, as it was a good deal owing to the weather. The perverse vanity of human nature prompted me, however, to attribute it a good deal to the pains I took in suitably dressing myself, &c. &c., and the second year being nearly as good as the first, I was very high on the point. The third year came "a *frost*, a *killing frost*," not to the ducks, for I got scarcely any, and I, "good easy man," was almost as chap-fallen as old Wolsey.

When a long frost is accompanied by snow, the snow keeps the weather at such temperature that the brooks and drains that have springs in them, or are fed by springs, do not freeze, and then the birds resort to them from all quarters for the sake of feeding: when this severe weather is unaccompanied by snow, the frost is so much severer that these freeze, and they can get no place to dabble or feed in; and I can

safely say (for my first disappointment caused me to watch these matters very narrowly) that in *no one* of these years, when the frost is unaccompanied by snow, have we *anything like the same quantity* of foreign wild birds as in other years, or cocks, or *jack snipes*. We are never here without plenty of ducks, common teal, &c. but then they breed all round this district in vast quantities: but even these in such a winter (without snow) leave us altogether. On the third year above described, when I found that in two days I could not see a *single* head on ground the two preceding years on which I had killed scores, and had seen scores before the frost set in, but at a most respectful distance, it set me to find out where they went: *that* I was soon informed of; to the Carse of Struan, where there were abundance of springs always open. Having my own misgivings as to this, and being on the *qui vive* on the subject, it was not long before I hailed the gamekeeper of that place: "Well, Tom, you have had capital sport at the ducks I am given to understand!"—"Who told you that? I have not seen a duck these four days; I thought they were all away to the Pow and your drains; d—l a duck have we." My curiosity being excited, to which a little touch of vexation was no bad spur, I was determined to know where they *did* go, and, after no little pains, satisfactorily ascertained that they went off in a legion, "horse, foot, dragoons, &c. &c." to the tide estuaries of the Forth and Tay, the first of which is about twenty miles south, the other as

many north of this district, on the salt mud banks of which they fed, and in the vicinity of which they *remained*. This was exactly the case last year: I never saw a worse: we had a long iron-bound frost without a particle of snow. I killed but few ducks; indeed (from particular reasons) I did not try it much; and saw but the two jack snipes above-mentioned—and this fact, *which I know*, that in such years we are not visited in any plenty by the foreign birds, will prove, that these living thermometers can apprehend and anticipate whether a season will be more or less mild or severe—and which “P. M.” I think (under correction always, however) may take as a reason, and a not very insufficient one, why he “only saw five in places where at other times he had found them in tolerable quantity.”

Having now come to the length of my tether—and it has been none of the longest—concerning the judcock or *gallinigula*, I shall take the opportunity of making a remark about these birds generally, which though it more especially concerns them, or any water bird, yet in a manner is applicable to all kinds of game, and leads into farther considerations. Half of the snipes that are brought to bag fall into water or swampy ground, and if crammed into a game-bag in such state will not do to keep, and are worse than nothing to send any distance, as by the time they arrive they are generally carrion. Now as I know nothing more careless in the sender, offensive in every sense of the word to the receiver, and provoking to both; as it will apply moreover to any bird which

may fall into water, and which may be wanted to send; and as even Colonel Hawker has made no more mention of it than to say a bird in such state should be dressed immediately; I will, trifling as it is, shew how birds falling in water are to be treated so as to make them perfectly good to keep or send. The bird when lifted should be well but gently shaken to and fro, and then well wiped with a handkerchief. Instead of being put into the game bag, it should be suspended by the legs to the strap of the shot-belt with a piece of twine, or your attendant may carry it any how so that it be well exposed to the action of wind and atmosphere; at different halts it may be wiped afresh. In shooting snipes, or in moory ground for other game, a kind of machine may be used (if the sportsman is very particular), and I shall subsequently describe such. On arriving at home they should be carefully placed upon a turned-up fender within the *heat*, but out of the *power*, of a good fire, and some one should keep constantly turning and wiping them. When dry, insert a corn of allspice in each eye, and one in the bill and vent—then hang them up—if wanted to send, dust them (and see it goes well in among the feathers) with ground pepper, roll them separately in clear white paper, and they will go *any* distance *any* other bird will, as I have often proved.

It happened to me not very long ago that wanting most particularly to send a box of game a *very* long distance, every head (even a hare) fell in swampy ground: the box had to be sent

through the medium of different carriers; but it arrived in perfect order, so much so as to allow of the game being kept some days for a particular purpose.

I never see an August pass, but the papers even are full of complaints of the state in which grouse arrive, and indeed, considering the weather at that period, let it be what it may, this, all things taken into view, is little to be wondered at. That it might be rendered of much less frequent occurrence by a little more care, it will not be very difficult to shew. A third part and more of the birds which fall to the gun in August are young ones, and generally at such distances that they get the body of the charge. In this state they are rammed (generally) into game-bags higgledy piggledy, until it is cram full, and are half crushed and putrefied before they can get home. Then they must be sent off, *à l'instant*; there is no time, and they are crammed into a box to take their fate: the sportsman has done his work, and fulfilled his promise: it *shews* what he has done, and in *many* cases answers all he cares for; while the expectant *gourmand* is left to all the horrors of nausea and bitter disappointment. Now this is not *fair*, more especially as the latter generally has to pay expensive carriage; and I am serious when I say that the sender ought to think of something more than his crack shooting, and manage his birds *right*, before he sends them off, which will do more than anything else to ensure their keeping, far more than all the careful packing in the world.

This is all very fine, the reader, if it meets one, will say, and

comes very well from a fellow turned of forty, just merging into the chronic state of that unavoidable disease *the oulds*, arising from repeated attacks of the *anno Domini* complaint; but pray who is to stop the ardour of a young crack shot? Who, indeed!

About five or six seasons back, a shot, than to whom there has been none more celebrated in our late abounding annals, came down into this vicinity to shoot on the preserved moors of a Nobleman, which, if not altogether the best, are inferior to none in Scotland. The owner was most anxious that his guest should meet with the best sport, as he had a private wager with another celebrated shot, who was working on the best moors in the North of Scotland, as to who would kill most in their tour. The one in question shot with two new double fourteen-gauges, by Joe Manton, one of which was handed to him by an active attendant the moment the first was off; and so quick were they, that he *very* frequently discharged three barrels at the one rise, and in several instances all four. He bagged upwards of seventy brace the first day, out of which *three brace only* were fit to take home: some of the birds to the *first* barrel were blown into rags, and never lifted; the remainder were given away. I saw some at a little inn I was staying at, being shooting that year on adjoining hills in Glenlednaig: they had to be made into pies, for roast they would not—they could not hang together.

Many of the birds sent are in a condition little better. How then are birds to be managed, so as to give the sender a fair chance of putting them down the red lane?

By giving them a little more time before you fire; and, next, not carrying them in game-bags of any description. Two pieces of broad girth web, which will reach over a man's shoulder to his waist-band before and behind, like common braces, should be joined by pieces across the back and chest at top, and the loins and stomach below; to these pieces of twine should be fastened at regular distances, and your attendant, having these bandoleers slung on him, should fasten each bird by the legs. As much, nay more, as can be *crammed* into any game-bag will thus be left unbruised to the action of air and sun, instead of being made into a young dunghill, and already magoted by the time you get home. Even here they are liable to fly-blows; but a plentiful peppering is the best preventive against that, though, if there is time, such should be carefully brushed off. Hops are no doubt the best thing to pack in; next *clean* white paper.

Any man who shoots much in the winter in wet and swampy ground may have a pair of smaller bandoleers made for the purpose of carrying such birds as may have fallen in wet, if he be very particular; though generally the belt of the game-bag will answer all the purpose.

Having begun this letter about snipes, I shall conclude it with something concerning them, but which will allow me to make a remark or two, that may come in here as well as anywhere else, and which have occurred to me from a little matter lately experienced. I saw not long ago, indeed it matters not, but I forget where, what professed to be "advice to young sportsmen on snipe shooting, and

the kind of gun best adapted for such practice." All I recollect about it is, that a single gun had the call, for the no reason at all, "*that it was good enough!*" Of any kind of shooting that I have practised, I know none for which a double gun is more peculiarly necessary. There are (all old snipe-shooters know) just two moments to *take* a snipe—the one immediately as he makes the second wheel after he rises and commences his cork-screw manoeuvres; the other, as he finishes his girations, and goes off. Now, if you have only a single gun, you must content yourself with but one of these well-known chances; whereas with a double both are at your option, and if you miss the first, you will be in precise readiness, as to time, to avail yourself of the other. I *know* there is no bird I oftener miss with my first, and kill with the remaining barrel, than a snipe. The gun then—and I say it fearlessly—which the beginner, or any indeed who may not turn up their nose at me and my advice, should carry for the purpose principally of snipe-shooting, should be a light double one of 16 or 17 gauge, and not over. What! so small a bore for percussion! Yes: whatever clamour has been raised, and whatever has been published on this head, however sanctioned by authority, to question which would not at least be popular, it is not Gospel, nor even founded in fact. I do not mean to say that many of the old small-bore flint guns would be strong enough, and therefore mean that the barrels should be made purposely; but a narrow bore is not *dangerous*, as has been broadly asserted, nay I

might say decided. A narrow bore shoots much the sharpest—mind I don't mean quickest; all percussions shoot quick enough, and agree much best with small shot; and for snipes, to do any real good, 8 and 9 are the only numbers admissible. Wide-bored guns, to shoot well, require *proportionably* a much larger charge of shot, and in common shooting a small bore will hit harder with a less charge; for *heavy* charges and *large* shot, wide bores are indispensable.

After all, old George Hanger has said nearly as much to the purpose in few words about that as any one—"If one barrel weighs only three pounds and a half, and another four pounds and a half, the latter will carry a larger charge, shoot stronger, and, having more resistance from its supertor weight, will not strike the shoulder more than the lighter barrel with a smaller charge." But, to have been accurate, George should have said the four-pound-and-a-half barrel should be a gauge or two wider than the other. The gun I would recommend—and I state it fearlessly, in the confident experience of two guns made purposely within the last two years—for snipe, or early partridge shooting, is a 17-gauge, made purposely strong enough at the breeches and elsewhere. It may be said, or rather thought, you are more likely to miss with a small bore; better miss than wound: and although small bores do carry closer, and consequently, when you cover fair, do more execution, yet their lightness allows you to lay on so much readier, that, take them all in all (for snipes especially), they are much the

best. When percussion came in, it was a sort of world's wonder, and must be different from everything else. Everybody (concerned) had something to say about it, and the opinions which were deemed most worthy not merely eschewed narrow bores, but dubbed them dangerous. I acknowledge I was carried away with the torrent, and, struck with the advantages of the detonating system, put away more than one valuable gun for wide bores. I am convinced, from "the proof of the pudding," that there never was a more mistaken notion.

I shall conclude with a few words about the stock of a gun, having more than once been very much annoyed by a practice among all makers, town and country, that have come under my notice. He that has a tolerably long neck, &c. requires what is called a crooked stock, and a man ordering such tells the gun-maker accordingly, who as frequently not only gives it a little more hang or bend in the grip, but, *oh, monstrum!* bends it again in front of the guard, *by which the muzzle is depressed.* All the elevations in the world are useless when so foul a mistake is committed; yet it is a very common one. I saw several guns lately, one a splendid, and as good a one of Mortimer's, useless from it. Every gun-stock should run off in a direct straight line from the guard, the *crookedness* alone being given by the fall or bend being greater, and the stock longer behind. Having been terribly plagued, more than once, before I found this out, I mention it for the benefit of all and sundry whom it may con-

cern. It may appear very obvious, and the reader may dub me a d—d thick-headed fellow, "*crassaque Minervâ*." Welcome. But I saw a very clever Engineer Officer the other day, whose beautiful models and mechanism I was admiring, in the same box as to his gun, and who was not very tender in the epithets he

applied to himself when he was shewn where the rub was, which he perceived at once.

Having lately been in Ireland, I will answer "P. M." by a question—Has he ever shot or seen the solitary snipe, or can any of your readers tell me anything about it?

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

## CURSORY REMARKS ON THE BREED OF ASIATIC HORSES.

SIR,

I Was rather surprised to find, in a note attached to that wonderful print called *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, some remarks which appeared to me to be singularly flippant, condemnatory of the Desert Arabian horse, and extolling the superiority of the Anatolian Turco horses as a very superior race; and further deriving the descent of our celebrated English blood from the Anatolians, and not from the Arabs, who, says the Author in a very confidential manner, are but little worth, being reared where there is but little pasture on arid deserts, and by consequence being undersized, while the rich pastures of Anatolia encourage the growth of the horse. Why did you not add likewise, oh Author of *Wondrous Alroy*, his coarseness? Art thou aware, thou writer of the *Wondrous Tale*, that the luxuriant pasturage is injurious to the beauty and appearance of the horse? that sweet herbage, however prettily it may sound, tends to produce clumsiness and deformity? that a colt luxuriously grazed loses many of the fine properties of his blood, becomes cartish in look and action, and, it has been said, and I rather believe

tried, that the thorough-bred English horse turned into the rich marshes of Flanders would in three generations lose every trace of his noble breeding? It is very well known that to develop all the fine points of the blood horse, to bring out prominently all the distinctive muscles and peculiar emblems of his *caste*—the snorting wide-spreading nostril, the broad forehead, vein branched and fleshless, the proud glancing eye, the quivering small ear, the straining throat, the arching neck and deep-heaving chest, the gigantic sinewy arm, and the clean antelope-like limb, with the flat solidity of bone and its wonderful garniture of strong ligaments closely entwined, but each most palpable to the human touch—to produce all these in utmost perfectness, such as we see it occasionally displayed in the English blood horse, but yet more prominently in the Arab Desert horse, rich herbage is but little required. Take two colts equally well bred from the dam, rear *one upon dry meat principally*, with only an occasional seasoning of green forage, merely sufficient to act as a gentle diuretic; and let the other have the run of the

verdant meadow, up to his knees in sweet herbage ; and it will be seen at the expiration of three years that the nurture according to the *Desert practice* has produced a more blood-like, a more casty-looking animal, with much more strength and sinewy muscle, than the Anatolian pasture system, to which the Author of *Alroy* ascribes the size, beauty, and superiority—in his opinion—of the horses of that part of Asia Minor. And he then throws out a conjecture that the Godolphin Arabian, from his size, was probably an Anatolian. Suppose him so, it is but a further argument in favour of the Desert Arab, from whom no doubt he was descended, as are all the Eastern horses, the studs of the Sultan and principal Turkish Officers of the Pachas of Egypt and Damascus, which may be seen exercising in the Almeidan, in the plains of Cairo, near the beautiful tombs of the Mamhoub Sultans, or in the rich meadows of Syria. The most valued horses of the Persian Shah and the most powerful Emirs are those of pure Desert blood ; but which are they is a question naturally demanded, but not so easily answered.

There are the splendid horses of Dongola—in size, in beauty, in spirit, in grandeur of carriage, surpassing even the English blood breed ; and yet, oh Author of the Wondrous Tale, reared in the Egyptian Desert, amidst the tents of the wandering Bedouins, and nurtured by the ebonied Nubian. Then we have the everlasting, the toil-enduring, the gaunt, bony, spare-looking steed of large size, with the fleshless, good, but plain head, styled the Roman, the courageous camel-quality

Turcoman, bred in the Deserts of the Caspian, on the banks of the Oxus and Jaxartes, the far-famed Parthian horse, who from the days of Afra-Siab were the terror of *Iran* ; and who, under the Sassanides disputed the Empire of the Eastern World.

Turn to the banks of the Euphrates, to the decayed but once-splendid seats of the Caliphs of the Black Banner—to the cradle of the Arabian Tales—to the Queen of the East—Bagdad, the beloved capital of the Great Haroun al Reschid—and there we have a breed of horses uniting the fire of the Persian with the symmetry and enduring qualities of the Desert horse. Go further to the southward, cross the Great River, roam among the settled tribes who have pitched their tents on the verge of civilisation, near unto the great cities, the dwellings of slaves as they are not unaptly termed by the Bedouins, and you may lay your hand on the flowing horses of the Montafique Arabs, all chesnut, with the starting prominent eye, like an ember glowing, “full of fire and full of bone,” and all *singularly and invariably* stamped with the peculiar distinctive marks of their caste—the *white-blazed face*, and white legs (*generally three*) white up to the knee, perhaps the ancestors of the great Eclipse, a chesnut also with these remarkable marks, and which sometimes breaks forth in his most distinguished descendants—to wit, Sultan of the present day, and his son Beiram.

The prejudice against the *white legs* in the horse is nearly as strong as Mr. Stanley bears to the *Whitefeet* in Ireland ; yet,

my experience—and it justifies me in the assertion—has proved that the chesnut Arab horse with the white legs up to the knee is one of the hardiest, cleanest-limbed, fastest, and most honest of all the breeds: none bear so much *rattling*, and that of the severest kind over granite rocks—a sufficient trial. I speak not of one, but of many of this kind, and, among others, I shall enumerate the very *celebrated* little Sulky, who, I have reason to believe, was a pure *Montafique Arabian*: he stood thirteen hands three inches, I think, could beat anything of his day in India, could carry weight wonderfully, and was sent home by the Honorable Arthur Cole. This famous little horse has, I understand, covered in Ireland under the name of the Cole Arabian; and I should be obliged by any of your sporting Correspondents of the *Green Isle* stating the qualities of *his stock*. Stoutness they must possess; but, I presume, he, from the *unfashionable blood*, as it is termed in the present day, has been frittered away on bad mares or half-breds. And I will tell the breeder a very wise saying of these same Arabs, the men I mean:—Happening once to have an *Osbaldestonish Match*, very common sort of things in India (I mean no detraction from the well-earned fame of the great Squire), and being much interested thereon, I asked an old Arab, commonly called Sheik Ibrahim, “Do you think my horse (naming him) can do this?” “Kodar Kussem,” said he, “God is great: but if you ask *his dam*, she could tell you.”—What a simple, I might say Scriptural mode of conveying to you, that in *breeding* all depends on the mare

and very little on the horse! and this is so beautifully borne out by the *practice of the Arabs*. Whoever obtained a good *Arabian mare*? I say, *no one*. Several have been brought home; but depend upon it they were not *hedgtza—the true caste*; or, if they were, some curse or stain was on the breed. What a fine lesson for we English, proud, and deservedly, of our breed of horses! Lo! a race of *needy people, of savages, we term them*; yet doth not the temptation of lucre weigh with them to part with the pride of their arid Desert, the pure breed of their horses, while we of England are yearly selling away our stallions—that would *signify not*—but our finest blood mares, to the Russian, the German, and every other man! The glory will depart from our land!

Go along the shores of the Red Sea, and you shall see a breed of horses, small, not fast, but lasting, feeding upon dates and the very *offal of fish*, and eating it greedily too.—“Horses eat fish!” I hear many a stupid bumpkin exclaim. But yet 'tis true, and thrive upon it, and *work* upon it, and carry that perfect-barrelled carcase too, one of the *characteristics of the Arabian horse*. These are the horses bred by the Zoasmee pirates, the tribes who subsist by piracy and fishing, and who gave employment to three formidable military expeditions. Their forts of Suft, Rasal Kyma, and Goa, were destroyed, and their power has been broken.

Then the horses of Mocha, the land of the excelling coffee-berry, are of a large and statelier breed, and of a coarser appearance than any others, and, I should say, a very bad sort, imposing in appear-

ance, but wretched cheats, and, generally too, bad tempered. Their performances have ever been bad whenever brought forward; and Governor Malcolm, a wise man in the West, though not in the East, tried these favorites of his, the Great Mocha Arab, but with signal disgrace; but the name of a Governor will *gull* right well in England! So his Governorship brought home one of these lumbering coarse Mocha horses *to breed from*, I hear, or perhaps to sell: but we have not now a munificent George with his *thousand pounds*, or *promise to pay*. Colonel Finch also brought home a *supposed Mocha Arab*, a horse that ran, I fancy, very well, and a rare powerful-shaped extraordinary muscular horse; but, with all due deference to the Colonel, I am pretty certain his horse is a *Bahreen*, an Island in the Persian Gulph, whence we have imported some of the very best horses that have ever appeared in India—the unvanquished Orelia, the flying Diamond, and Colonel Finch's horse—in my idea. These horses are upwards of fifteen hands high, shewing all the breeding, and much more developed muscle than the English racer; but exhibiting, at least in the case of Diamond, a lightness of carcase, thereby materially degenerating from the Desert Arab. There can be no doubt that the Bahreen horses are a cross with large Persian or Turcoman mares with a good Desert horse, and the *nick* has been successful.

Cross over the Isthmus of Suez to the country of the Pyramids and Hieroglyphics—contemplate the mighty ruin of Thebes with her hundred gates—muse along the symbolic avenue

of Sphynxes—pause before the shattered temples of Dendera and Edfou, the graceful columns of Greco-Egyptian taste—kneel down at the cataracts of the fructifying Nile till you are startled by some warrior form of the powerless Mameluke race on his bounding courser of the light limbs, the flowing mane and tail, the eye of fire, and foot of jet—What breed is he of? 'tis the Desert gave him birth; and the proud eye of the once lord of the soil, the hero and the heroic horse—who could rush undismayed and in the death agony upon the bayonets of the Consular Chief—passeth by you in rapid career, fetlocked in sand, unwearied through the Deserts of the Thebais, laughing to scorn the pursuit of disciplined bands. Beheld ye the Mameluke, the proud ingrafted stock of Egypt, the son of the Georgian slave, arrayed in his gorgeous garment, and glittering with jewelled arms! passed he not by in swift gallop on the steed he cherished—

“And like a meteor of the night  
He passed and vanished from my sight;  
His aspect and his air imprest  
A troubled memory on my breast,  
And long upon my startled ear  
Rung his dark coursers' hoofs of fear!”

What rideth he? *The Arabian, and no Anatolian*. What were the far-famed Cappadocian studs—the Phrygian horse—what are the Turkish, the Barb, but grafts from the old Arab stock? Who were the sires of the great Eclipse—the progenitors of our unequalled English blood—but Marske, Cade, and the Godolphin; of Flying Childers, the Darley Arabian? Try back to the original blood, but try it fairly, with the sage remark of Sheik Ibrahim, “Ask

the mare what her offspring can do;" put the dam of Camarine, of Beiram, of Emancipation; put Cressida or Galata to Buckfoot, I was about to say—but the unmatched Buckfoot has been sold out of the land: yet there are two *Arabs yet in England* worthy of fair mares—the most perfect, the beautiful Pet, and Major Hancock's old horse Harlequin, a flea-bitten grey, fit to carry fourteen stone to any hounds in any country.

In an article of mine, some four years since, I adventured some observations on the utter futility of deciding upon the *true blood* of the Eastern horses, save from actual performances, since we well know, that even among ourselves appearances are deceitful, and that a pedigree is easily *concocted*, and the dealers, who bring down the horses from Bus-sorah to the great *Indian Marts*, are as plausible, smooth-tongued, and up to all the *tricks of the trade*, imposition, and rascality, as some of the London dealers: therefore the only sure test of pure blood is absolute performance, which is borne out by the fact that no cocktail can cope in two miles with a good thorough-bred horse, nor can any of the *Country breeds* of India race *with the Arabian*;

and therefore, when we find an Arab horse who can run his races true, we have a right to suppose that he is thorough-bred, at least superior to those who, with their vaunted pedigrees, like Sir John Malcolm's Antar, and many others of boasted descent, *cannot run at all*.

I shall conclude this by the expression of a wish that some of my 'Turf friends of the East (at present in this country) would either favour the public or myself with some very valuable communications on the performances of the celebrated Arab horses of late years; and I know of no person so capable of affording such information as Captain Spiller, late of the Poona Auxiliary Horse—a sportsman versant in everything he undertook: and if I can get at him I purpose to furnish you with detailed accounts of the most celebrated Arabs for the last fifteen years: and some of the very best—such as Beningbrough, the beautiful little Tom Thumb, Tcheick, the flying Goblin Grey, and Antar, who came out under the auspices of Captain Spiller and his confederates.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JAVELIN.

May 28, 1833.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE COLONEL COOK.

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SIR,  
**B**EING particularly engaged last month I could not comply with OLD HARKAWAY'S request to give your Sporting Readers a Memoir of the late Colonel Cook. Having a leisure morning now, I will endeavor to do so; and as every and any thing

appertaining to that gallant old fox-hunter must, I think, be interesting to the Sporting World, I will endeavor to compile as short a biographical sketch of him as my memory at this distant period will afford me.

According to the best informa-

tion I have been able to collect on the subject, Colonel John Cook was born at Christchurch in Hampshire, A. D. 1773. His father was a highly respectable merchant in that town, possessing wealth and influence to return for many succeeding Parliaments one, if not both, of the Members for that borough. (How the influence of the Cook family was lost there, is a question more easily answered perhaps by those who now possess it!) He died when the Colonel was young, leaving the Right Hon. Sir George Rose executor and guardian to his children. By the interest of Sir George, the young soldier was pushed on in the army, paying though for all his Commissions! His attachment to field-sports, which formed the greatest enjoyment of his existence, caused him to devote his military career to the recruiting service and the inspection of Volunteer Corps. He was never abroad on service; arrived at the rank of full Colonel on half-pay of the 28th Dragoons; and, had he lived, would have become a Major-General in the next Brevet. He had a younger brother, who, through the same interest, became a Private Secretary at the Treasury: he, however, died at an early age.

The Colonel seems to have been born a Sportsman, being enthusiastically attached to every kind of Sporting from his cradle. At a very early period of his life he kept a pack of harriers in Dorsetshire, then residing between Wareham and Poole; and here it may be said were first sown the seeds of that knowledge which he afterwards so

thoroughly acquired of all matters pertaining to the horse, the hound, the fox, and in fact it may be said the whole animal creation. He first became a M.F.H. about 30 years ago, at Thurlow in Suffolk, succeeding, I rather think, Mr. Panton of Newmarket. He continued to hunt this country for seven or eight seasons with very good success, when both subscriptions and foxes becoming rather short, and having the offer of a better country, he removed to the neighbourhood of Brentwood in Essex, living, as OLD HARKAWAY truly observes, at a place called Pilgrim's Hatch. Here he had a fine extent of country, reaching from *Whitechapel Church*, as he used to say, to Hempsted Wood, on the borders of Suffolk, a distance of more than fifty miles, and including that—to me, and all who know it—most splendid plough fox-hunting country, the Roothings of Essex. At this period of his life, Cook may be said to have been at the very zenith of his glory—possessing as fine a pack of hounds as money and close attention to every minutiae of the kennel, added to his own instinctive as well as acquired knowledge of the animal, could procure; a good stud of horses; plenty of foxes (of the old-fashioned sort, too); and what was in those days considered a liberal subscription. It was at this time that those pleasant monthly meetings at old Malster's at Dunmow were first established, the Members of the Hunt (many of them very opulent London merchants) and the principal Gentry of the neighbourhood forming themselves into a Club. Old Cooky was their Secretary

and Chairman, in fact caterer general; and to prove in what estimation the Dunmow meetings were *then* held, I never meet an old Essex Sportsman of those by-gone days that does not mention, and seems to look back to them with a retrospective pleasure and delight, that I fear the present Roothing fox-hunters will never experience.

“ Oh ! what a falling off is there ! ”

For an account of what the Colonel's opinion was of that country, and the kind of sport and runs he had there, I cannot do better, I think, than refer you to his own description of it in his “ Observations on fox-hunting, and the management of hounds in the kennel and the field, addressed to a young Sportsman about to undertake a hunting establishment.”—He published this work in the year 1826, and as “ the proof of the cake is in the eating,” I think he must have succeeded to the utmost of his expectations, getting nearly four hundred subscribers to his work and selling more than five hundred copies of it. He continued to hunt this Essex country with very great success and *eclat* for several seasons, till an increasing family and other causes obliged him to relinquish it.

Soon after this he got the appointment of Inspecting Field Officer of the Birmingham District; and having a few couples of his favorite hounds left, he added a few more to them, and hunted a small country in that neighbourhood—but not long, I believe, “ the Exchequer being told out.” He soon after this cut and run, (exporting himself and family to the Continent, set-

ting first at St. Omer's, and afterwards at Honfleur,) sincerely regretted by all his brother Sportsmen here, in whose service and to promote whose pleasures and amusements the poor old fellow had spent what I fear his family would now be but too glad of. He generally visited his Sporting friends in this country every year, all of whom were ever glad to see and receive him.

He married, about the time he had the Thurlow country, a Miss Surtees, daughter of the late A. Surtees, Esq. of Newcastle, and niece of the late Lady Eldon—a lady beloved, respected, and admired, as much for her personal attractions as for her many excellent and amiable qualities. He left her and six children to lament his death, which was a most melancholy one. He was afflicted with that torturing malady, cancer in the tongue. After consulting the first surgeons in London without success, as a *dernier ressort* he went to Rouen in Normandy, and placed himself under the care of the principal surgeon of the hospital of that place, a gentleman eminently distinguished in his profession. The Colonel's case, however, baffled all his skill. He gradually became worse and worse, his tongue dropping away in pieces from his mouth. He died literally from starvation in the summer of 1829, at Rouen, at the age of 56. He was buried there, and a suitable monument erected to mark the spot where rest his earthly remains.

It is but justice to add, that during the whole of his excruciating sufferings, he had the consolation of being attended by his eldest son, Mr. John Cook, whose

assiduity and unceasing attentions to his unfortunate parent were of the most exemplary and affectionate description.

The year only before his death, his friend Mr. Samuel Nicoll, of the New Forest, owing to a melancholy occurrence in his family, requested Cook to come over and superintend his hounds. Although out of practice then for many years, the whole time he had the management of these hounds, he *hunted* them to the satisfaction and delight of the whole field, and proved himself a perfect *Magister Artis*, and that a thing once learnt can never be forgotten. It was with the New Forest Hounds, then, that poor old Cooky gave his last who-whoop!

He was a man of eccentric manners and habits, ridiculing, in fact almost despising, those effeminating habits both in manners and dress which now form certainly too great a part of the character of our modern dandy and fox-hunter. They who fancied that Cook was nothing but a groom—that his knowledge was confined entirely to the kennel and the stable—belied and slandered him. With all his roughness of manner and exterior, his mind was well stored, particularly on those subjects that his fancy at all called his attention to. To prove this, he was busied to the very latest period of his life, and as long as he could hold his pen, in preparing a new work for the press on fox-hunting, in which he introduced many interesting and amusing anecdotes. In this work he entered into many physiological discussions: one particularly, as to what constituted scent—whether it proceeded from

the impregnation of the atmosphere through which the fox passes, or whether produced from the odour left upon the ground. He explained from experience what kind of wind and weather generally constituted good scenting days: and finished the subject by honestly confessing that he had the same difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, as the chemist had in endeavoring to ascertain why there should be no difference in the purity of the atmosphere on the mountains of the Alps to that found in the most crowded alleys of the City of London. In his remarks upon this subject he affirms that, of all animals, the pig possesses the most exquisite sense of smelling—proving it by the manner in which *Monsieur le Cochon* detects certain roots at a great depth under ground.

His observations on horses were highly interesting. He gave an original and a perfect description of the make and shape of a good hunter, and minutely defined the two distinct powers horses possess, viz. the strength of form, and the strength of constitution. He was at some cost and expense in procuring from Paris an exact admeasure-ment of the *Venus de Medicis*, which forms the symmetrical proportions of what constitutes the standard of beauty in woman. At the College of Surgeons in London, he obtained a measurement of Eclipse, believing, by parity of reasoning, that if the proportions of the one constituted the beauty of women, the proportions of the other constituted the standard of speed in the horse. He proved, by collected facts, the attachment of

Buonaparte to all kinds of field-sports, and his determination to introduce into France the very best breed of every description of cattle. To him (Buonaparte) the Normans are indebted, he said, for their justly-celebrated wagon-stallions, so superior in form, strength, activity, and colour, to any other of the same description in any part of the known world. This great man, according to the Colonel's shewing, was so impressed with the utility to a country of a good breed of animals, that he sent stallions, mares, bulls, cows, &c. into the different Departments, and forced the farmers at the point of the bayonet to purchase them! If, as he said, "the trumpet had ceased to blow and the drum to beat, during the reign of Napoleon, he would have been a decided fox-hunter."

The work further went on at great length to discuss the practice (*or rather science now*) of breeding horses: and Cook's remarks on this subject were replete with useful information and speculative matter. He paid well-merited compliments to the Duke of Grafton, for the attention and encouragement His Grace has given this important subject. In fact, the whole of his observations on breeding bespoke a sound knowledge of the subject, and were as interesting as they were scientific.

His kindness of heart, too, shone conspicuous in his Remarks on Horses, and carried him so far as to propose a plan on a very extended scale for the provision and comfort of these noble and faithful servants in their old age. Where is the humanity, he asked, when a horse is no longer fit to

carry his lord, in killing him to feed his dog? He bestowed considerable labour in describing, and laying down plans for building stables, and pointed out an excellent mode of ventilation. It is much to be regretted that the Colonel's latest labours have not been given to the public. I will select one anecdote from the many with which this work abounds.

"The late Sir Edward Littleton was an early riser, generally out and killing his fox long before the hour, now a-days, to draw a covert. He had for some time been troubled with a complaint for which quantities of assafoetida pills were prescribed, and he was always under their influence. One day they had a severe burst with a fox, when reynard, to escape his heartless pursuers, went to ground. A consultation was held how to bolt him. One cried—"dig him out!" Another—"drown him out!" Another—"fire him out!" At length one cried out—"For God's sake, Sir Edward, uncase, and give him a rattling taste of your assafoetida, and *bolt he must instanter!*"

To those who knew and were accustomed to live much with Colonel Cook, and to see him in his cups, the relation of his quaint and eccentric expressions and anecdotes are unnecessary; and to those who did not know him, I doubt whether they would excite much interest. One sure sign of the influence of the juicy God on him, was his becoming very noisy, hallooing, and tally-ho-ing, and when in an advanced state of this kind, it was most difficult to move him, or get him to bed. I remember his once

being asked to withdraw from the table, and join the ladies, where he would hear some excellent music; he said, "damn all music except the music of a pack of fox-hounds: by Gosh! I am like the man who was fond of his garden, and who, when asked by a lady to give her some choice flowers, replied, '*Madam, I cultivate no flower but a cauliflower.*'"

However deep he may have been in his cups over-night—and it must be granted he was too apt to be so—it never seemed to affect him in the morning, when he was always at his post in time. This reminds me of an anecdote told of him and his intimate friend and ally, the late Major, *alias* Billy, Calcraft. They were dining together with a jolly party of brother Sportsmen at St-rm-r Hall in Essex, when, owing to some trivial dispute when deep in their cups, the ire of both became so great that each insisted on honorable satisfaction from the other. The hounds were to meet at a considerable distance in the morning, and after the party had broken up therefore (which by the bye was long after the little hours had commenced), these two

*Right Honorable Friends* adjourned to a shed, there to await the first dawn of day, and of course, if possible, kill each other. It was a bitter cold night in December, but the fumes of Bacchus soon sent our heroes to sleep. Their surprise, however, at awaking, and finding themselves in this ridiculous situation, both close together, and lying in the same crib—their poor hacks too, which they had left running loose, having crept into the same place for shelter—excited the risible faculties of both to such a degree, that they both simultaneously shook hands, and rode home together in perfect amity—ever after, when any little dispute arose, a reference to the shed adventure always acting as a *quietus*, and having the desirable effect of turning their strife into merriment.

Innumerable anecdotes might be told of poor old Cooky. From a feeling of respect, however, to the living, as well as to the memory of the dead, I shall now conclude, and sum up my say with every sincere wish for the welfare and prosperity of his numerous surviving family.

I am, Sir, &c. NEMO.

May 24, 1833.

## TRAITS OF ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING.

"FOX-HUNTING!" quoth the Corinthian critic; "hot rolls and butter in July is nothing to this!" Softly, my good fellow; if you are so very fastidious, turn to some other page, and whatever be your notion, deuce a fear but you will find something to chime in with it; besides,

mine are old stories, and may as well be read, if they are to be read at all, whether you are enjoying the salt and salutary breeze in your brilliant yacht; eating your ice in a varandha perfumed and beautified with all that Nature and Art combined can effect; or seated with her by your side,

whom all but yourself, "Benedict the married man," pronounce angel, in that situation which the old growling mastiff of English literature (Johnson) has pronounced to be one than which "life has few things better"—namely, in your travelling carriage, bowling along as fast as four English posters can carry you.....Yes.....as well there, or in any other of the similar states of ease with which such a man as you can afford to defy Sirius withal, as if you were ensconced in your winter snuggerly or sanctum, or alone after dinner, washing it down with Bom Reteiro of that desirable and scarce vintage 1820. So, smooth your brow and if this will not do, turn over "what's one man's meat's another's poison." Surely this elegant quotation will put you in good humour; and some good fellow, who reads the *Magazine*, as he does the newspaper, *right through*, advertisements and all, will give me a turn. I will allow a man of your kidney to be, as the droll folk North of Tweed call it, "a wee pernicky;" for if you are not, who the devil should? But commend me to your Antipode, none of your "dirty particular sort of fellow," to whose benevolent and accommodating net all is fish, and who with dogged energy crams "all and sundry" into his cranium, with an avidity corresponding to that with which he tucks in the hot rolls, regardless of the butter, which in molten streams escapes his busy lips, now about to be sluiced with the fifth tun of tea. What a *delightful* conviction! Plenty such there are, *per Jovem!* It is enough, old Lady Maga, to make thy slave, yea and

all thy slaves, turn very Turks, that it might become a duty, which none could evade and live, to ascend the house-tops at sunny morn and dewy eve in all time to come, and shout "Allah il Allah! Bismallah!" I have spoken. "Ay, have you?" say you, good Editor; "and d—d little to the scent! He-hoi! back here, OLD HARKAWAY! where are you raking to? Harkaway! harkaway!".....

The next season which presents itself to my recollection was spent in Dorsetshire, and it was one which many circumstances contributed to stamp firmly on my memory: it was one, moreover, which was neither deficient in circumstance nor anecdote: I regret rather, then, that it will not be expedient for me to notice it at any length, inasmuch as it chanced in a great measure on that arena which your Correspondent DASHWOOD has lately favored us with a description of; and although it prevents me from detailing, as was my intention, two as good runs as could be executed by any fox-hounds or horses in any part of the world, still, as "too much pudding will choak even a dog," I will spare your readers that which re-repetition would render irksome.

I perceive that DASHWOOD, in his remarks in the May Number, coincides in the opinion I expressed in my first communication, humbly recommending, through your medium, "all middling and light weights, present and coming up, to make use of the advantages Nature had given them, and to be *well* mounted above their actual weight." If, as DASHWOOD truly says, he thinks it imperative in a stiff grass

country, it will be found *even more telling* in an open one, where a horse has to *run hills*. I have well proved it in both.

Humphry Sturt, when I was in Dorsetshire, kept at Cliff, four miles from Dorchester, a very good small provincial concern, the country he hunted being *principally* that which Mr. Farquharson since calls his Catstock one. He trenched, however, on parts of the *Vale*, which has been latterly of such notoriety in your pages. I am hardly sorry to be thus in a measure put at fault either; for though poor Sturt was a capital fellow, he was, as it was not very long ago noticed of Somervile the Poet, by one of your Contributors, "always hunting or being *hunted*;" and had I entered into details, I could hardly have avoided telling of some "right merrie conceites," which arose out of the *embarras* in which the Master of the Cliff Pack was, poor fellow! too often notoriously entangled.

These scenes being thus closed, I can call on my memory for nothing worth while, until it became my lot to take the season in Worcestershire, which country was then hunted by subscription, the pack being under the management of John Lewis Newnham, of Newtimber, in Sussex, a sportsman well known to what, perhaps, may be fairly, without excluding them altogether from the saddle or the field, be termed the last generation; inasmuch as many begotten of those I then and there knew are now in the saddle themselves, and generation followeth generation. Now, were one inclined to be Tristram Shandyish, or would you, our huntsman (read

Editor), allow a little skirting, something *tres amusante* might arise in a discussion of "the course of time" *coupled* with these same *generations*: but we must be right line hunting ones, or at the end of the season we shall be cast.

Mr. Newnham was domiciled and had his kennel at Henwick, which is just one mile beyond Worcester on the Tenbury road. He had been in controul of these hounds, as well as I recollect, three seasons when I saw them; and although he had got them very well sized and singularly effective, they were evidently a *made*, not a *bred* pack: indeed there had not been time, though I understood he was then breeding extensively. For my own poor part, many packs as I have seen, and in more countries than I have mentioned or shall describe, I never could perceive why there should be such a wonderful fuss about such identity of appearance, and that they should be *all of the same family*: for such uniformity of colour, mould, &c. ought to weigh nothing against individual excellence, so long as they were truly shaped, evenly sized, and carried a good full head. These cardinal points were fully developed in the Worcestershire hounds of that period. They were then well supported and attended, and the season was one of the very best that could fall to the happy lot of a pack of hounds to experience. Mr. Newnham was admirably mounted, and, I need not recal to the last, though I may tell the present generation, that a better sportsman or a more elegant and straight-forward rider never put on a scarlet coat. The hounds were hunted by Green, a man whose birth, parentage, and

education I cannot furnish, but who was in the very prime of life for a huntsman, of age sufficient to have a *quantum sufficit* of experience, yet in full possession of all his vigour and powers. His aids were two active steady fellows, well mounted; and, to crown all, the Master, with whom he seemed to be on the best understanding possible, was ready and *able* at all times to give that judicious uninterfering assistance, without which no pack can be anything like perfect. I saw some instances of this, one of which I shall have occasion to notice, that I never saw elsewhere, and which shewed Mr. Newnham to be a man of superior talent.

The generality of the Worcestershire country is good—indeed it is in my humble opinion as good as any *rural* (that was the word in my day, as *provincial* is *par excellence* now) thing in England; far before Mr. Farquharson's, whose establishment was dubbed "the best rural thing going" once in my hearing, by—" *procul, oh procul este profani*"—a *Leicestershire* man of the last generation. So good indeed were these hounds, and so excellent was the sport with them this season, that it would have been almost impossible to have pitched upon any particular day: nevertheless, had one been so inclined, the final and crowning glory was so supereminently splendid that it set all the rest, and indeed every other run but one, I ever witnessed into the obscure. No hounds then hunted Mr. Boycott's (since the Albrighton) district; and Mr. Newnham by particular desire occasionally gave them a week.

In a very cold morning the last day of the season, and well on in spring, I met these hounds at the Ran Dans, now a standard covert in the Albrighton Hunt: there was an extra numerous field from all parts of Gloucestershire, Worcester, and Stafford. The hounds reached the centre of the covert before they challenged, but the drag was very warm, and they soon burst into full chorus, unkennelling at the far end. Here he was viewed for a moment and tally'd by Colonel Raikes of the Guards, when he turned short back and gave them some woodland pastime; and as the field was so numerous, no little anxiety was felt and expressed that he would not find room to break. Some influential persons interested themselves to prevent this catastrophe, and exerted their powers so successfully, that he not only got clear out, but had a capital start. It was a matter no less troublesome to get the hounds settled to the scent, which done, the usual fight commenced that generally ensues in an inclosed country with such a numerous field, so that to ride wide and take all practicable became the only plan, and a bullfinch, succeeded by a rasper, proving craning-stocks to the crowd, the pack, getting leave to do their work, began to fly along the hedge-sides like winking, while between twenty and thirty men, who had broken separate ground on their individual judgment, were making play to concentrate on them, like the radii of a quarter circle. It was one of the prettiest sportingscenes I ever witnessed; and being on a perfect fencer (though she unfortunately wanted that *turn* of speed a fox-hunting horse so often re-

quires, as I found to my cost in the end), of these I made one. This first division, and it was a stronger one than usual, kept streaming away with the tell-tales over a country principally under plough, and rather strongly inclosed, at a pace verging on a trying one. Being a stranger to the country, I regret I cannot give the exact points of this clipping exploit. Some short but very boisterous showers of sleet and hail occasioned a few momentary checks, which let in some of the followers; and this had lasted for about half an hour, when he turned short to his right, pointing for a high hill about five or six miles distant. The showers became more frequent and violent, and brought the hounds to hunting, which they did admirably up to this eminence, which I found was called the Lickey, about three or four miles above Bromsgrove. Had we got up to him on this hill (as some of the farmers thought we should) it would have even then been a good hunting run; but he was made of other stuff, Master Charley, than to try any dodges. A high road, the one from Bromsgrove to Birmingham, crosses, or rather passes along the very crown of this high land, and it was just at this moment encumbered with a string of wagons; to add to this a storm, such a dead noser that there was scarcely any facing it, came on, to say nothing of the steam and confusion of the crowd now, as always when they do get up, pressing forward, whom the slow hunting up the Lickey had let in. The descent of it on the other side was all sheep-walk, so that to all other impediments the foil of sheep was not wanting, and

defeat seemed certain, when Mr. Newnham instantly put one of those beautiful manoeuvres I have before alluded to into instant execution. This was splitting the pack; and the readiness with which they performed it shewed how attentive the Master had been to his kennel duties, for they were as handy to him as to Green.

Being broken into two divisions, respectively headed by the Master and huntsman, each attended by a whip, they wheeled off widely right and left, each to cast a semicircle upon a shaw, or large rough hedge-row, which lay nearly at the foot of the hill. Several sheep tracks were anxiously crossed, but all was silence, until, in crossing the very last, Emperor, in Mr. Newnham's division, spoke; a hearty cheer proclaimed it good, and a blast of his horn soon put Green, who was below us considerably to the right, awake. With great judgment he made at once to the shaw, to which down the sheep-track Mr. Newnham's trusty myrmidons were cautiously picking it, and at the hedge-row the wings closed in and formed a junction. Never shall I forget the glorious crash which almost instantly ensued, as the well-disciplined phalanx crowded the hedge-row, where he had evidently laid up; and well might the Master's exulting screech make the welkin ring, as, with waving hat in hand, he sent his one-eyed grey mare spinning at the yawner which divided it from the hill. Had your talented artist, Mr. Turner, been there to see, we might have had possibly a companion for that rare gem, "THE FIND," in your last May Number. Far as the eye could reach, and on a gentle

declivity, studded with noble mansion, steeple, and farm house, the *elite* of the Warwickshire (then Lord Middleton's) grass country lay unrolled before us in "all its beauty's pride."—"Oh! 'twas a sight for sportsman's pride." But "pride," saith the old saw, "will have a fall," and, my *certes*, the adage was not belied in this instance.

The shower on the hill had cleared the day, and an April sun burst out in meridian glory to cause as glorious a scent: then it was that "Devil take the hindmost" was the burden of the song, and we were at a steeple on a gentle rise, which had formed the extent of our view at the fresh find (if I may so call it), in such quick time that it could only be noted by the terrible distress of the nags. As I turned my head, while we skirted this village, just before we descended another gentle fall, to view the space we had thus rapidly, as it were, swallowed up, I shall not easily forget the scene that presented itself—the whole country was dotted with red—hardly a ditch but what had its miserable tenant, or a field where some scarlet sinner was not "irretrievably planted." I learnt afterwards there was not a hovel or hay-rick in the track but what was subsequently occupied:—in short, as I once heard it pithily expressed, "the country was covered with distress." Here, too, I began to find that I must look to my own P's and Q's, for that Trampold, a game and rare fencing, but not over-fast daughter of Old Fidget's, would very soon give up all pretensions to being one of the *rapid* family. Right in front of me, still leading gal-

lantly, as all through, was Mr. Edmund Probyn, on Judgment, a one-eyed son of Old Lark; close to him Mr. Newnham, on also a one-eyed one; Colonel Raikes, I think, on a Pastor horse; Green, and one or two others to me unknown. At the next fence I had a regular summerset—up and at it again—down twice in the next ten minutes, when it became apparent that I must end my day, if not my days, in a ditch. However I kept on screwing, swearing, and kicking away, in the faint hopes that it must speedily end, until, oh, horror of horrors! after floundering through a staked hedge—where a gentlemanlike man, the one just before me, left his white horse and the seat of his white corduroy breeches on one of the stakes as a sort of flag of distress—I saw in a little bottom before me a brook. I do not know whether Old Charon may ever have me for a passenger, but I am certain I shall regard his ferry with hardly more horror than I did this infernal puddle. I do not really know how the three or four in front of me got over it; I was too much absorbed in the certainty of my own misery: down I got, and into it above the middle, and with great trouble forced the old mare in; but I never should have got her out, but for a ploughman, who for a consideration extricated us. I was the last of the Trojans—none were in sight save him of the white horse, who was still sticking in the stakes, the seat of his white smalls waving mournfully in the wind. Remounting, I jogged on, following the track, led my mare down one fence, where she came on her knees, and getting through two open gates,

found myself in a Gentleman's park, where a number of men were at work repairing drains, and in the far end of which were the gallant runaways and the chosen few. Puggy had deservedly made his point good. The whole of this park was sub-drained, the cuts connecting with one another, and to get him out was impracticable. For my part I was glad of it, for a more gallant or gamier fox never stood a day before hounds. This was Malvern Park, near the town of Solihull in Warwickshire; so, if a man will look at the map, the distance from Kidderminster to Solihull, over the Lickey, will give him some idea of this noble day's play.

No man that I ever saw in any country rode with greater nerve, truth, and decision than did Mr. Edmund Probyn, who all in all did certainly play first fiddle; and he was as well carried by Judgment, a low, lean, strong-boned light-bay horse, but with extraordinary muscle; barely behind was Mr. Newnham, Col. Raikes, Green, and another or two, at least as well as memory serves me.

As it became imperative for me to stable as soon as possible, I inquired my way to Solihull, but turned wrong, and coming to a bettermost and very neat looking road-side public house, entered the yard. I called in vain, but there was a great stir in the barn, and there I found him of the white horse, attended by all the household administering to his nag, who was prostrate, and nearly smothered in straw. That he was a man of despatch was evident, for he had already mounted a pair of the landlord's breeches, and sent his own of course to the

tailor. Into this place of refuge and rest I entered, and as soon as ever the saddle was off down lay my mare.

Thrown thus through mutual misfortune into one another's company, being men moreover about the same age and of similar pursuits, it was not much wonder that a day's intimacy did the work of many, and it led to a long and unbroken friendship until his death, poor fellow! a few years back. He was a Lincolnshire Squire, who had been staying at Malvern for the health of one of his children, and I subsequently spent many happy days with him at his residence in the moist county. The hounds, with Mr. Newnham and his party, got to Bromsgrove about dusk: here they left the hounds, horses, &c., and taking chaises, reached Henwick at night.

It is a very singular thing that in all this run this gallant fox should have never been seen but momentarily, and that in the covert immediately after being found, when (as I have before mentioned) he was tally'd by Col. Raikes. It was the opinion that he was a Warwickshire fox, who had been rambling in the breeding season; but I do not think it, as he passed more than one strong covert, which it was natural to suppose he would have at least tried: but perhaps he was too hot, and had made up his mind, and "pondered refuge" in the cool and inaccessible drains of Malvern Park. Be that as it may, I for one shall never forget him, for I never was so regularly gruelled; which being the case, it is high time to "cut my stick," and haul out of the line.—Yours, &c.

OLD HARKAWAY

## HUNTING SONG.

*Translated from a very curious old German Collection,*

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE Stag from the forest has broken away ;  
 Still proudly his antlers he bears on that day :  
 Erect is his crest as the staunch hounds pursue,  
 And his hoofs are bespangled with drops of the dew.  
 His foes he despises, so far left behind,  
 For his course is as airy and fleet as the wind :  
 The hounds are unseen, while he looks back with scorn.....  
 But hark ! the war gathers—alas ! 'tis the horn !—  
 The horn not of plenty, but summons of death !  
 He flies, makes a stand, and is panting for breath.  
 Still the danger's unseen, but his steps mark the track  
 Of pursuit for the eager and numerous pack.  
 The horsemen now muster—again must he fly ;  
 He must take to the water, or gallantly die.  
 Despair marks his eye-balls, his antlers he shakes—  
 He bounds over fences—the brook he now takes :  
 He rides like the swan o'er the stream still with pride ;  
 But see his pursuers on every side.  
 O'ercome by their numbers his strength fades away,  
 Yet his heart is still brave whilst he keeps them at bay—  
 In vain, for he's mangled, and now his hot blood  
 Flows profusely, and mingles its tide with the flood.  
 The horn sounds again, and exultingly cries  
 The youth in at the death, as his victim he spies.  
 Still a sigh may escape, to humanity dear,  
 And a pondering hunter look on with a tear :  
 For the bravest of heroes and hunters (we trust)  
 Never trample on enemies laid in the dust.

## MELTON MOWBRAY—THE FINISH !

SIR,  
**B**EFORE getting into the vortex of London life, and having my nerves unstrung at Crockford's, either by *taking* too large draughts of sillery, or *giving* less palatable ones on the Duchess's far-famed house in the Strand, I am in duty bound to consume a little midnight oil in sending you a continuation of what we have done in Leicestershire since I last wrote to you. Political excitement has had a most *kindly* influence on the Sporting World ; and the tradesmen of Melton may now be considered competent judges of the blessed effects of the Reform Bill. Not only has the number of visitors been diminished, but nothing

else is now talked of, in addition to the alluring topics of a "cheap Government," a "cheap King," and a "cheap Church," but a "cheap Stud!!"

Horses have certainly decreased considerably in value, and few indeed have been actually sold at large prices, however highly some of them may have been estimated by their masters.

Provisions also, both for man and beast, have followed the example, and fallen in price; and the high rents which have been extorted by the citizens of Melton for stabling have most deservedly caused several of the regular Sportsmen to build stabling for themselves.

Granting even that there may not have been any very sensible diminution in the number of visitors, there has still been a great want of gaiety and life among the Meltonians throughout the season, and I regret to say that some of our old Sportsmen are not likely to return to us again. Mr. Maher has bid Melton a last adieu, after a continual sojourn in Leicestershire during the season for nearly twenty years! Well do I recollect him making his *debut* in it, with some excellent horses, which he had brought with him from his native isle; and it may be truly said that no man ever crossed this fine country in a more sportsmanlike manner when he was in the days of his youth. For some years past, however, like the game he pursued, he has got old and cunning; and unless he had a good start, and could get cleverly away with his hounds, he never even attempted to go on. The principle that he acted on was either to be in the front rank or one of

the "Invisibles;" and nothing used to delight him more, than if he had been thrown out in the first run, near the end of the day to find a fresh fox, and, when the rest of the field were riding beaten horses, to sail away alongside his hounds, and leave the rest of the field to their fate. Then with what zest over the mahogany of the "Old Club" did the "gallant Valentine" dilate on every yard of the run, and dwell on every hound and every hit which none but himself had the felicity to witness; thus filling his hearers' hearts with disappointment and sorrow, and their mouths with water instead of the juice of the grape!

Maher was an excellent Sportsman; he understood the business of hunting perfectly; had an excellent eye to a country, and knew every field, and fence, and gap, and lane, in Leicestershire. He was a horseman, too, of the very first class, never "trashing" or knocking his horse about, and always bringing him to his fences in a quiet but determined manner, and going ever as straight as an arrow to his hounds. He rode every horse, I should also say, in a snaffle bridle, and was extremely powerful in his saddle, more particularly in his arms. In the choice of his horses he was not generally so happy; but so excellently did he handle them, that if he was fortunate enough to get away well with hounds, he could keep a good place with a bad nag. He placed more value on "jumpers" than "flyers," and hence his "fond hopes" were easier supplied among the low than the high-bred horses; and though he always had an unbounded supply of *omnium*, he

seldom bought a horse at a large figure, though he occasionally sold one to a select friend. Certainly the general appearance of his stud was seldom, if ever, very imposing: he had horses of all sorts, and sizes, and shapes; and I remember well, that when I happened to be at Melton with the late George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, who came over from Belvoir Castle on purpose to have a look at some of the far-famed studs, His Royal Highness expressed his astonishment, after casting his quick piercing eye over Mr. Maher's horses, that such looking animals could go the "pace" in Leicestershire! I cannot conclude these cursory observations on this distinguished Sportsman without expressing a hope, that at some leisure hour he may commit to paper his own account of his "Melton Life." By so doing he would confer on the Sporting World an inestimable favor, by presenting it with a most interesting and extraordinary document.

Lord Francis Thynne is also on the list of *final* departures; and his stud, which is both very numerous and very good, is condemned to the hammer. His "resignation," however, is not to be attributed to advanced age, or a want of *pluck*; but the *on dit* is that horned cattle are at a discount!

Seldom has there been a season when the country was so completely inundated as during the last Spring months; and the depth of the fields, whether pasture or plough, has given ample proofs of the value both of condition and of blood, and has afforded repeated opportunities to the ambitious of shewing their skill in "navigation" as well as in horse-

manship. "The Daily Press" was so *inundated* with the "*royage*" of Count D'Orsay that it is perhaps unworthy of farther notice. I only wish that I was blessed with the pencil of a Hogarth, and I would have sent you a series of sketches of the Count's plunge into and *exit* from the river, and of his streaming away full sail with a fine breeze before the wind over the green sod; one of his boots being torn to pieces, and his "*inexpressibles*" lacerated in such a manner as to expose the limbs of an Adonis! Short as his visit was, *Le Beau* D'Orsay and the *Protocol* were justly considered the "*trumps*" of the season.

I never could witness the Cossack grin of Matuschevitz when he came to a fence, that I did not sigh for the talents of a Cruikshank, that I might also have sent you a sketch of the physiognomical twitches of this Siberian Sportsman to illuminate your journal. He has now returned amongst the Barbarians of his native clime, the *laudable objects* of his "special mission" having been no doubt fulfilled; but he has left his stud in this country, publishing in all our newspapers that "His Excellency" has gone to supplicate the great "Autocrat of all the Russias" for leave to return here next season—not to manufacture more Protocols, but to enjoy himself at Melton.

Time will shew whether or not this be another piece of "Russian Diplomacy," or, to use his own more emphatic language, when commenting one morning at the covert side to Lord Wilton (if I recollect right) on some parts of my last communication to the

*Sporting Magazine*, whether or not it turns out to be "*a domination lie!*"

On the whole the last month (April) has afforded better sport than any of the season with Sir Henry Goodricke's hounds. The Baronet having been displeased with some of my former observations on his pack—which, I must admit, were not all intended to be complimentary—gave a sullen look to every one he suspected to be a contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*; and I was amused to hear him halloo to a suspected author, "Hold hard!" adding in the same "Almack" tone, "put that in your book, and be d—d to you!"

The Cottesmore Hounds have on the whole considered this season an inferior one; and it is generally admitted that Lord Forester has had some of the best days during the last weeks of it.

Though horses, as I have already stated, have suffered a *decrease* in price, there has been, to balance it, in many studs a most unaccountable increase in the longitude of their tails—a whim, in my opinion, only calculated to vulgarise the ugly, and to destroy the beauty even of the most beautiful in creation: and when you are told the history of this new *mode* (of which a specimen is to be seen in Ferneley's late pictures, and in the stables of most hackney-coachmasters), you will smile, I think, at the ease with which the fashion is set at Melton. The plain fact is, that Mr. Maxse, who has been for some time on the "superannuated Meltonian list," and whose pace diminished as his years increased, at last got together a stud of *coach-horses*, and, in order to give

these quadrupeds what the dealers call a "blood appearance," he allowed their tails to grow in this, to my mind, most unbecoming manner; and, strange to say, and no doubt to his own astonishment, was directly imitated!

Some of our bright Meltonians, too, in imitation of what they must have seen in the Cockney Hunts round London, have endeavored to make a change in the costume of the field, by the substitution of a common coat for the old and sportsmanlike "red rig." It is to be sincerely hoped, however, to use the language of the *effeminate* Doctor Clark, "their labours will prove *abortive!*"

Wonders will never cease; and it is a miracle of no little magnitude that Mr. Neville's first of first-rate horses, "Old Grey," should be now eclipsed in everything that is miraculous by his new horse, the "Grey Knight," without "the old-'un" having lost one fraction, or even particle, of his virtues. To behold 'Squire Neville sailing along a deep field, and taking a line of gates, on this most extraordinary animal, is indeed a spectacle worth looking at; and the "Grey Knight" is universally allowed to be the Premier of Leicestershire. It was well observed, the other day, by an accomplished and excellent judge, in his enthusiastic admiration of the Knight's figure and performance, "that he reminded him in grace and gesture more of *Taglioni* than of any other living being; and that there was a *poetry* in his movements only to be seen at a *Divertissement* of the Opera!" The Grey Knight, I should add, is a thorough-bred horse, by Sir Harry Dimsdale out of Lady Georgina, is full of sym-

metry and beauty, and is quite equal to carry thirteen stone. To the untutored eye he may not appear to have much bone; but he is all sinew, and his joints are well knit and admirably proportioned; and Mr. Neville (who had been for some time riding rather slack) has to thank him

for being enabled to resume his wonted place, as he has done, during the finish of the season.

I shall write again shortly to you, though not respecting Meltonian affairs: meantime, with best wishes, I remain yours truly,  
Mr. Editor,

AN INVISIBLE.

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### JOURNAL OF MR. SMITH'S (OF UCKFIELD) CAREER FOR THE LAST SEASON.

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SIR,  
**S**HOULD the following extracts from my hunting log for the past season be suited to the pages of your Magazine, insert them: if not, the paper may be formed into *allumetis* with which to light the speckled Havana, a weed not to be despised in these times of croaking, cholera, and influenza—luckily, by-the-bye, the latter did not make its appearance before the close of the season. My principal object is to introduce to your notice and that of your numerous readers, a pack of harriers belonging to Mr. Smith of Uckfield, who have been dealing death and destruction to a nobler object of pursuit than puss.

A large tract of country between the East Sussex and the Surrey, having no fox-hounds to hunt it, Mr. Smith brought his pack to Pressridge, on the 1st of December, to draw for a fox. A varmint was quickly a-foot, and went away through Hindleap, Broadstone, and Peppingford: the hounds, a good and even pack, were running him well, pressed rather too much, as Shaw (a Sporting Vet) would have it, by the riders, when in the middle of an open field the deep-toned

note was suddenly silenced, and the hounds one and all threw up. A drain betrayed the skulking-place: spades, pick-axes, &c., were soon in requisition, and our friend discovered. When unearthed—tell it not at Melton, proclaim it not in the fields of Leicestershire—without giving the poor devil one yard, although half drowned, the hounds were permitted to chop her as she came out from her hiding place! I blush for the Master who allowed it, and.....who advised it.

Dec. 7.—Drew the same covert as above—good drag, but no find. At half past twelve, however, a vixen of the right sort broke covert, and went away at a rattling pace over the Forest—*lucus a non lucendo*, I suppose, for devil a tree is there on it—through Hindleap, down to Brambletye. Here an unfortunate check let in the stagglers and road-riders, whom we could not again shake off the whole run, which continued for upwards of two hours, when a rattling big drain in Kidbrooke afforded as I hoped a secure asylum for a good one. But no:—the sanguinary mania was not yet appeased, and another murder took

place. In a bad scenting country like the one we crossed this day, clipping riding is out of the question. Hounds cannot go any pace, and I would therefore advise Mr. S—y, if he wants to display the acquirements of his black horse, to choose some other country, and not to be always before hounds: for however keen his nose may be, he cannot kill so good a fox as was running before us. The son of a man mentioned in *Billesdon Coplow* ought to, and I am sure does, know better.

**Dec. 24.**—Chailey North Common being the fixture for the East Sussex, I met them. The hounds, on being thrown into covert, got on a drag, and ere many minutes “tally-ho” was heard, and away we went across the road towards Firle, whence he turned again to the westward, and was making for the Downs, but being headed by a person on the road, he moved back towards his morning quarters, which fate had settled he was no more to reach; for after passing through a large covert in a straightforward way, he was headed back by a countryman, and the cheering “who-whoop” was given after a run of one hour and thirty-five minutes, the pace quite fast enough for most, and the fencing at one time not over easy.

**Dec. 28.**—Met Smith’s harriers at a covert of Lord de la Warre’s, by name “the Five Hundred Acres,” rather too much of it, but beautiful lying. The keeper took us to what he deemed the right place, and away we went dodging about after something. No fox was viewed, neither was it like the running of one, and being unable to make anything of it, we went away to Crowbo-

rough Warren, and quickly found a right good-’un, who led us a pretty dance towards Eridge, where he turned back through the Five Hundred Acres to his old quarters, where we lost him, the scent having been for some time very bad.

**Dec. 31.**—To finish the old year in a rational way, I met the East Sussex at Handall Wood, a covert of Lord Liverpool’s, and containing, generally speaking, some good ones. One of this family we found, who for one hour and three quarters rattled away before us, and eventually beat us in the Plashets.

**1833, Jan. 1.**—As I ended the old year, so did I begin the new one, meeting Smith’s hounds at Ashdown House. At twenty-five minutes after eleven puggy broke covert, and for twenty-five minutes the pace was severe. A stranger in the country, I was forced in self-defence to be with the hounds, for a thick fog prevented us seeing three fields a-head. Crossing the Lewes road, the varmint made for the Plaw Wood (leaving Forest Row to the left), through which he went straight, and then turned towards Horsted Keynes, when being headed, he made for West Hoathley. Here we were checked for about ten minutes, letting stragglers join us, and giving the other prads a pull, not before it was wanted, as the bellows department of most was sadly out of order. Forward, however, was again the order of the day, across the Lindfield-road, through Chittingly Rocks, where, like a good-’un, he disdained to take refuge; up to Wakehurst, and away for the Rowfant coverts, taking in some part of Tilgate

Forest. In the grounds of Mr. Graham we changed our fox, I think. Of the run from this time I must make use of the account given me, for of those who started from Ashdown in the morning only two held on—Mr. C. and a farmer. These were joined by Mr. C. B—on his shooting pony, and the trio, succeeding in laying on to the scent some six or eight couple of hounds, went away hallooing and screeching like mad. A temporary check at a brook let in Mr. Smith's whip, who had changed his horse: he, like a hare-hunter, persisted in making his casts everywhere except forward, until over-persuaded by Mr. C. and B. Upon throwing the hounds over the brook, they immediately settled to the scent, and the four horsemen fording went away again till twenty-five minutes after four, when the approach of night rendered it advisable to whip off and seek the turnpike road, which was hit upon at Lovel's Heath on one of the Brighton roads, being about sixteen miles from the start. The pace, except the first and last, was slow. With regular fox-hounds I venture to say it would have been a most brilliant day's sport, and few, if any, could have kept their places.

*January 18.*—Smith's harriers met at Forest Row, and proceeded to a piece of gorse at the back of Ashdown House, where we expected to meet our new year's friend; but the foot-people, of whom there were swarms, had doubtless moved him, and he was not at home. We then drew an adjoining covert, and ere long "tally-ho" was given from the top of the hill. At twenty minutes after twelve, the pack, now

strengthened with three couple and a half of fox-hounds, acknowledged the scent, which was good, and broke away in fine style for Thornhill. Here being headed, he turned away past Picksted, across the Tonbridge Wells-road, over the Forest to Broadstone, through which the merry pack rattled at a devil of a pace, puggy being just seven minutes a-head, and then to Peppingford. Here a momentary check enabled those few who were with the hounds to draw bit, and the nags began to require it. Quickly hitting it off, we bore away through the fir-plantations of Peppingford towards the Vetchery, skirting which he drew round to Old Lodge, right through the plantations there towards Newbridge, where another check let in the lane-riders, not a few. A good cast of Mr. Smith's again put us on terms with the enemy, who made to and through the Vetchery across the Forest to Pressridge, as straight as a line, through that on to the Forest, where there never is any good scenting. A lucky halloo made us carry on, the hounds once more picked up the scent, and away we went for Plaw Hatch, leaving that to the right; we rounded past General Sewell's house, and back to Pressridge, where the hounds got a view of the varmint running at a clipping pace through the bars at the end, and keeping him in view for a few fields, ran in to an uncommonly fine dog-fox in an open field in three hours and one quarter from the time of breaking covert. Great credit is due to Mr. Smith and his hounds for their work this day. The pace was not the whole time fast, but

the beginning and finish for the country we had to go through was sufficient.

*February 1st.*—Smith's hounds met at Pressridge, found a fox, had a good run, but were obliged to whip off at dusk near Ardingly.

*February 8th.*—Met at Witchcross. Drew Broadstone, the coverts about the High Beeches, and the Vetchery, blank: tried Pepperingford; drag in every direction, but no find. Trotted away for a piece of gorse which had not been disturbed all the season, but on our way drew some brakes in a rather sheltered position, when from under the hounds' noses a rare varmint jumped up. Never was a find more welcome!—time half past two, and everything proclaiming it a hunting day. Puggy rattled away across the Forest, through the Five Hundred Acres, past Crowborough Mill, into the plantations, when turning short back he again went down the Five Hundred Acres, where we met with a temporary check. The pace up to this had been most severe, the time fifty minutes, and no complaint was made that the hounds could not race; thorough-bred horses were at a premium. Hitting off the scent, we passed through Buckhurst Park, where we were somewhat bothered by halloos in vari-

ous directions; but fortunately the hounds stuck to the right scent, and from the way in which the varmint was now running, it was pretty evident that death would be his lot, which event took place near Penns Rocks, in one hour and three quarters from the find.

*February 15.*—Smith's hounds met at Forest Row. Drew the covert at Ashdown blank, passed on towards Hammer Wood, where two hounds were trapped—this does not look like preserving foxes, Mr. M—! but I am told you expressed your sorrow at the "untoward event," and I believe you. Luck was against us this day, which proved the first blank.

This was the close of Mr. Smith's career for the last season. With a small subscription it is his intention to hunt regularly twice a-week, and the generality of land-owners have promised their support as far as preserving foxes goes. Some opposition must be expected at first; but I trust nothing insuperable will be met with.—Should the above be acceptable to you, I shall continue occasionally to indite a few lines, and wishing you the success, which from the spirited way in which "the Mag" is conducted you deserve, I am, yours, &c.

WELTER.

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## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S, AND MR. JENKINS (OF LLANHARRAN'S) PACKS.

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SIR,

I Am happy in being enabled to forward to you the inclosed remarks, which have been by accident mislaid, or you would have received them sooner. It is needless, I think, to say that they

come from two thorough-good Sportsmen, from whom, let me hope, that next season we shall again have the pleasure of hearing.

DASHWOOD.

June 6, 1833.

## THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS.

DEAR —

SINCE I last wrote to you we have had a capital February in the Gloucestershire country, of part of which I must send you a short account. Stanton Park opened the ball; and from it away we went a very good pace by Foxley, turned to the right by Weston Birt, and continued on over a fine country to Shipton Wood, where pug succeeded in getting to ground at the breeding earths in that fine covert. The hounds were then trotted on to Higham, and found a fresh fox in Higham gorses, who went instantly away at a most brilliant pace, over as magnificent, though severe, a line as could be selected; and, after a ring, returned to Higham, where he was run in to, after having given a very complete breather to most of the very superior nags that invariably are to be found with this princely establishment.

*Day the second.*—After having drawn Alderton Grove and Cernell Wood, the gentleman was found in the Draycott country, but went away *with a most indifferent scent*, and was finally lost near Mr. Neale's new purchase at Grittleton. Towards three o'clock Mr. Long then again introduced his *pigeons*\* to Stanton Park; found without trouble, and went instantly away at a most clipping pace to and through Draycott, thence bearing away for the left, and on for Bincomb, but skirting

that covert, and then proceeding through a vale remarkable for its stiffness and deepness (being chiefly composed of a strong marly soil), to Corston village, where, most opportunely I believe may be added, a check ensued; a thick fog of steam speedily arising from the happy few who were fortunate enough to be up. By a little good management, however, he was again hit off in the direction of Malmesbury, and, having crossed the river, went on in a straight line at an *amfully stopping pace* into Mr. Moreton's country to Minety Pound, beyond which they ran in to him in a hedge-row, after as splendid a run as was ever witnessed, at a pace too most astonishingly severe.

On another day they met at Dyrham Park, the well-known hospitable mansion of a true lover of our manly sport†, and a most indefatigable preserver of the animal. On this occasion, on drawing Dyrham Wood, a leash of foxes were unkennelled, but two of whom being unfortunately killed in covert, they were obliged to hit upon the line of the third, who had selected an indifferent line towards Monk Wood, in Mr. Horlock's country; and passing that covert they carried him on to the Rocks, where he went to ground in the large breeding earths belonging to that Gentleman. His Grace then trotted

\* So named by Old Philip, from their pace over that stone-wall country.

† My worthy friend here adds, as a Postscript, with great warmth, that a more estimable or hospitable individual than the owner of Dyrham Park never existed upon earth, and during the season his house is full of red-coats and blue and buff from end to end. I may here also mention, that he has, I understand, a very splendid collection of pictures, and amongst them are the portraits of two capital hunters, "Spangle" and "Billy Button," which were both stolen from him, and recovered, *after being lost for some fourteen months or thereabouts.*

back to Bean Wood, a covert situated in the splendid Vale between Sodbury and Bristol: here they found, and went instantly away across this very magnificent Vale, *all pasture*, straight for Dodington Park, a distance of at least four miles, at a very good pace: passing through the Park, across the Bath and Cheltenham road, and on, rather in a half circle, to Acton-Turville village, whence he turned short to the left, and made direct for His Grace's seat at Badmington, where, after a most magnificent run of fifty-three minutes, he was very satisfactorily run in to under the kitchen-garden-wall of that splendid domain.

On their last day in their Gloucestershire country (which by the bye His Grace liberally gave us in consequence of the general fine sport his hounds had experienced in their home country), another splendid day must be recorded. The meet was on the Easton-Grey side; and having shortly found in one of the new gorse coverts, the villain, after hanging a little, went straight away for Shipton Wood, ineffectually trying the earths in his way, and leaving the town of Tetbury on the left, and making towards Mr. Ricardo's park. He then turned to the right for the Cherrington country (now, I am happy to add, again the scene of sport, being hunted by Mr. George's harriers), and passing

\* Since the date of my Correspondent's letter, his prediction, I am delighted to say, has been happily accomplished.—DASHWOOD.

through part of it, he finally was obliged to give up the ghost near the town of Minchinhampton.

His Grace's hounds, during the period they hunted their home country (about five weeks), killed eight and a half brace of foxes, having had very many good days besides those first-rate ones I have sent you; and in general the foxes were very strong and plentiful. The only drawback I have heard was in the large coverts of Ozleworth and Bagpath, a bad country, but admirably adapted for breeding foxes and cub-hunting. Here, as well as at the Box-covert at Boxwell Court, there was a sad falling off, these coverts being literally drawn a blank: two or three foxes were, however, found in the park of Mrs. Clutterbuck, at Newark, adjoining to Ozleworth, but the *on-dit* is that *the pheasants at the Box-covert have of late very much increased*.

You will I am sure be pleased to hear that that excellent fellow and first-rate gentleman-jock, Mr. John Bayly, is now all but recovered, and the Sporting World, it is to be hoped, will ere long see him once more in his racing saddle\*. You are aware his health obliged him to give up hunting for the season, and that, to avoid temptation, he sold off all his horses. To the great joy of all who know him, however, he is now nearly himself again.

Yours, &c. —

#### MR. JENKINS (OF LLANHARRAN'S) HOUNDS.

MY DEAR SIR,

London, April 1833.

I HAD a few days in Mr. Jenkins's country (of Llanharran House) in February, as I wrote you was my intention; and found him engaged in hunting hare (though he intended changing to

the brush in the ensuing month), as his foxes were by no means as plentiful as could be wished: and though his kennel is sufficiently strong to hunt both, he is compelled to content himself with less than he likes of the crafty animal. The sport that I saw with him was good in the extreme, as you will see by my account of it.—(Here my worthy friend inserts the details of several capital days with hare, which at this distance of time I nevertheless hope he will excuse me for omitting.)—I never saw (he continues) Mr. Jenkins's hounds in greater force in my life, or witnessed them do their work more satisfactorily; and they may be safely said to be as fine and powerful a pack for the work that they are put to as can be met with anywhere. Their power of low-scenting is perfectly extraordinary, and is the merited result of most judicious crossing with the fox-hound and the Welsh harrier. Nor is their handiness and steadiness to their different sorts of game to be less admired; for, as of course must be the case, many couples that hunt hare are occasionally drafted to hunt fox, and on such occasions not an individual amongst them, *in chase* at all events, will ever condescend to look at hare. By way of stooping them to a variety of scents too, Mr. Jenkins amuses himself during the summer months in hunting otter with them in the Monmouth and Glamorganshire rivers; and here too I understand that they are at least equally steady.

Since my return from Wales they have fulfilled their intention of hunting fox, and have, I believe, had altogether very fair

sport: on the 7th and 9th of March they had, I know, on each day a very brilliant run, but also on each day unfortunately to ground. I am sorry to say that in returning home on the 9th, that staunch and excellent sportsman Dr. Hopkins, so well known and appreciated in this part of the kingdom, had a most severe fall *in opening a gate*, attended with an injury to the spine, and for some length of time his sufferings must have been acute in the extreme. He is now, I am happy to say, getting better, and will soon be able, I hope, to superintend the getting together another stud for next season; for in consequence of *losing three of his horses* (one of them by breaking his thigh after castration whilst struggling with the cords, that should have been *cut*, and not *untied*) he has been this year but badly mounted.

I cannot conclude this without giving you an account of a most extraordinary day's sport with these hounds in October last, and which I hope you will have interest to get inserted and recorded in *the Magazine*. They began drawing for their first fox at Cwm Kenfig, above Pile, at half past six in the morning; found in about half an hour, and, making a ring to Cwm Rabba, ran to ground after an hour's work, of which part was very sharp. They then went to Cwm Alwg, which they drew pretty close, and were on the point of going away from, when up jumped Mr. Reynard from a snug corner of the wood, and went away over the hill to Cwm Kenfig, and across the Margam Hills to Mr. Smith's (of New-house); thence onwards over Bayden Hills towards Coy,

traherne Bridge, and through Tondy coverts down to Pantre-gunter Common ; across the Llwy-nu River, and on, over the Ogmore River ; thence over the large common of Cwan Hirgoed (which is three miles across), down to Coity (famed for its Castle), and across to Coychurch, and through the Veteran Captain May's farm of Coed Mwstwr ; thence skirting Pen-coed village, by Penrysk village, and to Werntaur, across the bottom to Cwm Cuic, and over to Mynydd Portra, down to Llanyllid, and across the bottom, over Ely river, where they got up to, and ran into him in the open by Twlcha near Llantrisant, *after a run of nearly thirty miles, and going through nine parishes, the distance from point to point as the crow would fly being at least twenty miles!!* The time was as nearly as possible four hours, with one check only of about twenty minutes, in con-

sequence of the fox being coursed near Mynydd Portra by a sheep dog : and besides the huntsman (who got a fresh horse as the hounds ran near Llanharran) the following Gents alone were so fortunate as to see the finish—namely, the Master of the pack, on his famous little mare Polly Hopkins ; the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, on his celebrated brown horse Leamington ; and Mr. Meyrick, on his Poulton mare. Mr. Knight and Mr. J. Lewis, I should say, had left before this gallant fox was unkennelled ; and Messrs. Verity and Simpson's horses did not give in till near the wind-up of the concern. The latter Gentleman, I can tell you, will ride and jump with any one, though from above the knee one of his legs is most unfortunately a wooden one. The huntsman too, John Harry, is a very forward rider, and has now been with Mr. Jenkins for the period of twenty-four years.—Yours, &c. —

## REMARKS ON STEEPLE CHASES, AND OTHER SIMILAR MATTERS MODERN AND ANCIENT.

(It will be seen by the date of this letter, that it ought to have appeared before—the pressure of other matter must plead our excuse to the intelligent writer. Sir Andrew Agnew's fanatic Bill has been thrown out of the House of Commons ; but as he has announced his intention of *renewing* it in the next Session, the observations of our Correspondent will be as applicable *now* as they would have been previously to the decision of the Legislature.—The course was laid out with flags (as suggested in this communication) in the Steeple Chase between the Squire and Captain Beecher : see our May Number, p. 65.)

“ **T**HERE is a time for all things—for marrying and giving in marriage, &c. ;” no bad sport by the way, *for the time*, to those immediately concerned : and, since there is this time for endeavoring to repair the wear and tear of human life, there is also

(in this our day at least) a time for increasing such waste by breaking of necks, or going the nearest way to do so. Seeing, Mr. Editor, that Steeple Chases are “ *all the go*” on each side of the Channel, I have not observed in your entertaining Miscellany

that any of its contributors, either regular or occasional, have taken any particular notice of this new feature in our Field Sports, which has so lately sprung up, or, perhaps more properly speaking, been in a manner revived in Britain. Our sporting brethren of the Sister Isle claim this species of racing—for so it may fairly be termed, most especially a *Hunter's Stakes*—as exclusively their own; and, perhaps, *critically* speaking, they are both correct and incorrect, as I have not been able to discover in any of the old books or records to which I could get access any mention of the *steeple* chase, as it is now termed. That the *essence* partly may have had its origin among them is probable, the *form* certainly not, as nothing can be more dissimilar in the manner of performing this manly sport than that practised in Britain and Ireland.

I shall give the practice of the latter country first; and perhaps I may be excused for saying, that, like *lucus à non lucendo*, it is called, *Hibernicè*, a steeple chase, because there is no such thing as a steeple concerned it. I shall best exemplify this by giving the articles for the Mayo Spring Meeting, which is to last three days, and to commence on the 8th of this month: “First day, five-foot walls—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 50 added, over the Mayo Course, six five-foot walls; whip, weights, and distance (four miles); a three-year-old to carry 9st; to be run the 8th of April next; to close on the 25th of March next; four subscribers or no race.”

“I engage the above 50l.

“CLANMORRIS.”

“Second Day, four-foot-and-a-

half walls, same stakes, weights, distance, &c. as above, with 25l. added, guaranteed by Thomas Hynes.

“Third Day: a Handicap, over the course, six four-foot walls, same stakes, 25l. added, guaranteed by S. O'Malley and J. Macdonnell.—Ordinaries, ball, &c. at Castlebar.”

Now this same practice prevails universally over Ireland; and where it partakes even more of the nature of the real steeple chase than in the case above specified, by being over *all* sorts of fences, it is still on a laid-out course, by means of flags, which are placed on the walls and fences, and between which each horse must take it. They (the courses) are generally in the form of a half moon.

The English plan, with its usual consistency, “suits the action to the word,” and a *steeple* chase it generally is, the ending being always close by some prominent one, which enables the rider to steer his way, which is optional, only that one horse must not follow another, take a fence within so many yards of another, or keep on any road above a certain length.

Each of these plans has its objections, if we look at it as it should be—taking a true sportsmanlike view of it—as a school towards the perfecting the fox-hunter and his horse. There can be no doubt that the Irish plan tries the nerves of the riders and the powers of the horses more thoroughly and equally, of the latter particularly; as, from the English mode, a lucky nick or accident, or a better knowledge of the country, may ensure the worst horse success; and as a

trial of nerve, game, and science, perhaps the Irish mode is the best: but the English one has a great point in its favour—looking at it (and I can never bring myself to consider it in any other way save that above mentioned) as connected with fox-hunting—namely, the scope it affords for the exercise of a superior judgment and fine eye to a country.

Were it possible to combine the advantages of the two, the system would be perfect: the only way to do which, perhaps, would be to erect at the different fences, at the distance of a quarter of a mile or less, and judges to be there posted, flags on very high poles, between which all must pass: the distance might be increased if the numbers required it. This to be applied to the English system.—And such distance, while it would decidedly prove the merits of the horses with greater certainty, would allow as much as the rider should have for *head*; for it would afford at least as much scope as the most skirting rider for *points* dare take with a pack of hounds without incurring the odds of being thrown out. In no instance the riders to be previously acquainted with the country, or be permitted so to go over it in any way.

One custom which prevails in the Sister Island, although not actually relating to steeple chases, or races, or what are, however inaptly, so termed, is in a measure mixed up with them, and so truly in unison with common sense, and worthy of imitation, that it ought not to be passed over: I allude to their method of qualifying for Hunters' Stakes—not sending a seven-eighths or tho-

rough-bred horse, with a mistified or false pedigree, to take tickets with hounds, but making them qualify *on the spot*, by carrying the rider over a height of four or five feet and a breadth of twelve, failing the performance of which to the satisfaction of Stewards or Judge, to say nothing of spectators, they are not allowed to start. We then should have *Hunter's races* a new and very amusing feature in the sum total of a country race meeting, independent of the stop it would put to the disgusting chicanery, which is every day getting worse and worse, about the pedigrees of these *soi-disant* cocktails; and which, unfortunately, too notoriously prevails among those who, to say the least, ought to know better. If there must be such animals, well and good; but let them be clearly and *honestly* defined. It may be said hunters should not race; and that Hunters' Stakes and Gentlemen riders are out of keeping with racing. I cannot see the force of this objection: anything that tends to bring all classes together for the purposes of sport and enjoyment, banishing the while, as much as possible, all dirty cheats and impositions, is so much (*I say it most seriously*) done for the public *weal*, and well worthy of practice. If some of our hard-riding and rising Castors and Polluxes would get up a thing of this kind, they would soon find imitators, and the thing would run a chance of at least being tried: and I cannot help saying, seriously, that it becomes a positive and bounden duty with all those who have the sinews of war to cherish and encourage by all means our national sports of all

*grades and descriptions*, unless they would wish to see "merrie England" metamorphosed into one vast tabernacle of eyes turned up like dying wild ducks, and groans to which the hypocrisy and yells of hell itself would be a *regular gaudeamus*! Luckily the attempt is so preposterous—the audacity so beyond the endurance of common patience or toleration, that it must prove a *felo de se*; for let no one believe that it arises from absolute and downright folly: did it, it might, like *Neddy Irvine's* rhapsodies, be passed over with a smile. Whatever may be the stultification of anyone individual with whom it may have originated, it *has* (incredible as it must appear to every *Englishman*) its supporters. Let all sportsmen, then, be unanimous in their endeavours to give it *practically* a decided opposition. Need I mention that I allude to a Bill the heads of which have lately appeared for the observance of the Sunday. *Neddy Irvine*, *honest man*, has been, and is, on the look out for the Millenium, though I am inclined to think he had but a poor foretaste in the *kick out* he got at Annan. But to what sort of state would this proposed preposterous unmentionability reduce this sufficiently careworn nation! Imagination cannot reach it; therefore words may well be wanting. What is our greatest national sore?—"a worm trod upon will turn:" and a series of causes, alas! too many, have almost reduced us to a comparative state of evil with the Sister Kingdom, and partly arrayed the peasantry against the higher classes. Of what nature have the causes been? Principally the contraction of all the *en-*

*joyments* of that class; and yet, in the teeth of this is there an unqualified attempt making to *render* it a matter of almost felony for the hard-wrought artisan or labourer to taste God's fresh air on the only day that God has allotted him at his ease so to do—"Six days shalt thou labour, &c." Would I had the treatment of these canting empirics, to whom the observance they would inflict is matter of choice and no deprivation or punishment, as they need not labour six hours, less days! On the plan of "*toujours perdrix*," I would treat them to a confinement in an atmosphere of gasses, which should make them pray as fervently for one mouthful of a *Sunday's* air, as ever *Dives* did for the water to moisten the tip of his tongue. Let all sportsmen beware! though the attempt made is too barefaced to succeed, a minor one may: and let the highest rest assured, that every intrenchment made on the sports and *enjoyments* of the lower orders will eventually lead to theirs.

It is matter of history to what a height this went in the accursed times of Cromwell; but which, bad as they were, were mere moonshine to this monstrosity, which would convert the Empire into one morbid weakly Penitentiary, to which that of Millbank or Tothill-fields would be a terrestrial Paradise. I ought to apologise for this digression, but for the life and soul of me I could not help it.

They are in the habit in the Sister Kingdom of occasionally amusing themselves with drags, which answer precisely to the old train scents recorded in Markham,

Mascal, &c. I rather imagine that out of this practice sprung their steeple races, as they call them; and that although they may have perpetuated, or were the first to revive them, we must go back to those old times in England for the origin and foundation of this as *all* our other field diversions. It is, in my humble opinion, an amusement and *practice* by no means to be sneezed at; and I know none which *young* ones might better employ themselves at, who have the ambition of being downright ones to hounds over a country. Better training for a fox-hunting horse there cannot be—much superior to work with harriers, where they run such chances, nay encounter such certainties of cold. It might be so arranged as to give a young horse previous practice before the actual drag of following and getting acquainted with hounds; and a few young and wealthy neighbours, who had any command of country, could easily put it in practice. In Ireland it generally ensues after a *lunch*, and “*nil desperandum*” is the motto. It would be a pleasant thing—but in the present state of unlucky Erin it is more to be hoped for than expected—that, after the fashion of our present cricket matches, a given number of the crack performers in the break-neck line, on both sides the Channel, should undertake a match, to come off on which ever side a toss up should specify; the return to be played off on the other; and in case of a draw, the deciding one to be again referred to the unbiassed decision of chance. Although Ireland is so disturbed, the vicinity of Dublin would afford as safe an

arena as Hyde Park, so *that* objection could not be valid. Thus, each sticking to their own rules, both horses and men would be fairly tried, and the merits of both systems be fairly wrought to conclusions. I cannot help avowing myself partial to these exercises, as I look upon them to be an excellent school for *young* hands, and likely to increase and confirm hard riding. In the field there are a thousand excuses: *here* a man must act; and what nerve, promptitude, and decision is likely to be acquired, is too obvious to require notice.

Of all things I dislike as a sportsman, is a riding-school horseman; he may, and does, stick on; but how, in comparison to that peculiar and neat seat which can only be acquired by early practice in the field? A few drags among youngsters over ground not too dangerous would be the most admirable practice; and if, in these days of speculation, some real sportsman qualified to expound the principles of a real hunting seat, riding to hounds, &c. would, if (the grand difficulty) he could get ground, open such a school, I maintain it ought at least to cut all others out hollow in the estimation of young and wealthy aspirants to sporting excellence, who should as assiduously avoid and eschew the toe in the stirrup style *en militaire*. Every art—and riding *well* to hounds (*fox-hounds especially*) is no mean one—is always best learnt by an apprenticeship. “*Dedicisse fideliter artes*” is what always should be kept in mind.

But, in my humble opinion, the art in question is more likely to be marred than matured in a riding-school. I should imagine

the practice which your correspondent HARKAWAY, in his "Traits of Fox-hunting," mentions to have been prevalent in his younger days among the rising sportsmen of this town, must have conduced to make some of those he mentions (some of whom to my knowledge are yet alive), what they were notoriously, such as he mentions them, good ones to go. Drags are sometimes practised a *leetle* on our side the water to *help out*, and sometimes in establishments where such might not be expected. One of the best *runs* in which man, horse, or hound could be engaged in *any* country, I saw, which was managed so adroitly, by means of a drag and a bagman, that it was not for years afterwards known to any individual but the master who concocted it, his groom who rode the drag like an out-and-out trump (for it was over a terribly-inclosed country), and a farmer, who got the groom and drag timeously out of harm's way, and as pertinently put down Charley in a small covert. So complete was the deception, that one old and excellent sportsman declared

he had a casual glimpse of the villain (this was during the drag) going over a fence. It was by similar arts that Mr. Maberly, when he had the Surrey fox-hounds, used to give the *οι πολλοι* who attended him such ticklers, to their infinite edification. I have before now once or twice (having twigged the thing the very first day I was out with them) gone out to *laugh*, and heartily to myself have I so done; but I am certain my horse came back to *pray* that he might never again be caught at the same game. I beg particularly to state that I mean no dirty scoff at Mr. Maberly. It was *the thing*, so little generally seen, that amused me. Mr. Maberly was a high-spirited clever man, who would, despite all difficulties, "keep the game alive." He afforded, at a regardless expense, sport in, literally as far as foxes were concerned, a wilderness, and the bagmen who beat him subsequently did no little to stock that country, at least I have so since heard. I never was in it more than half a dozen times, years bygone.

I am, &c.

DRAGSMAN.

Bath, April 7, 1833.

## HARLING, AND MINOR MATTERS.

BY AN OLD BROTHER OF THE ANGLE.

SIR,  
HAVING read QUARTOGENARIAN's article on "Cross-Fishing" on the Shannon, and encouraged by the admission of the "Hints to Young Anglers" I sent you last season, I have ventured to offer a slight detail of this peculiar branch of the *ars piscatoria* unconnected with boat fishing, seldom or ever practised

I believe, at least I am so given to understand, by the English anglers, and consequently so little known, that, though the "bloom be off the plum" by the description I have alluded to, it will have something like novelty yet to recommend it to some of your readers, should it prove worthy in your eyes of being presented to

them. I am not aware even, though I have "wet a line" in the Principality before now, whether it be in use among the brethren of the angle in Wales, though the nature of most of their waters is such that in many instances it must be almost or to the full as *necessary* to adopt it as with us. Whether QUARTOGENARIAN be right in saying that *cross-fishing* is the proper term for this practice, I cannot take upon me to decide. In some parts of this northern portion of the Empire, this ancient kingdom, which still retains most of its peculiarities, in common or vernacular parlance it is generally and in most districts styled *harling*; and although I can neither give nor learn the derivation of this term, it is *that* which the all-powerful impression of wont and usage has rendered familiar to mine ear, and is certainly to the general angler more appropriate than *trolling*, which it is called in some other places north of the Tweed. Trolling ought no doubt to be solely applied to bait-fishing for pike, or roving with the minnow; still the Scotch anglers have a vocabulary of their own, and the terms *stretcher* and *dropper*, &c., *cum multis aliis*, belong not to it, or would not be understood by most of them. The object of this mode of fishing is two-fold—in the first place, to cover a greater breadth of water than can be done by the most expert and resolute salmon-fisher with the single rod; secondly, to get at waters, which, running through almost impenetrable woods, are often the best, yet defy the efforts of the most skilful to throw a line of sufficient length, or in many places any line at all.

I have applied the word *resolute* to the salmon-fisher; and if having, at a moment's warning, when a fish gets on, and impeded by over thick or high wood, to plunge into the water, no matter where, or to spring from rock to rock, amid rapid and broad streams, rendered so slippery by either wet or heat (for the effect is the same) that a goat might not like the venture, and where a fall is to be lightly considered, if severe bruises, not broken bones, be the only result; to have every sense and attribute on the alert, that he may avoid unmentionable and ever-varying dilemmas and difficulties, and avail himself of every advantage to cope with and secure the noble prize; if such may call for determination in the fulfilment, surely the term will not be found inapplicable. QUARTOGENARIAN has not inaptly alluded to this; but as most of those for whom the sport, I mean angling generally, holds out no charms or inducements, form their ideas of it from some honest popjoy, whom they have seen sitting on the bank of a canal or pond, simultaneously enjoying the luxuries of a pipe and a "glorious nibble," it can hardly be misplaced thus briefly to lay open, as it were, the pleasing perils which environ him who aspires to the highest step in the ladder of piscatory eminence. But let it not be imagined that I have the low arrogance hereby to attempt deriding the humble toils of the ground-angler. Forbid it every feeling which should animate the sportsman! We are all but the creatures of circumstances; and his heart must be as bad as his brains, who could feel, much less express, any assumption over

his fellow being for making use of such enjoyments as his lot has placed within his reach.

When it has been determined by two brother anglers to cross-fish, or *harl*, any particular stream or streams on the river; they proceed up or down, as the case may be, on separate sides, being provided in all respects with tackle the same as is used for salmon-fishing commonly—namely, a rod from seventeen to twenty feet, a large reel with from eighty to a hundred yards of line, cast-lines of twisted gut, flies, &c. The reel for this purpose should have the outer ends or boxes, in which the inside of the reel (*pirn* is the Scottish word) turns made of *lignum vitæ* instead of brass: they are, for such large ones, equally, I should say sufficiently, strong, and are *much lighter*—a matter of consequence to *any* man who goes to this work with the determination to follow it well up for a day; as when the cross-line is up, and the two rods mounted with flies, &c. the *labour* of carrying them over high trees and other impediments *must be tried* and *felt* to be fully appreciated.

Supposing, then, they have arrived where they intend commencing operations, each man puts up his rod with a single salmon fly on, and, repairing to the water, they commence casting as much as possible across one another until the hooks catch; then he who has the cross-line takes the hooks over to him by winding up his reel, and taking the flies off each, he joins them by the cross-line, which is a spun hair one of the same substance as the end of the lines, and in the middle of which is one good

swivel. This line is generally about three yards long; on it, between the swivel and the end of his own line, he then mounts, on (twisted gut) cast links of a yard in length, three such flies as he deems fittest for the size and colour of the water, state of the wind, be it milder or rougher, &c. His opposite neighbour next takes the cross-line over, and on his side of it puts up in a similar manner three other hooks, as his fancy or judgment prompts him to determine on. This is the most usual number for the general run of salmon streams: it can be altered, of course, as localities may make such change necessary.

All things being ascertained right, the lines are let out from the reels to such length as will allow the water to be covered by the flies, the latter being more or less to the one side or the other according as the stream most prevails, or, if in pools, as the knowledge and judgment of the individuals point out. The lines are mostly let out so that the flies are about ten yards or frequently more in advance of the anglers, who proceed down each bank steadily, step by step, by which means every particle of stream is carefully and regularly fished, the current carrying the hooks out in advance of the cross-line, which is curved outwards more or less according to the rapidity or weight of water. I should premise that each man is accoutred with a gaff or cleek, as described by QUARTOGENARIAN, the handle of which is slipped down the back, between the jacket and waistcoat, the hook part (the barb of which is covered by a cork) resting upon the collar of

the jacket. This should be looked to now and then to see the guard has not fallen off: I once got a severe cut by a bank giving way with me, and the cork unfixing at the same time. To those who will have an attendant, such can carry the cleek; but he who wishes to pursue this sport in all its difficulty, and consequently all its exciting enjoyment, will carry his own cleek. He must also keep all his wits about him, and while one eye is steadily on his own three hooks, the other must note and transfer to his memory all the localities of the bank and stream: he must observe what difficulties are to be avoided, what points can be made available, and, above all, direct his attention to find out a *landing* place, where a small creek or inlet, a bank of shingle or sand, or any other such favorable indication, may hold out a hope that in case of success he may there transfer the monarch of the stream to his bag or pannier.

In case of a fish taking one of his hooks, he is, by the rules of the play (unless some very particular and insurmountable difficulty lies on his side), entitled to work the fish—in doing which he must not only see to avoid his own difficulties and use his facilities, but he must keep a wary eye on his companion, and observe how he is situated, whether he may not have matters to encounter which may render quickness, or caution, as far as they can be applied, necessary. These, and a thousand things too tedious and minute, nay impossible, to describe, render this sport as arduous a one in some situations as a man can undertake. Should

the fish take on his playfellow's hooks, he has as much to do; for he must watch, and simultaneously second, his every action, the least mistake with a large fish in strong and heavy water being often fatal, and may not only lose the fish, but smash the whole concern.

It takes a much longer time to kill a fish with this double tackle than with the single rod, as its weight is to be taken into consideration, though it is certainly the surest way of rising them; and the length of water which it is sometimes necessary to go down before it becomes prudent to try the final struggle, would astonish a person unused to it, who would, were he left to himself, ruin all by impatience. Supposing, however, the fish worn out, and coming up broadside, or if any hooks be between him and the bank, everything must be tried to prevent their catching; and keeping his rod well and firmly bent (the butt well out) in his left hand, he must discharge his cleek; then, the line being held in the grip as well as the rod—I mean such part as runs along the rod through the rings—he slips his left hand gradually along the whole length until he gets hold of that part at the end of the rod, and gradually approaching or drawing to him by hand play the fish, he prepares to secure it. It seldom happens in such situations that a man can afford to be very nice; if he can, he inserts the gaff or cleek about his gills. If he cannot make this out, he grips where he can, just turning his wrist as the hook enters, to fasten it; but in all cases this approach must be very carefully made, either sideways or behind,

by going into the water, as unless he is utterly exhausted, which is seldom the case, the fish might make a desperate last effort, and perhaps loose himself, or break. Many fine fish are thus lost.

In heavy water and high woods, the greatest misfortune which can befall a couple of harlers is to get a fine *weighty* fish on, as it is ten to one you not only lose, but that you never see him. I recollect some years back, being in the month of October (it was before Mr. Kennedy's last Salmon Act), on one of the principal tributaries of the Tay, and just at the close of a capital day's play, getting on such a giant in a planting which extended for three miles on each side. My partner was a man then in my employ, and as good a salmon-fisher, as they vulgarly term it in this country, "as ever wagged a wand." From the sullen way in which he took, and the wave of the water (it was in a pool), he was aware of his size, and proposed putting on all our steam, and breaking at once. I was anxious to try the fortune of war, and we set-to at him. We went running, falling, scrambling, and sousing in the water with him nearly two miles—sometimes uncertain whether we had him yet or not, then re-assured when a few feet of good ground enabled us to wind up, until we cleared the wood, and ascertained that he was yet on. I now expressed a hope that we had all chance of securing him, though the water was broken, impetuous, and rocky; but my man, less sanguine and more conversant, said we should never see him, as his weight was too great with the weight of our tackle. He proved

right, for the fish parted company by breaking the hold: the hook did its duty and stood, without our ever getting a glimpse of him in more than fifty minutes.

Thus, like all other mundane pursuits, harling has its defects as well as its favorable points. By it you can get at, and fairly fish over, all kinds of water, stream or pool, no matter how situated, and it is a manly, noble, and exciting sport.

In some places in Scotland it is in broad waters practised by one party holding the shore and the other taking to a boat: but I at least never knew it done, as QUARTOGENARIAN mentions on the Shannon. As a boat is a matter generally of absolute necessity, more or less, to an angler on the great scale, I cannot help mentioning one, and a contrivance for moving it from place to place, at once so useful and simple as to render it worthy of being noticed. To a pair of old gig wheels, an axle not heavier than a common one, but of a width sufficient to admit the boat between the wheels, was fitted, and upon it, in the centre, was fastened an ash-beam rather more than the length of the boat. To this, underneath the axle, and about half a foot from the ground, the boat was suspended by light chains, and the carriage being furnished with a handle similar to a truck, the whole moved upon a plain good road *easier than a heavy-loaded barrow*. This I myself tried, and the proprietor told me a good stout man could take it on a good road anywhere: it was a boat in which he fished constantly on the Tay, and was very convenient for one person and a

rower. The seats were made to ship on and off, and, being covered their whole length with cork of a great thickness, became available as life-preservers in case of an upset. Oars and tackle of all sorts had each their separate and convenient stowages, and, being neatly made and painted, it was as pretty and useful a contrivance as I have seen. When he wants to go to any distant rivers or lakes, he packs up all his luggage and necessary appliances in this boat, which has a locked cover, and despatches it at the tail of the carrier's cart to the nearest place.

This gentleman is an Officer in our Service, who, though not regularly bred an engineer, acted as such in a foreign cause with distinction; and he informed me, indeed shewed me a model of a carriage of this kind, to which were appended three flat-bottomed boats, each fitting gradually within the other, and capable of containing a few men each. The idea was of applying it where pontoons could not be easily attained in military proceedings; and he hinted that it had been seen with approbation by some of our engineers, and it was not improbable but it might be submitted to Government.—As a sporting appliance, the one above-mentioned is the simplest and best I have seen.

The rest of my paper will afford me an opportunity of mentioning a few minor matters, which are appropriate to this season in regard to the angle, so far as trout, &c. are concerned. When the fire-edge of the season is over, and when these fish become well fed and shy, the weather hot and unfavorable, and the water low and clear, it is fre-

quently a matter of difficulty for a good hand, even a real proficient, to get a pannier of fish when wanted. But this cannot now, when the weather is scorching and the waters low, be done *at all* in the day-time, and he who would prosper must sacrifice his rest, or at least turn night into day, and *vice versa*. The mere artificial fly-fisher also, who will not deign to use any other means, and abhors to dirty his fingers, will run no chance here: in short the gentleman must descend a little, and sink the amateur in the professional. Why is it that countrymen or poachers, who make their living by such matters, are more or less successful? Is it that they are, *par excellence* of being so, especially gifted? I do not think it, and on the contrary am convinced that a real proficient amateur is more than a match for them. But the latter fishes only for his amusement; and not only gives up if fish be not on the take, but only tries it an occasional day or so, turn out how it may, good or bad. But he, whose dinner lies at the bottom of the river, and to whom (to say nothing of his having an irresistible *penchant* for it as well as the amateur) it is not labour or trouble, but an easier way of getting his livelihood, cares not a pin whether they take or not. He sits down on the bank or under a hedge, and in a state to him the most enviable (an immunity from work), loiters out the time until they will feed; he *waits* on them, and at some lucky hour or another is sure to get them. He then that in these hot months, from mid June to September, would get a few good trout, must

rise, lie down when he may, at midnight or soon after, and having a bag of good magots and his fly-book, time his march so as to reach the water before day dawn: or if the night be fine and clear, he may successfully commence at midnight, or before, provided he *knows* the water well, as *mading* is indispensable. He should use a light rod, the finest gut, and two midge-flies; each of these must be pointed with a magot: and if he be any hand at all, and good fish in the water, he cannot fail of success—or if the weather be showery, and the water a *little* moved, if he wade in with a good brandling, and let

it float as it may down the stream a good way before him, he will kill the best and heaviest fish. In all waters where there are salmon, pars abound; and this method of taking them, the midge fly and magot, is very killing, and may be tried with success morning and night. For any man to keep whipping away at water in the daytime during the dog-days, unless there have been heavy rains, succeeded by breezy or windy days, is the stupidest waste of time conceivable. No fish feed at all in the day time at the height of the year.—I am, &c.

*An Old Brother of the Angle.*

Edinburgh, June 10, 1833.

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### LEINTWARDINE.

ITS SCENERY — VISITORS — THE RED LION — THE GRAYLING —  
THE LUDLOW ANGLER.

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WHERE, Mr. Editor, is the true disciple of Izaak Walton who has not visited this little village? England can scarcely produce scenery more bewitching than Leintwardine's:—the little river meanders through the valley slowly and tranquilly, seemingly reluctant to depart from scenes so lovely: the bridge—the church—and the cottage of the late Sir Banastre Tarleton are all happily placed; whilst the hills above Brompton Bryan and the woods of Downton lend a charm to the view rarely excelled. The whole is in exquisite keeping: an air of repose reigns throughout, only to be found in an English landscape:—the excited traveller may speed his way across the Continent of Europe, yet in no other country

will he find the beauties of nature in such pleasing variety.

In more palmy times Leintwardine boasted its Fishing Club and visitors innumerable: occasionally a few strangers yet make a short stay, but of late years there has been a lamentable falling off. Those sports and pastimes which were once so characteristic of the English Gentlemen are no longer in the same degree of high repute: the march of one thing or other has so assimilated all classes as to cause the Country Gentleman to keep far away from those amusements in which once consisted his pride. The influx of Irish too has materially deteriorated the character of the English peasant: there is no longer that air of quiet and well-fed ease which at one pe-

ried distinguished his race: his hopes, his anxieties, are far away, and he builds upon pushing his energies and capabilities in a far-distant land.

Where is mine host of the Red Lion, to tell of the celebrity of his visitors—of the great men who have sojourned under his roof? Where is his bright-haired daughter, to tell of the old Indian Colonels who have sipped their port and claret in the little harbour near the stream? Where is the urchin, who told by the corner of his eye that he had toiled all day and without effect: who whispered with a leer that he had borrowed the gentleman's rod and line in order that the visitors might be better provided, and return no more with empty basket, the laughter of cookey and her satellites? Are these all fled?—are the sons and daughters of Old England thus obliged to seek an existence in a foreign land?

Amidst the many vicissitudes which Leintwardine has undergone, one tried and constant friend it still possesses: no lover in his visits could be truer to his mistress: the Cheltenham coach annually safely deposits rod, basket, landing-net, and owner, at Ludlow in the commencement of May, whence it is but an easy walk for the following day to the Red Lion. The end of August again witnesses their departure. There is a bronzed hardness of feature about the old Gentleman, evidently the effects of an Eastern sun: still Time seems in no way to have impaired the energies of the man: he yet retains the jocund health of the angler. The followers of the "gentle craft" have a species of Masonic know-

ledge of each other, by which they speedily become acquainted: if any of its disciples should ever fall in with the old East Indian, they will be amply repaid for their loss of time, by the pleasure which his conversation imparts.

Mr. Knight, of Downton Castle, the celebrated President of the Horticultural Society, is the proprietor of the best fishing ground. Although it is preserved, yet, on application to the Castle, permission is readily obtained: or a residence at the Red Lion gives right and title to the privileges of the river. The Red Lion is a quiet little *auberge*; its wines and accommodations have long been proverbial, the one for age, the other for cleanliness; but its hey-day is over. The sojourner will find much more of the comforts of this *sub-solary* sphere than is usually found under so modest an external, and he may take "his ease" without fear of vulgar intrusion. Indeed throughout Wales the accommodations in these little resorts are of a superior order to those of a similar grade in England, and the people much more accustomed to the visits of the pedestrian and the angler.

Walton holds the grayling to be inferior in all respects to the trout: it is not so, however, in this stream: epicures far and near coincide in its superiority over that fish when taken in full season. Whether this arises from some peculiarity in the water, or the feed, is not exactly determined; but the Leintwardine grayling has long been celebrated as one of the highest delicacies: it is here too of a brighter and richer colour, and of a larger size than it is commonly found.

The first weeks in June may perhaps be considered the season when the grayling is in the highest perfection, and again in the latter end of August, or early in September. He is frequently killed with the common dun-fly, although he readily rises to all the flies commonly used for the trout, to which he affords most excellent sport. Above the bridge is not the most favored with his presence: here the angler has the fullest play, and perhaps the trout are in greater numbers than below: however they are exceedingly timid and shy, and the angler must bear in mind Massaniello's barcarole:—

“Pêcheur, parle bas, jette tes filets en silence,  
Et le roi des fleuves ne t'échappera pas.”

It is below the bridge where the finest fish are taken. Here the grayling thrives; he has deeper water and excellent shade. There is a rapacity in his character also widely different from his fellow above: he rushes at his victim, and, seizing it, darts with the rapidity of lightning to his well-known haunts. This is the period which calls forth the dexterity and skill of the angler; the hesitation of an instant, and the object of all his toil and solicitude escapes.

Formerly this stream was subject to the inroads of the Ludlow angler of the lower class, who proved very destructive with the worm, &c. It is at the present

day, however, otherwise, and the stream is seldom disturbed. In the usage of the rod and line, the Ludlow people have long been celebrated. No provincial town affords more varied opportunities to the angler than Ludlow: the Cowe and the Onny are both in the immediate vicinity, running through a country unrivalled in richness and fertility. In these the tyro commences his career; and ultimately the Severn and the Wye become the scenes of his glory and perseverance. It rarely happens in an excursion through Wales but that you fall in with the Ludlow angler: he is wending his weary way with the characteristic devotion of a true lover of the craft. Pen-y-bout, Rhaayder, and the Cardiganshire and Caermarthenshire waters are his favorite haunts: a little inn on the bleakest moor brings him up for the night, and the morning's dawn sees him again at his toil. There is a certain provincialism in his dialect never to be mistaken; yet is he commonly of much information. There are few localities but with which he is well acquainted, and a cigar and Welch ale (*cwrw*) usually draw forth all his conversational powers: he is perchance plodding his way to Aberystwyth, missing no point favorable for throwing his line, and finishing his tour and his sport with a salmon in the Rhidol or Yetwith.

Φ.

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#### ON SHAPES AND ACTION.—BY *STUD*.

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SIR,

**I**T is a matter of no small comfort to one who has not “that within” which could ever induce him to attempt the crime of

versification—nay, whose cranium moreover is untinged with even the slightest shade of that indescribable coloring which some of

the highflying publications of the times are pleased to denominate *Prose Poetry*—that the rules of your Miscellany restrain him to plain matter of fact and one topic, otherwise what might not a dissertation on *shapes* induce even the most comatose to attempt! That there is no *line* of beauty, all must be as well aware as that “every eye forms its own;” and so as the fair *please* in all shapes, likewise do the nags go in all shapes, and *that* frequently despite all rule and proportion. The best hunter but one I ever bestrode, in no mean course of practice, was yclept Paradox, as it was nearly incomprehensible how so great an ugly gander could be such a one to go as he was. On the other hand, who has not seen some prime-o’-life fellow, well known to be up to a *thing* or two, doating down alive on a questionable specimen of womankind, whose pretensions to such homage none others can decipher! Nothing is commoner among sportsmen than to hear one say to another, “I have seen a very good sort of horse to-day, just *your kind of horse*,” and I will be answerable for it, nine times out of ten, that let any man have the means, or be in the habit, of keeping a number of horses for any length of years, he will acquire as it were a mannerism in his judgment, and become partial to a particular stamp and sort of horse. In a country of monogamists the simile can be carried no farther: so leaving such disquisition to the Prose Poets, the shapes and action of horses generally remain to be considered in plain English.

That there are two decided moulds, or principles of propor-

tion (from which, with almost endless variations and ramifications, every one of which more or less affects it, power and consequently action are derived), common to this noble quadruped, I believe will not be denied—viz. the one, who, standing for his height on no great space of ground, is gifted with a short back, but *proportionate* length of limb, whence is obtained the necessary leverage, and quickness of action which enables him by frequent repetitions to get well off and over the ground: the second, low and lengthy, who covers more ground as he stands on shorter legs, and who, when in action, has to depend specially on his stride for his progressive powers, and the greater space of ground he can leave behind him in one movement. In these two definitive shapes, from which these two, as distinct methods of action, arise, *all* horses more or less are to be classed, each, to insure excellence, being contra-distinguished by peculiar points and attributes, which I shall endeavour to point out: and the farther from which either vary or decline, in so much do they retrograde in appearance, and, generally speaking, evince a corresponding deterioration in power and action, though there are no doubt occasionally some very strange, and, as to exhibition of performance, as splendid exceptions.

It is so extremely difficult (at least I must humbly acknowledge I find it so) to convey clearly to the conviction of another, by means of mere language, that even which is self-evident to one’s own conceptions, that I am under the necessity of throwing

myself on the mercy of the reader, if I should, as I fear, fail to place before him satisfactorily a plain and perfect elucidation of these points in question: and as it is to the young I only address myself, (for I have not the inordinate vanity to suppose I can be better informed than my sporting brethren of the same standing,) I trust I may not prove over-sanguine in laying my account to such being conceded.

Every young person who comes of a sporting stock is necessarily in a manner among horses from his childhood, consequently sucks in much information almost with his mother's milk; and it is no miracle to see a juvenile of fifteen up to the whole catalogue of defects, &c.: but what one (at a more advanced age) in twenty could you get, and when such knowledge is most wanted, at the period when "hot and high in blood," he rushes into life, and first has to encounter its deceptions, who could explain to you the points and principles from which power and action are derived, and their contraries? Few ever think it worth their while to impart such information: indeed there is a sort of secret pride and jealousy amongst nearly *all good judges*, that some would not communicate a thing or two, which they deem rare and precious, to their father, could he rise out of the grave and request it, much less to their grown-up heir-apparent, now about to become, as some one has significantly enough defined it, "their natural enemy." Every young one, desirous of becoming a good judge, ought to

exercise their own judgment as much as possible, there being no criterion equal to experience, although *dearly* earned. Without further circumlocution, then, I will attempt, firstly, to explain and define these two moulds or figures in their proper and perfect shape, tending to produce corresponding good action; secondly, the variations from such shape which causes contrary results; and afterwards as briefly consider these shapes in the different characters of racer, hunter, hackney, &c.

A horse formed on the first principle, to possess power and action should have a short back, a lengthy but not too long a neck, springing well out of the shoulder, with a well set on and finely-turned head: the shoulders should be gently sloped, but by no means tending to be high-withered or knife-topped; the point, or lower extremity, should be particularly fine, and not in the least loaded: the chest full, but not too wide: the hind quarters should be full and muscular, and inclining to round rather than oval, and the tail high set on: the legs should be (*apparently*) for the length of body rather long (but it by no means follows spider-shanked or spindle), as a horse to go *must* have length somewhere; the principal length being from the bottom of the shoulder to the knee in the fore, and from the declension of the haunch to the hock in the hind leg:—both these joints should *be* strong and well developed, the latter moderately, but by no means much bent. The fore arms and gambrells\* should

\* I am not aware whether the term gambrell be sportingly, or even technically, much less professionally correct—with the last I have nothing whatever to do—I mean the cluster of muscles so obvious on the outside of the lower part of the thigh, immediately above the hock.

be full and muscular—legs below knee and hocks flat, with sinew well defined: if to these be added well-proportioned and sound hoofs, this mould is described.

On the other hand, the animal who derives his powers from the low lengthy shape indicative of great stride should have for his height an apparently long back, rising very gradually from about the middle, barely verging to what is termed hog or boar-backed, and terminating, by a long gentle curve, in a finely but low set on tail: the hind quarters should incline to oval, and though full there is not the same necessity that they should be so much so as those above described: the parts I have described as gamblers should be long and muscular: indeed if these as well as the fore-arms are not so in every horse, he can never possess superior power or action:—the hocks low set, but by no means twisted or turned in: the shoulders should be deep, well thrown back, rising high and thin in the withers; and, although by no means loaded, should be strong and well expressed at the points: the chest full and deeper; the neck not so long as the other, or so finely arched: and although the finer any horse's head is the better, there is not so much necessity for it as in the first mould or figure. To be good, the legs and feet of all horses should be as above mentioned, flat, sinewy, and proportionable.

Such are the true shapes as well as my limits and ability will permit me to describe them.

It now comes to be considered what are the general variations, and their consequences. When the horse with the short back

and greater length of leg, instead of the shoulder and withers described, possesses them too much sloped back, and high and fine in the withers, he most frequently adds to it a ewe-neck, sour jaws, droop-rump, with a low set on tail, and angular hind-quarters; such a horse has always low strait action, and, though as a racer it may do *occasionally*, is generally for all other purposes an unsafe unsightly animal. Other times the shoulder is *too* strait, broad at top, and loaded; and such are generally bull-necked and thick headed. Should there be no defect in the hind quarters, this may do for harness, the shoulder for that purpose not being so great a hindrance; but if the hind-quarters be equally bad, the animal is nearly worthless. A hundred different minutiae might be pointed out, but for brevity's sake I shall confine myself to broad principles.

In the second mould, when, instead of the fine high-withered shoulder, the animal presents one broad at top and loaded, he cannot get his fore quarters out of the way of his hind, and is consequently an over-reacher and forger: should he add to this, as he frequently does, in place of the drooping oval hind quarter, a short round one, he presents the worst shape possible, to which generally may be added a neck not only ewe-necked, but what is termed cock-thropled: such a one is for the most part only fit for the dogs. But let the hind quarters, neck, head, &c. stand as they ought, such a shoulder is by no means unfit for harness, travelling gigsters, posters, &c., and more than one good one have I seen of this cast—many such

(good bits of stuff too) may be picked up from the Welch drovers.

It stands to reason that our most remarkable racers may be found in both these shapes when true: Childers and Eclipse are striking specimens.—Smolensko was eminently of the first class; as was Lord Grosvenor's (now Marquis Westminster) celebrated mare Violante, by John Bull, decidedly of the last. This mare Frank Buckle once told me, he conceived all in all to be the best bit of stuff he had ever been upon, and that she could run longer at the extremity of her *stride* than any other. Not *then* exactly comprehending this, I remarked that he surely meant speed, not stride. "No," replied the veteran, "I mean what I say, stride: there is a vast difference between stride and speed, though they may come to the same thing in the end." Of this our own day, perhaps Priam and Camarine may be noticed, the latter of whom as yet seems destined, as a mare, to present to us the same superiority over her opponents, that Eclipse, as a horse, did to our grandfathers and great grandfathers over his.

Viewed as hunters, horses of the first shape are mostly speedy, high leapers, particularly timber, not so easy to sit, and generally the hardest pullers. The other, horses of great power in dirt or deep ground, bottom or ability to stay longest at what they can do; easier fencers to ride, and on the whole probably the best:—one in either shape, though not so decidedly in the last, with a light carcase, though frequently pleasant goers, and for a day free and good, are always, if possible, to be avoided.

Good harness horses are to be found in both; coachers principally in the first; gigsters, as I have before mentioned, as often in the latter.

Trotters, however, are, as far as my experience has gone, almost entirely confined to this second shape, though instead of the oval we frequently meet the round or cart hind quarter—of this stamp are the Irish hackneys, among whom some capital trotters are frequently to be met with; and a person wanting to breed good hacks, or fast trotters, could do little better, if as well, as to select some good speedy mares from this, an almost distinct variety of the horse species; true ones of which, however, are becoming scarce, and hardly to be met with except in the North of Ireland.

Heavy draught horses I have nothing to do with, because I know nothing about them.

One of the best-actioned and stoutest hackneys, an extraordinary fast and fine trotter, I ever saw, was got by an Arabian, or rather an Egyptian, out of one of these North Country Irish mares: he was also a very airy neat horse, but retained in a great measure the mould of his dam.

I should feel much gratified if any brother sportsman could give me some information respecting the American trotters, and whether they have, or suppose they have, any data to go by to guide them in breeding for such. As it would seem that Brother Jonathan has begun to record his sporting proceedings, perhaps (I have seen none of their productions) some notice may be taken of this subject. However they have managed it, they certainly have contrived to give us the go-

by in earnest in this branch of action.

It is (I am for one quite serious) gratifying to the heart of every true sportsman to see how closely our Transatlantic chips of brethren are in all things sticking to the customs and habits of the old block; nor are our other off-sets in Australia a pin's point behind as far as they have gone. They will not be long without their sporting print of some sort. Of all these, *Old Maga*, who now so courteously receives my humble attempts, you are the progenitress.—“*Salve, magna Parens*”—permit one who has been your reader more than thirty years to say with heartfelt goodwill, “Long may you flourish—the pride and glory of them all!”

In concluding this letter, I have to remark, that I am well aware I have but obscurely defined and feebly illustrated this subject—one which, however, I do conceive a most important one

to all, especially a rising sportsman. But even what I have, from want of space and ability, certainly not of experience, thus roughly and imperfectly sketched, may draw attention to the subject, and enable some one better qualified to fill it up. To do it justice, it would take the labour and re-consideration of weeks, the compass of a small volume, and the aid of plates. Before I subscribe it, therefore, I beg leave to say that it lies open (and welcome) to the criticism or correction of any Brother Sportsman. To the “*disce docendus adhuc*” of such I shall “most seriously incline,” and feel happy in the information I may receive. It cannot be worth the notice of the professional; and if it were, as it presumes not to reach such a height, it cannot in common fairness come under their comment.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

STUD.

June 9, 1833.

## ANGLING IN THE LAKE OF GENEVA AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

“It is well known in the Lake of *Leman* (the Lake of Geneva) there are trout taken three cubits long, as is affirmed by *Gesner*, a writer of good credit; and *Moresco* says, the trout that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great portion of the merchandise of that famous city.”—ISAAC WALTON.

“*Piscator*.—Marry, Sir, if a fish rise here 'tis ten to one he prove such a one as will endanger your tackle.”—*Idem*.

SIR,

PERHAPS there is no country in Europe, Scotland and Ireland alone excepted, where the “Brethren of the Angle” enjoy so many advantages as in Switzerland. The vast number of large and small streams that intersect her vales, or descend in a succession of cascades from the sides of

her stupendous Alps, are all supplied with abundance of trout and grayling. The beautiful lakes thickly spread over the face of the country possess the same character, and afford a still greater variety of fish. Pike of enormous dimensions, perch, carp, tench, barbel, bream, and roach,

with several species unknown to the English sportsman, swarm there in incredible quantities, fully justifying Monsieur Ebel's observation that the lakes and rivers of Switzerland "*sont excessivement poissonneux*\*."

Each man has his peculiar tastes; in field sports, as in all things beside. For my own part I am inclined to give the preference to angling over every other recreation, particularly when resident in a land which Nature has adorned with romantic scenery, like that of which I am now writing: and though majestic sublimity be the principal feature of the landscape, and the gigantic Alps are piled in all directions above each other, until their pale snow-clad summits seem hidden in the clouds, numberless valleys intervene adorned with the loveliest and the richest verdure. Each of these wild sequestered spots boasts its clear pebbly stream, whose margin is profuse with a thousand weeds and flowers, "the children of the teeming June." It is in wandering through scenes like these that we may be said to enjoy the very poetry of an Angler's life. Retired to some shady nook over-canopied by the luxuriant foliage of the oak or walnut tree, the fisher spreads forth the contents of his haversack—goat's-milk-cheese, delicious bread, fruit, and a bottle of Yvorne wine—and singing with Old Walton,

"O the jolly fisher's life,  
'Tis the best of any!"

enjoys a repast to which exercise and a tranquil spirit have furnished a double zest. Those hours past during which in the

summer season it is useless to angle, he again saunters to the brook-side, and continues his sport until the shades of evening compel him reluctantly to retrace his steps.

Having said thus much, it will hardly be requisite to counsel every tourist that he provide himself with fishing-tackle when contemplating a visit to Switzerland. A strong trolling rod, &c. (there are pike and trout in the Lake of Geneva upwards of thirty pounds weight), a fourteen-foot fly ditto, with an assortment of red, black, smoky-dun, and grouse hackle feathers, with plenty of spare hooks and gut, comprise all that is necessary. If the angler does not make his own flies (every fisherman should be able to do this), he must provide a few dozen before quitting England. Deep blood-red hackles (black ostrich body with silver or gold twist), black and grouse ditto, with a fly called the wren's-tail, will afford abundance of sport at all seasons in every water of Europe. I must not forget to say the May-fly is found very abundantly on many brooks in Switzerland, and also in France.

Before proceeding further, it may be useful to describe those rivers flowing into the Lake, or found in its immediate vicinity, which are worthy the sportsman's attention. For this purpose it will perhaps be better to make the tour of this magnificent piece of water, commencing at Geneva, and travelling by the road to Lausanne, which winds along its shores. The first of any note (for those at Versoy, Neuss, and at La Ligniere are but small streams) is the Bonne, flowing

\* Are exceedingly full of fish.—*Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse.*

near the town of Aubonne: it is very transparent, and runs swiftly over its deep rocky bed. This river abounds with trout, grayling, and fine perch, with carp, chub, and other coarse fish. Though the banks are in general too woody for the fly, open spaces may be found as you ascend toward its source. There is a very clever intelligent old fly-fisher at Rolle, a short distance from Aubonne, who would be of much use to a stranger: he is a watch-maker, and resides about the middle of the town: I don't recollect his name. A few miles farther, and we arrive at the Venoge, good only at its mouth, and very high up, beyond Cassonay.

At Lausanne there is no river, neither is there any fishing except in the Lake until you reach the Vevayse at Vevay, a rapid mountain torrent, which, during the melting of the glaciers, rushes into the Lake with great noise and violence through a channel of extraordinary width filled with stones and huge fragments of rock: it pours down the Alps in a succession of beautiful falls; and in the little basins at the bottom of each of these, many good trout may be taken. The natives, who are no fishermen, never attempt to get at them; and for years together a line is not thrown upon this river except by some solitary Englishman like myself. Ascend a considerable distance up the stream, as there are no fish but chub near the town: these lie in great numbers among the stones at certain seasons, but are disregarded even by the children, who can at any time with a line formed of pack-thread catch a dish of the delicious small perch

(about half a pound each) that abound at the mouth of every little stream which pays its tribute to the Lake.

About two miles from Vevay, proceeding northward, is the beautiful little Lake of Brai: the scenery in its neighbourhood is all of the same romantic character. Those who, like myself, may be resident at Vevay in the month of July should start from home about half past two o'clock in the morning, well supplied with *munitions de bouche*, and with common skill and diligence they shall return at "dewy eve" with shoulders aching from the contents of this baskets, and pleasing recollections of a day's enjoyment which will not be quickly effaced. Do not quit the Lake side until between nine and ten o'clock—the best fish are taken from seven to the latter hour.

During my residence in this neighbourhood, I made an excursion to a very celebrated brook, called the Langraine, flowing into the Sarine, a fine trout river situated partly in the Pays de Vaud and partly in the Canton of Fribourg: the distance from Vevay may be about twelve miles: it is, however, difficult to speak with any certainty, as the road lies over the *Dent de Jaman* (the Jaman's Tooth), a stupendous mountain, that terminates in a sharp craggy point, on which there is not an atom of verdure.

Every picturesque variety of Alpine scenery presents itself to the eye of the delighted pedestrian as he toils up this steep and rugged ascent. Quitting the fine road which winds along the shores of the Lake, at Montreux, a romantic village built upon the mountain slope, and which has

been immortalized in the pages of "*The Nouvelle Heloise*," you enter upon a steep and winding path. The magnificent trees that grow on either side here interlace their branches so closely that they form an arbour of some miles in extent, and afford a most grateful shelter from the fervid heat of the sun. Through the openings of this leafy screen, the eye is delighted by occasional glimpses of the deep blue waters of the Lake, and of the loaded vineyards that cover every sunny slope down even to its pebbly shores. In another direction, the yellow harvest falls under the sickle of the reaper, and the light-hearted peasant girl, with her broad-rimmed straw hat, dark boddice, and snow-white sleeves, pauses ere she binds up her sheaf to laugh good humoredly at the English stranger, with his shooting jacket, basket, and rod, so different from the sporting costume of her native land.

On reaching the snowy summit of the Jaman, an equally rapid descent brought me to the banks of the stream, which I found somewhat more thickly wooded than is consistent with fly-fishing. This is perhaps one of the most annoying occurrences attendant on angling: however, I felt determined not to be deprived of my day's sport after all the fatigue undergone to attain it; so, springing into the middle of the brook, I contrived by sometimes wading, and sometimes leaping from rock to rock, casting my flies before me as I proceeded, to kill ten brace and a half of fine yellow trout, weighing altogether about seventeen pounds.

Amplly compensated by these for a thorough wetting, I started

towards home, and for variety's sake struck into a new path. Passing a *chalet*, or mountain dairy, I went in to obtain a draught of new milk. It was a small wooden building, having shelves running round the interior, on which were closely ranged shallow wooden vessels filled with rich golden-coloured cream. A number of men were engaged milking some fine cows. These milkers had each a stool strapped to their persons with only a single support fixed in its centre; and as they stalked about with these appendages sticking out like huge tails from behind, the effect produced was most laughably absurd. They thrust a handful of salt down the throat of each cow before she was brought to the pail.

On again reaching the Jaman's Tooth, I removed the grass from my trout, and supplied its place with snow, which, though it was the middle of June, lay in vast masses on every slope and hollow. The Swiss tell you, after snow, *nettles* are far superior to every other sort of herbage for the preservation of fish.

But of all the productive rivers with which this highly-favored country abounds, none can surpass the Grand Eau, one of the tributaries of the Rhone, and which flows into it at Aigle, a small town about fourteen miles from Vevay. After passing Montreux, Villeneuve, Noville, Renaz, and Roche, the road branches off near the latter village into a wood, through which also the Grand Eau holds its course. There is, however, no fly-fishing except at its mouth, where it is wholly unincumbered with trees, and flows through a

broad expanse of gravel and stones. It much resembles the Munnow in Monmouthshire, possessing, like that river, the finest clear shallow streams. Being exceedingly rapid, the current pours into the Rhone with such violence as to force a passage to the opposite shore, apparently without mingling with the broad and turbid stream it thus contributes to feed.

The day was beautiful—not so indeed in the estimation of the London citizen, who contemplates a Sunday visit to some favorite suburban promenade—but regular angling weather; cloudy, dark, sunless, with a stiff breeze from the South-west. I commenced operations about five o'clock with three flies: a grouse hackle for stretcher, and a wren's tail and red-fly, such as has been previously described, for droppers. During the first hour there were comparatively but few rises; when observing upon the water a dark insect very similar to a black ant, I caught one, and, seated on my fishing-basket under the shade of a large tree that grew at the entrance of the wood, soon fabricated a very tolerable imitation. And now the fun might be said to commence: almost every alternate throw was answered by a straining of the line, instantly succeeded by that tremulous pulse-like tug to which the nerves of every fisherman will respond as he peruses this description. It is rarely necessary to *strike* a trout or grayling of eighteen or twenty inches: by attempting to descend after taking the fly, he will hook himself. In all my angling career, I never enjoyed sport equal to what I

experienced whilst playing these noble fish from the Grand Eau into the Rhone, at the end of the longest line manageable with a fifteen-feet rod. They plunged, leaped, and lashed the surface of the water with a fierceness, strength, and agility, which shewed how highly they were in season, and also tried the strength of my gut. Whether attracted by the refreshing coolness of the mountain-stream, or chased into the shallows by those enormous pike that swarm in the Rhone, it is difficult to say, but absolutely there must have been a shoal of grayling and trout at this particular spot. Numbers were hooked outside, in the fin, belly, or tail: I often drew forth a moderate-sized fish attached to each fly—a feat that greatly endangered my tackle, and afforded infinite delight to a couple of natives who stood near. Unaccustomed to the sight of strangers, and totally unable to comprehend how fish were caught with what to them appeared an *unbated hook*, there was no keeping them away. In vain I shouted, "*éloignez vous, Messieurs; éloignez vous*\*:" they rushed to the spot where each fish was landed upon the gravel, and by their noise and queer gestures caused the loss of many a fine one, that, wriggling off, regained his native element.

Reached home with a weighty basket about two o'clock next morning. Had not the moon arisen, which renders night-angling unavailing, I should have *bivouacked* upon the spot for two or three hours, and recommenced fishing before day-dawn. This river is worthy the attention of all sportsmen who visit Switzer-

\* "Keep off, Gentlemen—keep off!"

land. Snug comfortable lodgings can be had at Aigle, and the best wine of the country is produced at Yvorne.

It is not improbable my readers may be disposed for a little rest, after climbing the *Dent de Jaman*, and toiling along the sultry valley of the Rhone. This desire will afford them an opportunity of trying the Lake, which they may do without fatigue, and almost at their own doors, presuming them to reside in any of the delightful villages which adorn its banks. Notwithstanding the ample supply furnished to all the markets on the Swiss side, and the still greater consumption by the Savoyards on the opposite shore who profess the Catholic religion, it is really astonishing to observe the quantity of every species of fish in this body of water. Hundreds of fine perch are seen roving along the bottom from every rocky point; and at the same time the surface is in many places absolutely blackened by myriads of the smaller fry.

There are two methods of Lake-fishing—either in a boat moored towards the centre, or from one of the numerous rocks scattered along shore. When I choose the latter mode, my place of resort is a broad level mass of granite, about a quarter of a mile from the *Tour de Peil*, a castellated ruin formerly belonging to the Dukes of Savoy. Angling here is indeed what old Walton describes it to be in all situations, “The Contemplative Man’s Recreation.” The smooth surface of the rock answers the purpose of both chair and table, on which to deposit my spare rods, line-book, and provision wallet,

“though last, not least in our dear love:” then, after carefully plumbing the bottom, and fixing the butt of each rod into some convenient support, I recline in all the luxury of idleness, and deliver up myself to the magic of the transcendent prospect before me. And surely it is a scene that fully justifies the Poet’s exclamation:—

Ever charming, ever new !  
When will the landscape tire the view ?  
The fountain’s fall, the river’s flow,  
The woody valleys warm and low :  
The rugged mountain, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky :  
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower :  
The town and village, dome and farm,  
Each gives each a double charm,  
Like pearls upon the Ethiop’s arm.

On either coast an undulating range of verdant slopes appears sprinkled over with cottages more tastefully elegant than even that celebrated specimen of Swiss architecture which adorns the pleasure grounds of the Colosseum in Regent’s Park. Above, and in many instances inaccessible to human footsteps, tower those stupendous snow-capped mountains, whose sombre shadows extend for a vast distance across the placid bosom of the expansive Lake. A solemn stillness rests upon the scene, unbroken except by the sudden spring of some huge trout, or the splashing oars of the Savoyard’s fishing bark, conspicuous by the yellow cross which floats at its mast-head. Higher up, on my left, under the dark shade of the neighbouring heights, are seen, as if rising from the water, the gloomy fortress of Chillon: on my right, the picturesque little town of Vevay appears half concealed

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## BOTTOM FISHING.

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in the beautiful vineyards, orchards, and gardens by which it is environed: and when to these attractive beauties is added the glorious splendour of the setting Sun! when, ere he sinks behind the Jura chain, his parting beams shed a flood of brilliant light on snowy pinnacle, hanging wood, village spire, and ancient *chateau*, and the limpid waters appear transformed to molten gold—a scene is produced more exquisitely beautiful than human imagination can conceive. It is equally difficult for language to convey an adequate idea of that sort of holy calm which is infused into the mind from the contemplation of scenes like these. Our old friend Walton has perhaps done it best in a single word, “Contentation.”

But, gentle angler, it is time to retire: night begins to draw around her darkening veil: the

landscape is fast fading into indistinctness, and you have taken enough of fish. Rise with the sun to-morrow, and station yourself where “Chillon’s snow-white battlements” look frowning o’er the Lake. A short hour’s walk will bring you there. The rock on which the Castle is built is a capital place for float-fishing. The guard are very civil fellows, and will make no difficulty of admitting you. They spend the better part of their time in angling. Provide strong tackle and a good reel upon your rod: the fish are large and the Lake deep\*. I have frequently seen a dozen carp, each full a yard in length, and of proportionate thickness, basking together upon a flat rock which lies under water a little distance from the Castle walls.

RAMBLER.

Vevay, Lake of Geneva.

\* “Lake Lemman lies by Chillon’s walls.”

“A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow:  
Thus much the fathom line was sent  
From Chillon’s snow-white battlement.

“The Chateau de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone.

“Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; betwixt, washing its walls, the Lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 *French feet*. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years.”—BYRON.

## BOTTOM FISHING—RIVER STOUR, KENT.

*Drawn and Engraved by JOHN GREIG.*

SIR,  
**T**HE river Stour or Stoure, in Kent, is well worthy of the attention of the angler, the lover of the picturesque, and the artist, being equally remarkable for the quality and variety of the finny tribes that are to be found in the greatest abundance in its waters,

and also for the amazing beauty of the valleys through which it flows. It has several heads, all rising in or on the borders of the Weald adjoining to East Kent. The principal one is near to Lenham, running through Great Chart, and by Ashford, in which

parish it is joined by others, which rise near Woodchurch, Shadoxhurst, and Kingsnorth: these have their waters increased by another branch, which, rising at Stanford, passes Mersham on its course to Levington and Willesborough, where another stream joins them, having its head at Brabourne. These united pass under Ashford-bridge, onward to the village of Kenington, the town of Wye, Godmersham, Chartam, the city of Canterbury, and thence to Sturry, and Sandwich, and join the Ocean at Hope Bay.

Any reader can inform himself more fully of the topography of the portion of Kent above briefly noticed, by a reference to Hasted or other histories of the county: I shall therefore only remark

that my experience as an angler in the river Stoure extends from the vicinity of Great Chart and its other sources down to the neighbourhood of Canterbury; and that, from the trout and pike to the gudgeon, there is scarcely a fish contained in any other river in England but what its tribe is to be found in abundance in this.

Near to the spot from which the view was drawn which accompanies this account, I have taken trout both with the fly and bottom-fishing weighing upwards of six pounds, and pike-trolling more than twice that weight; and never spent a day upon its banks without having excellent sport.

The waters belong to the different Lords of Manors, &c. but there is no difficulty thrown in the way of the fair angler.—G.

### “HALLOO!” AND “WHO-WHOOP!” OR THE COURSER’S BURST.

“HALLOO! HALLOO!” from tufted brakes  
She bursts upon the sight:  
As swift her trackless path she takes  
As ray of morning light.

But mark! that wily turn her life  
Saves from the greyhound’s spring,  
As fatal as the assassin’s knife,  
Or silent eastern string.

And now, with ears turn’d back, she strains  
Each sinew-gifted limb;  
By instinct taught to dread the plain—  
The heath-clad hill to climb.

By instinct taught, she seeks the wood  
That waves o’er yon dark steep;  
Nor deems her day will set in blood—  
Her night be DEATH’S long sleep.

One moment more—she gains the brow.....  
That life-wrapt moment’s fled—

“WHO-WHOOP! WHO-WHOOP!” Eve’s cold gales blow—  
The witch-sprung Hare is.....dead!

J. B. (b. v. b. v.)

## EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD JOURNAL—BY FIRELOCK.

*Continued from our last Volume, page 114.*

Grouse Shooting—Sagacity of the Guides and Docility of their Horses—Meeting with other Shooters—Country Taverns—Plover Stalking on Hampstead Plains—Aptitude of Long Island for Hunting—the Stallion Expedition—Falls of the Passaic—Philadelphia—Mr. Bond's Stud—Hughes's Training Stables—the Stallion First Consul—Cocking at Philadelphia.

SIR,

WE had allotted the next day to this one, when our West India friend rejoined us, for grouse shooting, or rather I should say for going in pursuit of such amusement, our hopes not being very sanguine, inasmuch as that species of game was not said to be in any extraordinary plenty in the first place, and in the second we were a good while behind the beginning of the season. I omitted to note, and I have since forgotten, what their regulations are; but they have a time, whether fixed like ours, or fluctuating as the French, I cannot *now* take upon me to say: it answers, however, in some sort to our own, as their open time for grouse is always somewhere in August: but the period in which we made our excursion was late in September. The preparations for a day's grouse shooting in Long Island are not much dissimilar for one on the moors; and Mister Douglas, having been well cautioned, and given a day to prepare, made all necessary arrangements, and in accordance was with us before day-break in his light wagon. Over this there was a good tilt, so that it was exactly similar to an English light-covered market cart (only twice the size), on four wheels, and drawn by two light horses. The whole task of provision for *man and baste*, as they say in Ireland, had been left to Douglas, and,

as he kept a tavern, he had determined to take opportunity by the forelock; indeed his bill of fare somewhat reminded me of Dan's in the comedy of *John Bull*—"three roast fowls, three boiled, a chicken poy, and a capon." These there were, and a ham that would have dined a troop of dragoons. There was a small tunlet of Madeira, two formidable black-jacks of ale, a less pretending one of good spring water, and to the axle was slung a small cask filled with the same salubrious liquid for the dogs and horses, the arena of our intended exploits lying in what they called the Beech Barren—in other words, an arid sand covered with stunted beech, and occasionally pine trees, and destitute of that necessary element in any purity or quantity. To all this were added a *fagot* of cigars (though last not least), for to have wanted one for ten minutes, except while eating or drinking, would have been next to annihilation to any one of the party but myself.

The commissariat being thus in the highest state of effectiveness, and the ordnance ditto no less so, we started, resolved to be merry if not wise, and, if our short campaign was to be unsuccessful, not to be out of humour about it.

The grouse on Long Island and in America (or the States) generally are of that species called wood grouse, the denomination

of which, as given by naturalists, I do not know. Col. Hawker mentions them, but does not give it. "There are three kinds of grouse, exclusive of the *wood grouse* or *capercaile* (a Swedish bird that is given in Bewick as having formerly been known to visit this country), the same species of which so many were lately brought to London, and sold at the poulterer's by the name of *Kapercally*." The bird of which they still speak in Scotland as the *capercailly*, I should imagine to have been a much larger bird than the wood grouse, and such does still exist in Norway and Sweden; but even there they are scarce. Being in London about the time Colonel Hawker alludes to, nearly twelve years since, I saw several of these Swedish birds, and they were *bona fide* the wood grouse. Unlike the common red grouse, the male and female differ in plumage, but not so much as the black cock and grey hen—the cock being a darker brown, and the black more strongly developed than in the common or red grouse, while the female is much lighter and somewhat similar to the grey hen; in size they resemble black game.

The Beech Barren on Long Island is occasionally intersected with spongy bottoms, where groves of small pines relieve the monotony of the prospect, accompanied generally by an undergrowth of cranberry bushes, which spots these birds haunt for the purpose of feeding. These places are well known to the guides; and the plan is to go first to the nearest of these tracks, and try; then, whether successful or otherwise, proceed to another when the first has been beaten,

the wagoner steering by the bark of the pines or stunted beech when out of his latitude, which is, however, seldom. There is not, after you once launch into this scrubby desert, the slightest road or track of any kind, and away you go at a walk, plunging, crashing, and lumbering through the beech bushes, where you would be upset every minute but for the uncouth dexterity of the steersman and the signal docility and patience of his light active nags. The bottom of the wagon was plentifully cushioned with hay to the preservation of our bones; and, as Mister Douglas had lots to say concerning the sport, and many tales of days of yore to beguile the way with, we found it by no means unpleasant. He had been a constant attendant on the late Lord Bolingbroke, who resided for many years in America as Mr. Bellasis, and of whose feats and dexterity at all kinds of shooting he was (and very justly, as I learnt elsewhere) never tired of talking.

About three miles, I should imagine, of this work brought us to the first haunt, which in some sort might be compared to an oasis in the desert: the pines were at a reasonable distance apart, and the stems bare, rendering a shot by no means difficult, and there were abundance of stunted berry bushes. We kept abreast the three of us who had guns, while Douglas left the wagon to take care of itself, and came with us. We let go one dog, my friend's, which he said was well up to his business. Keeping my eye out for droppings, I soon saw some, but they were old, which I remarked to Douglas, who was similarly em-

ployed. It was evident that they had been there, and in good numbers; but this was the first time of his being to the plains that season. We had nearly concluded the circuit of this haunt, when the fresh droppings of a single bird were perceived, and almost immediately a cock sprung about twenty yards before my friend, his crack dog taking no more notice of it than if it had been a barn-door fowl. It got up with a crow or cackle similar to a common grouse, rising pretty high like a pheasant, and then went off through the pines. He was rather long firing; but I was sure, though the bird was feathered none, it was struck, as, instead of continuing its straight-forward course, it rose to the top of the pines and turned short to the right, in which direction I was, though too far to fire; but I kept my eye well on, and it presently towered and fell. The West Indian and Douglas had gone up to my friend (who was loading) to condole, so I resolved on playing him a trick. I had, I thought, marked well, but there was such a sameness in the pines that it was otherwise; and, after some search, I was going to call for the dog (they were shouting to me to come on), when I luckily came upon the bird lying on its back in a cranberry bush. On picking it up I was aware of its being the same species which I had met with in the Island of Miguelon. I hastened in the direction of the halloos, for they had moved, and when I got near, threw the bird down and fired a barrel. They were soon up. "Had I killed?"—"To be sure: who could miss such a banging bird at forty yards that could see straight!"

—My friend looked very glum, but I kept my countenance, and we regained the wagon.

We tried two or three more of these haunts similarly, and in one saw two brace and a half, but they got up wild.

It was now mid-day, and we began to feel dinnerish, for on some one talking of it, it was agreed to *nem. con.* On looking at the water-barrel, however, which had been slung to the axle, the bung had come out. What was then to be done? The horses could not want water. So Douglas said we must go about three miles to the verge of the plain, where there was a house, and which, although it would take us out of our preconcerted range, would enable us to try other likely ground. We had not gone far when our guide alighted, and looking closely at the ground and bushes, said that a wagon had been on not long previously, and that it was old Symmons's wagon. This he said he knew from the track of the wheels. Old Symmons was another shooting guide, who kept a tavern on the opposite side of the Island, and was, he said, certainly out with a party; so he changed his mind, and followed the track. In about an hour we came upon old Symmons and his wagon in a small hollow, where also there was a kind of muddy pool of water (though he was well provided). He was just unloosing his horses, and two New York men, one of whom was known to my friend, were preparing for high grub. We joined mess, though there was no necessity, for they were as bountifully provided as ourselves. We spent a very merry hour or two, old Symmons being a regular wag

in his way. A great deal of his wit, however, was too local for the West Indian or myself to understand it altogether, but it seemed to be very *picquante* indeed. It was not over-nice, but it kept our New York friends and Mister Douglas grinning from ear to ear.

Our Brother Sportsmen had been even more unfortunate than ourselves, for they had not seen a single bird; but they had killed a very fine deer, which had got up almost under their feet.

About two o'clock we parted to retrace nearly each their steps, and about three gained a haunt where we had great hopes, but were unsuccessful. In this I shot at a deer; but he was too far for the sized shot, or indeed any. Douglas was much chagrined, and said he would make one bold push for a particular place he named, though it was rather out of the way.

It was latish when we got to this beat, which was more extensive than any we had been in, and we had scarcely begun to try, when we heard a shot in the far end. My bitch was now with us, who, though no wonder, was a very useful steady animal, and I soon saw by her that game either was or had been there recently. My friend's dog shewing no nose or sense, we gave him to Douglas, and the bitch soon convinced me we were on them. All three closed in to her, and had just done so, when, at about thirty yards, up got two brace; we all fired, and two dropped; my friend and myself giving our remaining barrels to the other two, one of which also fell. We lost no time in getting up to this last, as it was a long distance, and it proved to be only winged; we

put the bitch on, and after a very long and sometimes dubious trial got up to him.

We heard another shot now, but a great deal nearer, and soon came on two countrymen who were shooting; they had with them a very handsome close hunting large land spaniel. They told us they had seen none all day, until the first shot we had heard, and had killed but one bird. "Would they sell it?" demanded the West Indian. "Yes, for half a dollar:" and it was consigned to our bag. It was now near dayfall, but there was yet a spot our guide would try, but it proved unsuccessful, and we turned the horses' heads towards his house, whither we had ordered our gigs, &c. to proceed. Before we reached it, however, night came on, and Douglas had repeatedly to descend, and consult the bark of the trees and bushes, or rather the moss that grows on them. Our day's sport (a good one for the time of year) was naturally discussed, and I then informed my friend of the joke I had put on him, to his great satisfaction.

This sport is by no means so fatiguing as our grouse shooting, the birds haunting only particular spots. If, indeed, the wagon was dispensed with, it would be over toilsome. I do not think they are anywhere in *any great* abundance: in the beginning of the season, however, I was informed that the young ones, like black game, lie like stones. Probably, before Long Island was settled, they were numerous. They are in greater numbers, I was told, in the Jerseys, particularly in the neighbourhood of Egg Harbour.

We found Douglas's house homely, but very clean; indeed, all the country taverns I was in were so, with few exceptions: and although many people talk of the rudeness they have experienced, I found none. If people going to America expect, out of the great towns, to find the comforts and servility of a good English inn, no doubt they will so designate the homely ways of the woodsmen; but whenever these last saw there was a disposition to be pleased, their endeavours to accommodate increased; and possibly, *vice versa*, when they observe a contrary tendency, they become careless, or worse. I saw none of it, but the one instance I have already recorded. I certainly had (for the country) a good purse, which, well applied, will do much in most places.

We left Douglas's the next morning for the village of Hampstead, on Hampstead Plains, or rather adjoining them, for the purpose of shooting plover. He still accompanied us with his wagon, by means of which only could we hope to get at them. I have already had occasion to mention these Plains: they are grassy, entirely free of wood or brush, somewhat similar to our sheep walks, but in some places a good deal covered with a short kind of fern. Plover, the grey species, abound on them, but are only to be shot by stalking, for which the country wagon is principally used. Here we found a truly comfortable country inn.

Next day we set out, but not very early, and, traversing the Plains in all directions as birds were noticed, met with very good sport. They were in all numbers, from pairs to dozens. One

of us sat in front of the wagon, another at the back, which was open, the tilt being still up, and a third walked on the opposite side to take what flying shots there might be; all this firing the horses stood like bricks and mortar. We killed seven brace and a half the first day, and nine on the last.

Next morning we returned to New York, and I took my leave (not without regret) of Long Island. It was the only place I saw in the States where the sport of hunting, as we practise it, could have been put in execution; and from its vicinity to New York, now increased tenfold since I saw it, and where there must be many young men whose wishes may prompt them to such pursuits, and who have corresponding means, it is not impossible that such may have been put in force or attempted. The shooting too, taken collectively, was the best I had met with, though subsequently in Maryland I found some very superior quail shooting.

I set out in the following week for Philadelphia, and was accompanied by the abovementioned friends, and some others, who had agreed to see me as far as Elizabeth Town, where we were to have a parting spree at Archy Giffard's, who kept a noted tavern there, and who was a sort of bully host, and quite an *enfant gaté* among the young *bon vivans* of New York. He was a grand compounder of sangaree and punch in all its varieties, and his Madeira super-excellent—and so it well might be at three dollars a bottle! Next morning we parted, and I have never since seen my much valued friend and com-

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panion : he still, however, *enjoys* life, though in a different way, being a Benedict and a father.

I turned a little out of my way to see the Falls of the Pasaick, as well as to take a look at the stallion " Expedition," a son of Pegasus and Active, by Woodpecker. The last lay first in my way ; a very clever muscular bony middle-sized chesnut horse, in full health and vigour, and of whose get, both thorough and half-bred, I saw some very promising samples, from three years old down. The Falls of the Pasaick are more beautiful than grand, and to the eye of the thorough sportsman, by which I designate a man who tries all in succession and season, give fair promise of fine fishing, but I could gain no information about it. Indeed, all things in America are on the great and useful scale : they can well understand the haul of a net, but I met with none who were up to the niceties and intricacies of the angle.

At Philadelphia I met with Mr. Bond, whom I had been introduced to at the races at Newmarket Court House, and I accompanied him to Hughes's inn and training stables, which were situated about two miles out of the city. Here I saw the horses which had run on Long Island, and also the stallion " First Consul," who had been covering that season in Maryland, and who was considered to have been the best runner of his day in that part of the States. I did not note his pedigree, nor, if I had, would it have interested any English turfite, as it was wholly Virginian. He was a low strong horse, about

fifteen and an inch, with extraordinary muscle and bone ; in colour a brown bay, with white face and heels ; but the heathens, wherever he was bred, had nicked him, and it took away entirely from the bloodlike appearance he eminently in reality possessed. I saw one of his get, a two-year-old, here, and also one of Expedition's, both very good racing-like chesnut colts, the latter particularly. It is but justice to Mr. Hughes to say everything was as it should be.

I here saw some very fine-looking game-cocks, some in feeding ; and learning that they had a weekly cock-pit, I accompanied Mr. Bond there. I must say the assemblage was much less miscellaneous, and more respectable, than one sees at most such meetings here ; and the birds, which were, with only one or two exceptions, black breasted reds, every way as good ; but they were not in as good condition generally, in proof of which all Hughes's birds, to the number of five, won. Some of the battles were excellent, and the bets in dollars (from a hundred to five) well maintained, and spirited ; it lasted from three o'clock to twelve at night without intermission, except when we sat down to a hasty, but clean and plentiful, dinner.

Having still a little time to spare, and a party, with some of whom I was acquainted, being about to proceed to Washington races, I joined them on their tour, the notice of which, Mr. Editor, will conclude these Extracts from the Journal of

FIRELOCK.

## THE BOAR-HUNTERS OF GLENTURRET.

SIR,

**E**VERY age since Noah's aqueous day, and perhaps even before that, has had its cant phrase: ours is, "The School-master is abroad!" 'Tis extremely possible that the monarch of the birch is now lord paramount; and it is more than certain that if he long keep the reins of government, another trite saying may be added—"The Sportsman's at home:" at home from very lack of work—"Othello's occupation's gone!" Where are the glorious forests of other days? Where the ten-branched stag striding in all the majesty of nature? Where the mighty boar whetting his tusk? Where the wolf howling to the pale moon? Ask of the ploughshare, and a mouldering splinter from the root of some primeval oak shall tell you that every acre of corn has cost an hundred goodly trees. Stand on the springy morass, and remember that your uncertain footing was once the territory of the larch and fir. The hill side, parched by summer sun and blackened by winter blasts, cries for justice against the ruthless hands which laid its bosom bare, which stripped away its beauty and its pride. Our very streams are losing the shade of their pleasant banks: the trout, spoiled of his resting-place beneath the willow, roams listlessly through the waters, seeking in vain a shelter from the noon-tide heat; but *his* sorrows are soon ended, for the casting net (that engine conceived by Satan, and used only by the vilest of his progeny) will speedily release him from this world of troubles. But,

what Goths are we to repine at the destruction of forest and stream! Are there not steam-boats from Dover to Calais? Are there not rail-roads from Manchester to Liverpool? Aye, truly there are; and before long the liberal air will doubtless be *improved* into a circulating medium for itinerant cockneys. We shall have the Gravesend and the Greenwich Balloon, the Paddington Air-omnibus; and, as if the New Game Act were not enough, we shall have the partridges coursed "by the couriers of the air." Hills are inconvenient to locomotive engines; valleys are too steep for railways: away with them! level the swelling mountain, choak up the valley and its streams—what matters the picturesque, so we boil along at thirty miles the hour! Alas! alas! that God's beautiful landscape should be tamed down to parallels at the fiat of some administrator of inches! But, we have forgotten our situation, poor antiquated sportsmen as we are: we have stepped beyond our narrow limits, and have sinned against the "March of Intellect!" The best thing we can do is, humbly to intreat that puissant power's pardon, and to take ourselves and the repinings of our dotage to some far clime, where Nature and her beauty are not yet only as things that were, and with the Red Man of the woods retreat before civilization and its blessings.

Glenturret, in the county of Perth, is now a desolate and shrubless morass; its hills and valleys have scarcely a leaf to deck them,

Of all that sea of foliage which in barbarous times gave shelter to the denizens of the wild, fire and the axe have completed their work of destruction so amply, that here and there a rotting stump is all that tells of the ruined forest grandeur. But, leafless and blighted, there is still a beauty in its dismal day. *Væ vobis*, uprooters, *væ vobis!* had ye seen Glenturret when its knolls and uplands were clad in verdure, ye *must* have paused in your career of ruin. Walk up along the river, which, until ye had unsheltered its banks, was a clear, bounding stream—*now*, a sluggish succession of polders, where the ruthless pike has usurped the home of the trout and salmon. The Lake, its mountain banks springing from the very verge, spreads for three miles towards the North; there the ocean comes foaming down through banks of precipitous and broken rocks, and you may trace its silvery thread for miles and miles along its mountain course, until you lose it among peaks towering to the clouds. What wants Glenturret but trees to make it as lovely as it is majestic? Honour to its noble-hearted proprietor, who has spared no sacrifices to restore that ancient beauty!

Many, many long years ago the Forest of Glenturret was the retreat of the fiercest animals of the chase. Then the hunter's was indeed a gallant sport, when, in lieu of slaying paltry, defenceless animals, he went out with spear and hound to rouse the red deer from his covert, and to cope with the boar and the wolf. A toothless old crone once related to us the following tale of the chase, not exactly as we are able

to give it, for since then we have ferreted out the original from the almost diluvian records of the Glenturret family.

Allan, the heir of Glenturret, had just returned from the sunny fields of Italy. Like other noble youths of his time, he had run through tilt and tourney—he had broken a lance for the bright blue eye of his betrothed bride, the Lady of Glenshien. As a present he had brought to her an Italian greyhound, then as rare and precious a creature as now it is the common-place nursing of old maids. At the time of his return, the hunters of the Glen were in great excitement owing to the appearance of a monstrous boar. Several of the boldest had hunted him, and all had returned discomfited, with loss of dogs and arms, and often after hair-breadth escapes from his tusks. Allan was a keen sportsman, but he had not yet sunned him enough in his Lady's smiles to think of the chase; and probably he would not for long have sought this tyrant of the Glen, for his bridal day drew near. However, his destiny ordained that to him should the perilous encounter be given.

One day Eleanor had walked out on the lawn with her little foreign favorite, the gift of her lover. It was a bright sunny morn, and the agile little creature felt gay as in his own warm clime. He ran playfully through the thicket, and came bounding back to his mistress's hand. Again he ran into the brushwood, but stayed there so long that Eleanor grew fearful that he might lose himself. She called to him, and scarcely had she uttered the words, when a crash in

the boughs and a hideous grunt sent her flying in terror to the Castle. She told the tale, and soon twenty of the retainers were in search; but, alas! they returned, bearing the mangled body of her Fidèle. Great was Allan's wrath, and on that hour he swore that he would have vengeance on the boar, whose deep tusks had evidently done the work of death. He confided his determination only to Donald, his foster-brother, the staunchest hunter of Glenturret, and they two alone resolved on attacking the monster in his lair ere the next morning's sun should rise.

In these matter-of-fact times it may appear singular that Allan did not go forth with many men to assist him; but he was a young man, a lover, and a knight. Pass we his ingenious expedients to re-assure his mistress, who, with the keen eye of a woman when she loves, failed not to apprehend some rash undertaking. Long before sunrise Allan and his faithful follower had skirted the precipitous path around the Lake, and entering a defile that grows narrower as it ascends the hill, drew near upon their scene of action. A dark cavern in the rocks was the boar's retreat; it was well known to every hunter, but few indeed had ventured to approach it. Two powerful hounds, of that gaunt and mighty breed which now is almost extinct, preceded them. Scarcely had they reached the small rocky platform before the cavern, when the boar came rushing upon them: they avoided him nimbly, assailed him on every side, but ever flying from his gripe. The hunters soon came to their

succour. Allan's spear glanced along his head, while Donald's struck into his shoulder, and there the stout ashen handle shivered like a reed. Frightfully goading one of the hounds, and utterly unseaming the other, the enraged brute rushed on Donald: all his mountain speed availed not—the tusk ripped his thigh, and he fell! Regardless of his own safety, Allan struck the monster, and drew all his wrath upon himself. And now a struggle almost unparalleled in the annals of the chase commenced between them. With the agility of a roebuck, the hunter availed himself of every mass of broken rock to turn his enemy; and each time, as he eluded him, his forest knife, or spear, gave a wound: but through a hide stronger than Ajax's seven-fold shield, their points had little effect. An unlucky thrust splintered his spear; and now, with the knife alone (it should more properly be called a sword from the length and thickness of its blade), Allan was to make good his ground. He might have escaped by flight; but his foster-brother lay bleeding on the ground, and Allan's soul was not framed for deserting a friend. In this kind of running fight they neared the verge of the precipice which overhangs the Lake at a dizzy height. The boar pressed on, till Allan had scarcely room to stand. To await the rush of the animal would have been madness; to pass him was impossible: Allan looked down behind him; his glance could be but an instant—but in that instant he marked a bush, which, at fifteen feet below, grew out from the precipice: he made a despe-

rate thrust at his foe to irritate him, and, watching the moment of his rush, sprang down to the branch below. With the velocity of a cannon-shot the boar hurled himself over the precipice, and fell on the rocky ledge of the Lake, three hundred feet below.

Need we tell the sequel? Allan soon raised himself to the brink, though not without imminent danger. He procured every

assistance for his follower, whose wound was not of deadly consequence; and proudly did Allan return to his mistress with the head of his grisly foe.

Though the story has almost faded into the night of ages, the precipice still retains the name of

“THE BOAR’S LEAP.”

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JAGURS.

June 18, 1833.

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### RANDOM RECORDS—BY AMBO.

(Continued from our last Volume, p. 389.)

SIR,  
THE year following that in which the events I last alluded to took place, Norfolk had recovered from his illness, and Herrington (afterwards Queensberry) had been brought over from England, which brought upon the carpet, as the cracks of the Curran for that year, these two horses, Rainbow and Shuttle Pope. Music also, the last Oaks winner, had to tune her pipes to Irish air, which, however, did not seem consonant to her powers, as she made her *debut* and *finale* at one and the same time in a slow movement. Norfolk was got by Champion, the only winner (as yet) of a Derby and St. Leger, and who had been brought over by Colonel Lumm. Champion, as may be supposed, got a number of winners; but Norfolk was not only certainly the best of his get, but the finest horse imaginable: indeed had it not been for the illness alluded to—the farcy—from the effects of which he never altogether recovered, he was in all probability at least as good as anything going on either

side the Channel. His dam Brown Fanny, a capital runner, was got by Maximin, a Son of Evergreen, and although I do not recollect what her grandam was, she was derived from the best old stocks, among which I can certify was the blood of Matchem. She was a large powerful mare, lop-eared, much resembling Lord Grosvenor’s (that then was) Violante by John Bull. From such a sire and dam it was not surprising that a racer should emanate. He was a bright bay horse with black legs, full sixteen hands high, and seemed to have derived the excellences of his immediate progenitors: for while he retained the substance of his dam, he had not the unseemliness of her ears, but the racing-like and lengthy mould of his renowned sire. His running as a two and three-year-old (he was now four) was first rate.

Herrington, called by Mr. Mark Browne (who brought him over) Queensberry, had been a great favorite among the York-

shire men, particularly for the St. Leger of the previous year, and for which he ran a close third. He was bred by Mr. Beckwith, of Herrington, and got by Remembrancer out of Fair Charlotte by Precipitate. He was a singularly neat horse, and well put together, almost too much so (in my humble opinion) for a racer.

His full Brother, Recordon, also made his first appearance in Green Erin this year in the Kildare Stakes. He was a stale horse, and had been covering a few mares the previous season at Westport House in Mayo, the seat of his Noble owner, the Marquis of Sligo. He was a much more racing-like animal than his brother, a fine lengthy chesnut, evidently forming after the Precipitate blood of his dam, and had the reputation of being particularly speedy for a mile; but his fore legs had suffered too much, and his running in Ireland was nothing. He proved himself from first to last, however, an excellent stallion.

The Gold Cup, then in this April meeting, brought out Norfolk, Queensberry, Shuttle Pope, and Rainbow, all well, and fit to run. Norfolk was rode by Wm. Cleary; Queensberry's rider I do not recollect; Pope, by his old friend Westlake; and Rainbow, by Brian, a whipper-in. It was a curious betting race, as every one of the four was a favorite with some. With the old Irish Turfites Norfolk was a decided pet: Queensberry's Yorkshire character, and his Leger running, made him a good party: Pope always had his own: while all knew what Rainbow could do if he liked. His rider was against

him, for, though a first-rate horseman, he knew nothing of turf matters. They started at a good pace, and kept in a hustle to the rise above the three-mile bottom, where Rainbow, as in the preceding year, hung back a little, but similarly caught his horses, and went down the long hill, the other three lying close with him, at an increased pace. This gave his party great, almost decided confidence, and they came on the Flat mending their pace into very deep running, and, "like the horses of the Sun, all abreast." In passing the Red Post, Norfolk all at once, and it seemed violently, fell back a length or more, but he still kept going, and the other three got nearly into speed. At the end of the Flat, however, Norfolk had gathered them, and on entering the straight mile you might have covered them with a sheet. Now came the tug of war, for they all set to simultaneously: and here it became evident that Rainbow would not run. A desperate race home ensued, Norfolk, slightly spurred, winning by three-quarters of a length, Pope being second, and not quite as much a-head of Queensberry. On coming to scale, it appeared that the accident which had happened to Norfolk and his rider was the breaking of the right stirrup leather; but Cleary, a resolute cool-headed fellow, secured it. When we come to consider what a disadvantage this caused both jockey and horse, too much praise could hardly be conceded to either, the latter more especially: indeed so high did he stand, that it was universally reported, and even stated in the *York Herald*, that an English Nobleman had offered three thousand

guineas for him, which, however, Colonel Lumm refused.

A King's Plate in this Meeting set the Sons of the Shamrock all on the bustle, as it brought out Col. Bruen's Music, the Oaks winner. There was, however, a double reason for this, as it also brought to the post Steersman, a nag who had been bred by a Limerick 'Squire not much conversant in turf matters, but whom country report represented as nothing less than a flyer—his partisans declaring by J—s they didn't care whether Music had or could win all the oaks, ashes, and elms in England; she should pipe while their horse danced in before her—a prophecy which was fulfilled to the letter. Westlake generally, I might say always, rode for Col. Bruen, but I know not for what reason Karney was this day upon Music, and the Limerick nag was jockeyed by him whose better there was none anywhere. Two others, I forget them, started: it was a burlesque on a race; the flyer won it, hard held, by a neck—he could have been ten lengths in front; the Oaks mare last, and nowhere. Steersman had previously been entered for the Kirwans, the Irish Oatlands, which were to come off in the June Meeting, and the Handicappers, caring little for the country reports, weighted him lightly. He was a remarkably powerful horse, beautifully turned behind, combining the best Herod, Eclipse, Snap, Mambrino, and Matchem blood; in colour and marks he might be said exactly to resemble Eclipse. Pope, who was, like many another good soldier, put upon every adventure that was going, had been favorably

weighted for this race (one of great interest always over the water); but his luck was not equal to his merit: there is a tide in the affairs of horses as well as men, and Pope's flood tide had deserted him: in this instance it not only sat his chance in doubt, but almost at nought, Westlake having declared that he conceived Steersman as speedy as anything he had been upon. The latter was also in a very good stable, and was to be jockeyed by Karney, Pope and Westlake being inseparable. There were nine or ten good horses in the race, but it was run according to general opinion, Steersman first, Pope second: of the rest the least said the better.

For these Stakes there is to the losers an optional challenge, the winner being obliged to run as many of the beaten horses as may challenge him for the forfeits, and a hundred guineas, and to carry additional weight. This last—what it exactly was I forget—Pope's owner conceived would bring the horses more than together, and consequently challenged. It was run the day but one after, and a most beautiful race it was. Westlake had to enforce the running, which he did with his accustomed ability: while Karney, with as much skill, and the truest judgment, waited until the two last strides, and won by a head. As Steersman, though so well nursed, was not even touched with the spur, he stood almost at the head of the roll for speed; and it was much wished that he should have been matched with Rainbow across the Irish Flat; but that horse's temper was so bad at the period that I suppose it was not deemed

safe. My own opinion, and that of many better calculated to give a true judgment, was, that Steersman had the turn of speed.

I have mentioned his strain of blood, I shall now give his pedigree. He was got by Commodore (a Son of the Duke of Grafton's Rover and Edwards's Smallhopes), his dam by Master Bagot, grandam by Fitzherod, great grandam by Mambrino out of Rarity by Matchem. Commodore was a splendid horse, and a superior stallion; he a good deal resembled Buzzard.—Mr. Jacob Wardell happened to be then in Ireland, and it was his opinion that had Steersman been taken over, he would have been found a very troublesome customer at Newmarket Across the Flat. But he was in bad hands; they (thinking him I suppose invincible) took him out of a good stable to place him under a common groom, who soon played the deuce with his fore legs, and started him in that state, with a common stable boy on, who made all the running he could stand with him. Lame as he was, had Karney been on him he would have won.—He never shewed after at the Curragh that I heard, nor was it in my way to learn if he did any good as a stallion; from his figure, and everything else indeed, he should have made a very good one.

I am aware that anything appertaining to Ireland can be of little absolute interest to your general readers, but a statement of comparative merits, which *must* be new to those readers, cannot be supposed to be altogether irrelevant. To the generality of English sportsmen Ireland is as little known as Africa; and al-

though the unhappy state in which it is now plunged may make it a matter of opinion that it is a country little worth knowing in sporting matters, such is not the case, and the true turf reader cannot but like to know how some of the English crack horses fared, and, when beaten, how and by whom. In this spirit (aware of its deficiencies), in which I write, I conclude you receive what has, I am sorry to say, little else to recommend it.

Nothing particular occurred in that season which I recollect; but during the winter a number of English colts and fillies of the most fashionable blood were brought over, principally by Lord Rossmore, the Marquis of Sligo, Colonel Bruen, Lord Cremorne, Sir Charles Coote, &c. Nor were the Irish breeders less idle, while the fortune of war generally lay on their side. The most remarkable of the last were, Friday, Bravo, and last not least (in fame at least) Poor Pat. Friday, who afterwards covered in Leicestershire, and who could (and ought to) have won the St. Leger, was bred by Mr. Watts, the veterinary surgeon and extensive turf-breeder at Rathfarnham, near Dublin. He was got by Washington, out of Louisa by Buzzard, her dam Garland by Mercury, &c.; and Washington being by Sir Peter out of a Sister to Trumpator, it will require no ghost to shew, that, being an extraordinary powerful colt, he might fear few rivals. He had none, but one, as far as he went, in Ireland; and his owner or owners, having also bought Paddy Bull, who had beaten him, to make the matter better purchased Petuaria, by Orville out of Mandane, of Mr,

Watt, of Yorkshire, who was conceived the best in the north of England; and he went over in sufficient time, had there not been unfortunately a neglect, considering the nature of the business, which amounted almost to infatuation. He was put under the unlimited controul of a very young man of the name of Ridley, who had come over from Yorkshire with some horses that had been purchased there. His experience could have been nothing; his real capability was as little. His assurance—his recommendation it is to be supposed to those who employed him—was his most striking qualification, while of his integrity (if not of his actual honesty) there was too much reason unfortunately afterwards to doubt.

During the whole of the summer his reports (most favorable of course) were relied on, the odds in Friday's favour confirming them; and it was not until a few days preceding the race that Mr. Watts visited Doncaster. This real good judge, I am nearly certain, had nothing to do previously with the horse, since he sold him to Lord Rossmore, or this neglect could hardly have occurred. Be it as it may, when he saw the stable, Friday was fitter to cover than run; Paddy Bull lame; and the mare no better than either. To give Friday such a sweat and work, up to the hour almost of starting, as few horses could have stood, was now the bitter alternative, under the mortifying conviction that with proper treatment he could not have been beat. W. Cleary had come over to ride him, and he justified the good opinion he was held in. He did all that man could, so

much so that after they had passed the distance, Buckle, who was riding William, the favorite and the winner, cried out twice to old Sheperd, on a colt of Lord Strathmore's, the only two in the race besides Friday, "to take care for God's sake of Pat, for he was winning;" and win he would have done, roaring like a bull, if his wind had not from want of condition utterly failed him when in a few strides of home, and let the two others (William first) barely in before him. Of his superiority (natural at least) I have heard there was no question; indeed, after the race, Buckle came up to Cleary, and, shaking hands with him, told him he had given him a sore fright, and that had the trainer done as well as the jockey, he should not have won the race. Never was a surer card so bedeviled; and the party came back, as they deserved from their want of caution, or common attention rather, chap fallen, and with pockets to let.

Bravo did not leave Ireland; and as, if I am permitted, I shall have to allude to him in his subsequent races with the Duke of Grafton's Wire, Friday, &c. I shall make at present no more mention of him than to say he was as good as anything of his time. Poor Pat I shall also but briefly notice, though he was a most extraordinary little horse, and won for his as extraordinary owner, Fitzmaurice Caldwell, the great sum of ten thousand pounds. He was, from sources long domiciliated in Ireland and in the possession of his owner, of Herod blood in and in, with distant strains of that of Matchem, and Bustard, a son of Panton's Crab and Miss Slamerkin, who left a

strain of blood in Ireland which is current in the veins of some of their best to this day, and from which old source he took his colour—a dark grey. He had a crooked white blaze down his face, that gave him a singular look; but when one came to examine him, his points, particularly his hind quarters, bespoke his powers. He was remarkably long for his height, about fifteen, with great bone, and was of so singular a temper, though stout to a miracle, that he would not run unless forced. He ran the gauntlet of the best horses of the day, both English and Irish, for the best Stakes and Plates, was always in a good place, and but seldom defeated. His great winnings I have already named.

I have in some sort described the horse, but how shall I attempt even to shadow the master? *Tristram Shandy* must have despaired to do so, and even Cruikshanks might shrink from the task. Born a younger son of an old Irish family, at times when education or refinement were less thought of than boisterous conviviality, Mr. Caldwell passed much of his early life at sea; but by nature attached to horses, on marrying a widow lady of title, with a good fortune, he betook himself to the Irish turf, in the successful practice of which, and an undeviating hospitality, he spent a long life. His singularities beggar description: he was a compound of the old jack tar, the regular *Trunnion*, old Irish Squire, and turf man. The oaths recorded in *Tristram Shandy* are mere milk and water to his vocabulary, which was a sort of amphibious one, and *may not* be described—they could have been dreamt of by no other

man. But he was warm-hearted, sincere, honorable, humane, and hospitable. Nothing displeased him more than cant, or anything like it. As for himself, he was over-nice about nothing. Having been making some alterations in his pleasure-grounds at Brownstown, near the Curragh, and expecting some great folks in a day or two, he employed four or five hundred good Catholics after mass on Sunday to finish the damming up of a large sheet of water. The Protestant Curate of the parish was evangelical, and thence regarded by the Squire (otherwise the kindest of men) much as a professed swindler is by a London tradesman. The Curate came to remonstrate, and rebuked him before the multitude. All the answer he got was, “May the Devil’s mother nurse you when you are sick, you d—d journeyman sowl saver! It is true your Master stopped on the seventh day, as you tell me, you snivelling ——; but He had done his work, and when I’ve done mine I’ll stop too. Shut your ugly mug, and make play out of this, or I’ll make an anabaptist of you in the pond there: I’ll change your religion, I’ll keelhaul you, you ——.” This was said with the growl of a lion, and the grin of an ogre, brandishing a crutch which gout alone prevented his applying. He died not long since universally regretted and respected. Whilst thinking of him, I cannot help reflecting how peculiarly he would have been adapted to these times; and lament that he is not alive, and in Parliament. What an admirable and adequate opponent would he not have made to that chosen vessel, that precious disciple, that eminent law-

giver, Sir Andrew Agnew, who, though defeated in his attempt to enforce his *particular taste* as to the manner in which we shall spend our every seventh day, has announced his intention again to buckle on his armour, and renew his obnoxious Bill next Session!

AMBO.

June 6, 1833.

### THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS.

*Dedicated to the CONTRIBUTORS of THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.*

HERE IS WINE!.....but to whom shall we fill?  
 Here's a health!.....ay there is the mystery;  
 Jolly Bacchus! the secret reveal—  
 Here's a health to the HOLY CONSISTORY!  
 Fill your glass, fill your glass, fill the bowls,  
 Away and away with the mystery:  
 Here's HARKAWAY—DASHWOOD, bright souls!  
 A part of our Holy Consistory\*!

Here is Wine! OBSERVATOR! crack toast!  
 A trump in our pack, and no mystery:  
 And HIGHFLYER, who's long been the boast  
 And spur to our OLD SPORTING History.  
 Troll the bowl, troll the bowl, it ne'er cloy;  
 Away, and away with the mystery:  
 Here's to SCARLET and TASSEL, brave boys,  
 Two more of our Holy Consistory!

Here is Wine!—are we armed for our foes?  
 Is our sanctity humbug and mystery?  
 We are peaceful, yet stored with brave blows  
 For all who shall *slander* our History!  
 Fill your glasses, and shut out the day,  
 Away and away with all mystery:  
 Here's to MILES and JAVELIN, huzza!  
 Two more of our Holy Consistory.

Here is Wine! which fair Hebe carest,  
 When she fell, and displayed.....it's a mystery!  
 No matter, yet be it confest  
 Love ever shall *sport* in our History.  
 Press thy lips, press thy lips, merry hearts!  
 Away and away with all mystery:  
 Here's HARIZ, who, Persian of parts,  
 Quaffs Shiraz in this our Consistory.

Here is Wine! like the sunset it glows,  
 Be *our sunset* a far-distant mystery!  
 We've triumphed, as all the world knows.....  
 But this is no part of our History.

\* Should my readers object to this, I beg to say that as a Consistory is a Spiritual Court, it's the proper place for *Lads of Spirit*!

Lift the vase ! with its deep ruby flames  
 Away and away with all mystery :  
 Here's to ONEOFUS—CARELESS, bright names,  
 Two more of our Holy Consistory.

Here is Wine ! there were pilgrims of old,  
 Great *Peter*, that chivalrous mystery,  
 Who led to the Infidel fold  
 Some thousands, all slaughter'd by History.  
 Bumpers bright ! bumpers bright ! jolly boys !  
 Away and away with all mystery :  
 Here's our HERMIT IN LONDON—rejoice—  
 The *Peter* of our Holy Consistory.

Here is Wine ! rich as young Haidee's bloom,  
 Which Don Juan loved for its mystery :  
 Here is wine ! which I'd drink till the doom  
 And whoop of all Sporting History.  
 Shine the bee's-wing, gay spirits of flame !  
 Away and away with all mystery :  
 Here's to FORESTER—STUMP.....what a name !  
 Two more of our Holy Consistory.

Here is Wine ! Oh the dew on the lip  
 Of a fond blushing girl is no mystery :  
 'This wine like her true sighs we'll sip,  
 And treasure up in the heart's history.  
 Off with heel-taps !—lo ! here is a name  
 Whose genius to none is a mystery :  
 Here's to QUARTOGENARIAN's fame !  
 A Star of our Holy Consistory !

Here is Wine ! like a red harvest moon,  
 Ah me ! should it e'er be a mystery,  
 I'd put on my neat "sandal shoon,"  
 Walk *felo de se* into History.  
 No star-light—each brave boy be mellow,  
 Away and away with all mystery :  
 Here's DEVONIAN, and each clever fellow  
 Attached to our Holy Consistory.

Here is Wine ! not young Bacchus e'er quaffed  
 Such liquor—his own was a mystery :  
 Were he with us, I'm sure he'd have laughed  
 At the stuff he's made drunk on in History.  
 Fill high and drink deep—*three times three* !  
 Away and away with all mystery :  
 Here's to — —\*, brimful as the sea,  
 The *head* of our Holy Consistory !

Here is Wine ! ere we pass o'er the ferry,  
 One last toast I'll give—'tis a mystery :  
 We'll drink it, kind hearts, in Old Sherry,  
 To wind up our OLD SPORTING History.  
 As you like fill your glass, and no more,  
 Away and away with the mystery :  
 Here's OURSELF !—I confess a great bore,  
 And the *tail* of our Holy Consistory !

H. C. D.

• The Editor.

## REMARKS ON THE NEW GAME ACT, IN REPLY TO J. B.

SIR,

**Y**OUR Correspondent in your excellent May Number, who treats on some of the sections of the New Game Bill, complains, I see, that the penalties recovered from trespassers and poachers are not awarded to the informers, and that the incitement to laying informations is thereby much diminished. I must say, however, that I do not agree with him; for as *the gamekeepers* in most cases are called on to prosecute, and must generally be the persons *that detect the poacher*, it is surely better that they should appear only in the execution of their office, and totally unconnected with any reward or penalty—thus depriving their enemies of all pretence to charge them with being interested by other motives than that of doing their duty. As for those servants who require other incitement, and want a premium for behaving as they should do, the sooner they are discharged the better; and where the master himself is too idle or indifferent to look to the prosecutions himself, it is also high time for him to give up the preservation of his game.

All penalties recovered under the New Bill are applied in aid of the county-rate, which in some measure (though a very trifling one) assists in diminishing the expenses of the prisoners: formerly the moiety of the penalty was applied in aid of the poor-rate in the parish where the offence was committed; but this plan, though it eased the rate-payers, yet did not benefit the poor themselves: and the better plan perhaps would be (and ere long I hope to see it brought into effect)

to pay over the penalty to the overseer, or the *clergyman*, for *absolute distribution to the deserving poor*—a notice of every penalty so received to be posted on the outside of the church doors, with a statement of the name of the person convicted, the amount he was amerced in, and the name of the place where the offence was committed.

This would create a totally different impression on the minds of the lower classes of the parish, and would make the payers of the penalties extremely jealous and vigilant, as every partaker of the proceeds of the penalty would become an interested party.

“J. B.” is also very loud in favour of giving the right of sporting to the occupier of the land: but here again I am at issue with him. The law recognizes the right of the game to be in the landlord; therefore he being, as he describes himself, a landlord, has the power to give the right to his tenant: but I do not see why the landlords *are to concede* that right any more than their power over trees and mines, which latter are in some cases much more injurious to a tenant than game can possibly be. At any rate this lies between landlord and tenant; and I cannot understand that it is the province of Parliament to legislate between them in the matter: the fact and misfortune is, that there is already far too much of this legislation about our necks. That game will be better preserved where the farmers have the right of sporting over their land, I strongly and explicitly deny; and I have now an example be-

fore me of a worthy and excellent Nobleman in Wiltshire, whose game in the course of his trial of this experiment has completely bade adieu to him. And no wonder that it should have disappeared, when the farmers and their sons and friends were eternally on the hunt (as they would be elsewhere), on the principle that if they did not get the game their neighbour would: nor, though it must have annoyed the friends of the Noble Lord, could they have been much surprised at finding that long before *their* sport in the morning commenced, every hedge and field was completely cleared!

Having myself some little knowledge of farmers, I will back them and their sons against any set of people for *early* hours in sporting — they never *throw a chance away*; but not one of them can you find to lay up at night to look out for the hares and pheasants. Certainly their extraordinary perseverance in day-work leaves little wherewithal to fill the poacher's sack by night. This is the only way a farmer can defeat a poacher: and is this the better preservation of game?

"J. B." tells us, that though he is in favour of giving privileges to the tenant, he is himself a landlord; but as I am myself both a landlord and a tenant, I consider myself rather better qualified to judge of the merits of the question; and I am quite unshaken as to the principle of the game being the right *of the owner of the soil*. GAME IS PROPERTY; and a tenant entering on his farm takes it *with the game, or not, as best suits him*; and if he does take to it, of course his rent is higher in proportion. Where

then is the injustice? A good landlord will always take care to indemnify a good tenant: but there are such people in the world as *troublesome* tenants—men who purposely annoy and thwart the wishes of their landlord, and act in every way at variance with his interests. For such the New Game Bill *works most admirably*; and I trust that no alteration in this part of it will take place, as it is always competent to the landlord to grant the right of sporting to his tenant for any time he many think fit. In fact this permission is now of common occurrence where the game is not preserved, as well as on most of the small farms, the occupiers of which are the chief furnishers of the game-shops.

"J. B." considers it a disgrace to *sell* his game, preferring to *give* what he kills; but if "J. B." *gratuitously supplies the market*, the dealer only derives the benefit: and as it is well ascertained that, unless the supply is kept up, the demand will increase, and the poacher therefore be at work, it is in my opinion both the duty and the interest of all game-preservers to attend to the want of the market; for whence can all the game required come from if the preserver himself will not send any to the shop? By the preserver holding back his game, the increased price will cause sufficient temptation to endeavour to poach it: if gentlemen did not assist the market, the Game Bill would be defeated: and as "J. B." considers it a disgrace to sell his game, it is to be hoped, for morality's sake, that he gives to the *licensed* dealer only. Yet even then, it would be preferable to vend it at a reduced

rate, and *undersell the poacher*; for here, rely on it, is the grand secret. If "J. B." has scruples in touching the proceeds of the sale, he can very easily satisfy his tender conscience *by handing it over to the treasurer of his county hospital*; or he may be his own almoner in the village, and exchange the said proceeds for sundry lots of *bacon, barrels of ale, clothing, and blankets*, and I will answer that he will not be the less popular among the poor and lower classes of his parish. Let him make the experiment, and then *report the result*: but, above all things, let him not lose sight of the expediency of supplying the market, either gratuitously or otherwise as best suits his fancy.

It is to be hoped that some of your Correspondents, Mr. Editor, will reply to the charge given by Baron Bayley very lately at the

Flint Assizes, wherein he held out the mischief of preserving game in quantities, inasmuch as it attracts the attention of the agricultural population, and leads them into temptation.

The same doctrine (for I cannot call it argument) would equally apply to the preventing flocks of sheep and geese from being exposed on the commons; nay even to a banker's exhibiting a pile of bank-notes on his counter, or a bevy of young ladies being collected at a boarding school!

It is certainly quite a new idea, that, from fear of exciting temptation, nothing is to be exhibited or exposed in quantity. What is to become of our orchards? and who has not seen the fruit trees lining the roads on the Continent?

*A Landlord as well as Tenant.*

June 9, 1833.

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## LETTERS FROM COWES — No. II.

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DEAR SIR,

**N**OT a house to be had here! not a room wherein to swing a cat! all engaged by the *all-powerful* Yacht-Club families, who have secured everything of the sort that lies handy to the water-side! The attempt of the Portsmouth people to decoy the Club-rendezvous to their port, by proposing the Admiral's late residence and the Semaphore station on the Platform for their use, will not succeed; for who that has seen the *nursery-maids and children* enjoying themselves in the pretty walks at Cowes could ever suppose that the Members of the Club would be satisfied with the *sweets* of Portsmouth,

and its fortified ditches, for the recreation and health of their families! or who that has experienced the convenience of this roadstead and river, with all its facilities of embarking and landing, the security and smoothness of its anchorage, and, though last not least, the power of getting to sea *with any wind*, could ever suppose that Portsmouth harbour (which, with wind and tide setting in, is absolutely blockaded) could be brought for a moment in competition with it!

Moreover it was proved last year by the Earl of Belfast, who reached Cowes in less than seven hours from London, that the

distance from the metropolis is an obstacle perfectly surmountable and of no importance: and the idea that Portsmouth is more convenient is decidedly an erroneous one; for, from the hilly state of that road, it would be found difficult, I think, to accomplish the seventy-two miles in seven hours; yet the same distance to Southampton was performed with ease *under six* on the occasion I have alluded to, and Lord Belfast's yacht (the *Louisa*) being under sail and waiting for him, his Lordship anchored in Cowes Road under the seven hours from the little Village.

The situation, too, of the Yacht Club House here is beyond anything convenient and agreeable, and those who are so fortunate as to be admitted as visitors (each Member has the privilege of introducing a friend) have an ample opportunity of enjoying themselves to perfection. There is a sufficiency of bed-rooms, and every other accommodation that can possibly be required; and as there is a Semaphore Staff and signal-man, the Members can communicate at pleasure and at all times with their vessels.

The establishment of this great National Club was founded on the most liberal views, its Members then consisting of Noblemen and Gentlemen most desirous of promoting the science of marine architecture, and the naval power of this kingdom: Prize Cups were frequently given to be sailed for, not only by their own vessels, but by those of other Clubs; the pilot and fishing vessels of the Island were not forgotten; and liberality and national utility were the presiding spirits

throughout the whole chapter.—The result of all this was, that great improvement in the construction of ships was (by the example of the Royal Yacht Club) absolutely *forced upon the Government of that day*, and its footsteps are now liberally followed by the existing Board of Admiralty.

The building-yards all over the Isle of Wight were then in high requisition, and the sail-makers and rope-makers in full employment: all then went well and happily; and the Royal Yachts, with George the Fourth in person, graced the meeting at Cowes with their presence. Unfortunately, however, of late years a totally different spirit has been infused into the Club; and those Noblemen and Gentlemen, who, by their munificence and public spirit, should naturally be looked up to as its influential Members, and who were its original promoters, and are, and must be, its true supporters and best friends, now find themselves absolutely governed by *a few*, who have been latterly admitted, and whose opinions are opposed to the majority of the Institution.

Moreover, if the present system of black-balling the most unexceptionable candidate *for mere party purposes* is continued, it will not be difficult to foresee that the Club must ere long be dissolved and remodelled.

In former days the object was to elect men of fortune, public-spirit, and enterprise, and indeed all who were desirous of promoting the objects of the Society: the word *party* was unknown till of late years: no person was excluded that was

proper to be elected\*: *Cups were given as prizes for sailing: distressed and wrecked mariners of the Island, and those cast on its shores, never pleaded for charity in vain: but, as the Frenchman says, "tout cela était autrefois, mais nous avons changé tout cela."*

The pilot vessels, so long accustomed to enter the lists at the Regattas, are now excluded, and the visitors at Cowes in consequence deprived of the enjoyment of a most beautiful sight and amusement.

Nothing now is given by the Royal Yacht Club but *black balls*, for the ball on the King's birth-day is by subscription, the Club only lending the room.—Enough, however, of this dark side of the picture; and let me in justice pay a passing tribute to those Noblemen and Gentlemen who differ from the miserable views now entertained, and who, by their princely establishments, have shewn that Government is indebted to them for the improvements in ship-building, so clearly manifested in His Majesty's ships Vernon, Vestal, Rover, Columbine, Snake, and Serpent.

To Lord Vernon, therefore, is the credit due for having brought forward the present Surveyor of the Navy, when his Lordship obtained permission to build the Columbine sloop of war; to the Duke of Portland, for building the Pantaloon (also) sloop of war; and to Lord Belfast, for the Water Witch of the same class, though of far superior powers. Lord Yarborough's Falcon, too,

is a model for a small frigate; and the Duke of Norfolk's cutter Arundel is the largest and *most perfect sea-going cutter ever seen* on the free waves of Britain. Surely then these Noble individuals (with many others) deserve richly the best thanks of the country; and ought they not in fairness to be regarded as the principal and influential Members of the Club?

The sitting of Parliament has, up to this time, kept many of the yachts away. The Arundel, however, appeared here a few days since: and from the circumstance of the Louisa being sold to Lord Durham, the competition for the King's Cup will lay between the former, the Alarm, and the Menai: a magnificent race, you may depend on it, will be the result: if there is a strong wind, the odds will be in favour of the Arundel; but if the contrary, in that of the Alarm, as the latter cannot manage wind and sea so cleverly as the Duke of Norfolk's vessel. The Louisa, it is well known, gave the Alarm a terrible lesson some two years back in a race of eighteen hours to the Ower's Light, which at once set the question at rest as to her superior powers in the open sea.

I shall take the earliest opportunity next month of sending you some further information as to the King's Cup, and I hope to add some pleasing details in other respects of what is going on in this neighbourhood.

J.B.G.

Cowes, June 8, 1883.

\* Only two instances are on record of black-balling in those days: one was in the person of a Noble Duke, who had been scratched off the list on account of not paying his annual subscription; and, on attempting to be again elected, was excluded as a matter of course. The other individual was the owner of a yacht like a river barge, with a flat bottom, and he was excluded more in joke than otherwise, it being reported that she was *two months on her voyage from the Thames to Cowes*; and that moreover the bulkhead and chimney in the cabin were of brick! The Club thought themselves consistent perhaps in excluding those vessels that did not partake of the improvements of the present age; but this was not done for party purposes.

## DECLINE OF THE GUN TRADE—GAME, &amp;c.

SIR,  
**H**UMAN nature, like murder, "will out"—"*expellas furcā tamen usque recurret.*" The Birmingham gun-makers have petitioned Government against the present Game Laws: the no small portion of those very men, who, with Mr. Attwood at their head, are most vociferous for the removal of all ties, who want everything to be, like the poet's love, "free as air," have put themselves forward in a body to earnestly solicit the repeal of that which a season or two ago they were most clamorous for, endeavoring, *inter alia*, to advocate and enforce it by all means in their power: not that they were, as the pudding on being tasted shews, in any way, even as their own special interest was concerned, acquainted with the subject, but that it was one of the many stirrups whereby to mount the saddle of innovation, to give it the mildest term; so, it was cried up to the echo. Now that the shoe pinches, that the consequences of what was, as far as in them lay, their own act and deed, touches and deteriorates their interest, they wheel round instantaneously, and petition against its consequences.

Were yours a general miscellany, it would not be irrelevant in these "piping times of peace, God save the mark!" to shew, in the too prevalent and Utopian wish to create what the Almighty permits not to exist on earth, a *perfect system*, that these multitudinous and headlong legislators, however well-intentioned their motives may be, are more likely than not, as in the

case of these said gunsmiths, to stumble upon measures the most inimical to their own most vital interests. But this same Game Bill, of *blessed* memory, has now been proved by this said petition to have been inimical to a flourishing and extensive branch of trade, in which moreover we were, as in many others, unrivalled. But as nothing human is perfect, and the minor evil must merge in the major good, it would be natural to inquire—Has the *broad principle* been effective? has it in all other points done its work as effectually as in the deterioration of the *Ars Sclopeticæ*? Unfortunately there is no difficulty in answering the question—those who run may read: it *has* done its *work*, and a greater boon could not have been granted to the extortioner and poacher, the law-breaker of every grade and description. As to the once expressive word *season*, as regards either the destruction or sale of game, as it was so rendered applicable by former wont and use, so is it by the present reduced to a misnomer, or more properly a nonentity, for there is *no such thing*: the greed of *gain* and the greed of *guts* revel in "their *boundless* reign;" and the quantities of moor-game which reach that enormous tomb of flesh, fowl, and fish, Leadenhall, and *before* and *after* the appointed periods, are matter of such notoriety as to make one wonder how people are at the trouble to make laws.

With other matters it is even worse, and the shameful manner in which hares were exposed for

sale in scores in the month of last April, when every doe must have been in young, to say nothing of the loss of the last kindling, all of which must have perished from starvation, excited the natural indignation of some sportsman, who noticed it in "Bell's Life." But it would appear he might have saved himself the trouble: "*quærenda pecunia primum*" — get money *honestly* (if you can), but get money: such have been its results on one part.

To the fair sportsman, who by heavy taxes contributes to the public income, the country gentleman (sportsman or not), it has proved one might almost say a curse, while its inevitable progressive tendency is such, that except in the great preserves, where game like poultry will be fattened for profit, the general breed will be extirpated, and thus ensure the *fall*, as it has already caused the *decline*, of the gun-trade in the Sporting department. These petitioners may rest assured that this their late threnody is but a commencement of the Jeremiad, which will end in full chorus between them and the bulk of their quondam employers, to the united burthen of *fuimus Troes*. But, cry some of the public prints, who in their eagerness to please the popular feelings seem at least to overlook every and all other considerations, "who would return to the old system with all its absurd anomalies?" as if this was by any means a necessary consequence. Not I for one. "Well then, what would you do?"—Aye, indeed, there's the rub; and he that will hit upon a measure which will deprive these laws of what is commonly considered their sting, and yet

keep the universal head of game, for which this country was once so famous, in its former palmy state, will be blessed with a cranium formed on the Newtonian system.

One thing, however, I would not do, though I know it subjects any one who entertains the opinion to great unpopularity; and that is, throw open indiscriminately the right of shooting to the farmers. I may be wrong, though my conviction is to the contrary; and I should just as soon think of turning a brigade of British bayonets on a foe of similar force by way of preserving them, as to put double-barrels into the hands of the denizens of the farm-house with a view of keeping up the general stock of game. It might and may do for great proprietors, who are blessed with such "immense demesnes, hereditary wealth," that they can retain enough for themselves, and have plenty to spare; and under certain restrictions here it may do: but let it ever be remembered, that what has once been conceded, though only as a boon, comes in process of time to be almost considered as a right, and that the deprivation of such is looked upon as a greater hardship than the original concession was held to be a favour or benefit. But let us consider the man of middling or small territory—were he to do so, he might put up his own gun on the shelf; and I must say I do consider *that* too much to be expected of human nature, just for the sake of being popular. I have said, even in the case of the greatest landowners, it would do under certain restrictions, and I thereby meant that the power of using the right should be re-

stricted to one individual of a family under pain of forfeiture: for, conceive a farmer, himself a hale man, with a family of grown and half grown sons, all "armed and" doubtless "eager for the fray"—what a precious set of game-preservers! The writers in the daily and weekly prints, not one of whom know a syllable about the matter, but who advocate a certain system of ethics, may talk of the honorable feelings of unsophisticated yeomen, and principles of mutual obligation and gratitude, &c. To this I answer, fiddle-de-dee! who know by long experience what they are in the aggregate, and particularly in the middle and lower grades. Doubtless there would be some exceptions: and as to really gentlemen-farmers, I exclude them, though a black sheep might, and surely would, be found among them as well as anywhere else. I should as soon expect the fox would listen to an admonition to ware hen-roost, as a band of minor farmers refrain from shooting all that came before them in any way and at all times. Ocular demonstration, the evidence of my own senses, almost daily convinces me to the contrary; and I must beg leave to trust to them, sooner than to the speculative aphorisms of any set of men.

I know an instance where a proprietor gave leave to one of his tenants (a favorite) to shoot rabbits: he had a parcel of sons grown and coming up: they never moved to cart or plough without a gun, which in the latter operation they had slung on the right stilt or handle. The quantity of game they slaughtered at all times by these

methods, and in moon-light nights, at last became matter of annoyance to their neighbours, and they were watched and detected; and it was with no small difficulty their practices were put down. They had in two years nearly cleaned almost four hundred acres of as good ground as any in Britain, which has now in two more barely recovered as to allow even a day on it—so easy is it to hash down a stock of game, so difficult to establish it.

But even supposing the liberty granted, how would the generality of farmers go to work? "Oh! of course," say the theorists, "in a fair and proper manner; deem it beneath them to take but one bird at a shot," &c. Three fourths of them would never dream of employing a dog; it would be both expensive and useless, as they could get what they wanted, the grand desideratum, without. As little would they waste a charge of ammunition on the chances of a flying or running shot. *Quo non quomodo* would be their motto; and a man with a good eye, hanging about his farm with a loaded gun while superintending his men in harvest, would be the most effective game-annihilator I can picture; to say nothing of the assistance he would get from young Tom, Dick, or Harry, or all who would be certain to get a loan of feyther's gun when he went to dine or smoke his pipe: or, if he had "none of these pretty little elves," from man Jan or Tummas, who "would loike to troy if he could fotch down summut;" who, crawling along on all fours, his mouth tucked up to his ear on the left side to ensure the shutting of

the corresponding optic, and grinning as if he were contending for a pound of tobacco through a horse-collar, his neck half broken on the right in his awkward efforts to bring his cheek down to the stock, would bang into the middle of a covey of birds though they were but just hatched, aye and glory in the deed.

Nor can I see that it would be of any such great benefit to the farmers *generally*: on the contrary, to the aggregate it would be prejudicial: the hey-day of the season occurs at a period when they are, or ought to be, busiest; and if in other times it was necessary that

"He that by the plough would thrive,  
Must either hold himself or drive."

these are not days for idleness, at least if we are to judge by the universal complaints; and I know nothing more likely to convert the most industrious of the class, those who are obliged to work on their own farms, thence pre-eminently "their country's pride," into a lazy dissolute gang of idlers than this same liberty, which some advocate as a sovereign panacea. The case as to fox-hunting in my humble opinion is different: it occurs at a late period in the first place; and in the second, if he breeds well, every day he is out he is ~~bringing his horse~~ on his business

and is sure sooner or later to get a good price. It is true he is out of the game; but when he comes home, and he once gets into the habit, he will seek to go on step by step, and perhaps

not to be misunder-

stood: there are numbers classed as farmers to whom these remarks cannot apply, and I am most anxious to give offence to no one: while at the same time, on the principle of "hear both sides," I beg leave to state my humble opinion on a point which has been much lately under discussion. The petition of the gunsmiths shews what a decline has already taken place; and in my opinion nothing could superinduce or bring to a *speedier* termination the catastrophe, which, unless something be done, is inevitable to all honestly connected with the trigger save the Magnates or greatest landed proprietors. I would be the last person to attribute blame to any one, much less the present rulers, who, I firmly believe, are honestly attempting all that men can do in the Herculean task of accommodating matters. But the evil exists, and is already felt; and we have seen changes enough within the last few years to let us know how speedily such matters work.

I am one of those who am old fashioned enough to prefer my own country to any other, and, remaining in it, am so aware of the vast change which these last few years have effected, that, like the old woman cut short in the song, I am sometimes tempted to exclaim, "why, I beant I!" Let these be continued, and especially let the inducements to reside on their own properties be frittered away piecemeal, and taken from the smaller country gentlemen, and the *benefit will be incalculable*. No man will remain to be circumvented and bearded at every turn on his own ground; and they will naturally emigrate, to seek those enjoyments which their own

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F R I D A Y .

Attended by H. A. Pittman Minister of Agriculture London, July 2, 1923

country does not afford, when those which it does are arrested from them "*vi et armis*." The gun-trade is in distress acknowledgedly: "the shops in the Strand," says Colonel De Lacy Evans, "are nearly bankrupt from want of custom." How so? Ask the Parisians, who, a few weeks after the "days of the barricade," found their city in a state of unexampled distress: and what was the principal cause?—the flight of the affrighted foreigners. Now of those domiciled strangers, eight in ten were British! Increase the causes at home which induce the moneyed classes to leave it, the gun-makers may migrate also; and as for the vendors in the Strand, it will be of little matter to them whether the window-tax be repealed, or not, for their doors and windows will have to be shut up. And not only this, but nothing would surprise me less than to see emigration commence at the extreme and opposite end, and see our landholders selling off,

"resigned  
The green hills of their youth, among  
strangers to find"

a local habitation and a name. "Oh!" cry some, "good riddance! they can't carry the land with them!" but they can carry the price of it; and every ten pounds the minor emigrant takes away is a loss to this falling country—a slow but perpetual drain. One thing indeed, it might be difficult to find purchasers; unless, good

sooth! the most extraordinary of all (and as unexceptionable as any) of our recent changes, the restoration of God's chosen Israelites, our peoples! may unlock and unfold the means: nor, were such the case, could want of birth or blood be objected to them—"your Jew is your only gentleman"—Norman blood indeed: it is, comparatively, the upstart puddle of yesterday. Should "such things be," and a fair portion of the land fall into the possession of the Tribes, let us hope that they may adopt some of its habits, and become sportsmen: then perhaps the waning star of the gun-trade might culminate; and if so, one thing bringing on another, they *must* drop one of their own most peculiar ones; positively they must eschew beards. I cannot conceive a more accursed concomitant, damp or hot, to a shooting sportsman, or one more dangerous: we are every season horrified with husbands and brothers, &c. brought home by divers accidents wounded and killed to their wailing woman-kind. But Chrissh, Mo! only conceive a fine young heir-apparent of a Shenie carried in to "Rachel weeping for her children," burnt to death by the ignition of his own beard from an accidental spark! Be these things as they may, let us yet hope something may turn up, and "live in hope, though we die in despair."

*A Chip of the Old Block.*

June 8, 1833.

## F R I D A Y.

*Eugraved by ROMNEY, Jun., from a Sketch by G. H. LAPORTE.*

**O**F this excellent and favorite dog, the property of Bernard Granville, Esq. of Wellesbourne,

Warwickshire, the pedigree is not exactly known; but the character of the animal seems to an-

swer the remarks of our Correspondent QUARTOGENARIAN so much, that there is little doubt he must partake of that breed. Speaking of the *Second Cross* with the Setter and Newfoundland dog, he says (see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. v. *Second Series*, page 108):—"The unrivalled truth and tenderness of this animal's nose, and his great sagacity, induced a pretty considerable cross, which has produced the heavy black dog so generally to be met with: they are, however, in my opinion, over heavy for *general* use, hunt straight out, without much quartering and a

still stern, but frequently good finders, right and left, from superiority of nose, and back tolerably free: they are well calculated for large turnip pieces, as they generally *stand* to their point, are easily seen, and excellent retrievers, though sometimes rather too fond of hare to be easily broken." All this FRIDAY answersto; and to this may be added, that he is very fast, remarkably steady, and seldom known to chase hare; but this, no doubt, arises from good breaking.

We understand the talented painter is much pleased with the efforts of the young engraver.

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### ASCOT RACES.

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SIR,

ON my arrival at Windsor on the 3d of June, to be in readiness for Ascot Races the next day, I found the place unusually alive, with all the trades and grades of the place—from the King of a great and mighty nation, to the man "wot mends shoes," that is, if he had any to mend, and could raise a bit of leather—flocking down to the water-side to see some boats gaily floating over the richly-tinted face of old Father Thames. "Poh! poh!" I think I hear you say, "what has this to do with sporting?" Now, according to the high authority of the Boys and the Frogs in the Fable, sporting, after all, is only matter of opinion; and in that "standard work" of Mr. Hood's, you will find that Cows have their Regattas, and by the same rule why may not the Eton Boys have theirs? You give us these pastimes also from other places; and is it not

fair that these should have a place, and, if possible, a more distinguished one? for you are as likely to draw from them the pure JOHN BULL as from any other School. The procession went up the water with the greatest regularity to Surley Hall, where in a meadow hard by they found a *tasty* "spread" of eight tables, one for each boat's company of about ten or a dozen each, in sailors' and fancy dresses. To see their faces, Mr. Editor, you would not have believed yourself at *Surley Hall*, and in half an hour many did not know it themselves, Champagne and other wines flew round so fast—Prince George of Cambridge at the head of the first boat in rowing, and at the first table in feasting. The King and Queen were present, but hurdled off from the tables, as were the Nobility and Gentry, who, though they had the pleasure of seeing their children "do

pretty well," could not touch a bit themselves. After the repast the youngsters returned to their gloomy cloisters—made more so from a show of fire-works at Windsor-bridge, which should have been splendid, but, from there being too much gin and beer in their composition (and these adulterated), were both slack and not over bright. We are, however, taught to expect better things another year, when the Bill has passed for preventing people from being put in prison for debt. But, surely, says one, "they might have let the man come down for a week or two to make the necessary preparations on an occasion like this, as the King is a judge of fire-works."—"Aye," says another (no doubt an interested one), "perhaps, if the fireworks would not go off, the *man might*!" In the course of the afternoon, *two or three Dukes and four or five Lords were sent to the Round Tower*. Now, in other times of our History, such a thing, or even a report of it, would have filled the country with consternation; but instead of this, they came out again between eight and nine o'clock, dined with His Majesty, the Queen, and Court, as happy as if nothing had happened; nay, much happier than if they had gone to the best inns, and *paid* for comfort and accommodations not half so good. This Round Tower is now perfectly finished, fitted, and furnished, and is said to be (by those that have tried several) the most *elegant prison in Europe*; and those that have had the honour of being lodged in ~~it~~ would like to be served so again.

Arrived on the course early on

TUESDAY, with a list of six races, to start at one o'clock; soon found that the first race was off. This, and not the want of punctuality in the King, nor the temporary Prospero-like storm raised by the Duke of Wellington, was the real cause of the gorgeous spectacle of a Royal procession, no doubt the finest in the world (horses and carriages duly considered), being withheld from us till half-past one—a true Cockney, loyalty and love of sights made him think every minute an hour: these gratified, everything went off smoothly: baskets well stored, and seven beautiful race-horses saddled and paraded in their presence: a fine day, and the course, as usual, thoroughly well kept.

Mr. Hervey's Protocol took the lead, and made good play to the Bottom. G. Edwards then gave up his high station and hard work to John Day, on Lord Clarendon's Datura, who kept it up with spirited confidence until it came to "diamond cut diamond," when in went Pavis, without a joke, on Colonel Peel's Earnest, winning by a length the Oatlands Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., two miles; Datura second; Lord Lowther's Lazarone (Chapple) third: Arnall on Byzantium (a gay deceiver); Robinson on Hawker (travelling without a licence. Chifney, united to Lucetta, who might go where he could (not where he would), was last 100 yards. Perhaps no man in the world on horseback knows the difference between *possible* and *probable* better than he does, but he very soon declined having anything to do with either.

A Match between Mr. Cosby's The Bravo, 8st. 10lb., and General Grosvenor's Falernia, 7st. 11lb.,

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the Old Mile—the latter made play on account of the weights, but it availed her nothing, though she did it well to the last hundred yards. The Bravo then completely bullied her out of it, assisted not a little by Robinson's great patience and fine riding. John Day rode Falernia.

Produce Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for three-year-olds—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.; one untried parent allowed 3lb., if both 5lb.; the Old Mile—a very severe course, and one that soon takes the shine out of the “best of stuff.”—Dirce made play, and, though race-time, it was no holiday; two or three others, for instance Mantilla, Lucius, and another, were on the alert. This was suffered up to the distance, when Toby went up a little nearer, but not so as to first beat one and then another, but with one mighty rush defeated them all at once, with seeming ease, by a length. This riding is Robinson's greatest excellence, except one. The Duke of Portland's Lottery colt, his dam Pledge, was second (John Day); Dirce (Flatman, late Natt) third. This was a fine Stake; something like soft-smiling charity, which covers a multitude of sins; as there were nineteen subscribers of 100 sovs. each, as above stated, with, according to the show, about seven to the post. The betting was said to be 2 to 1 agst Lucius, 3 to 1 agst the Pucelle filly, and 4 to 1 agst Toby. Mr. Theobald claims all the merit for Tarrare, as being the *sire* of Toby: Mr. Scott Stonehewer is as strenuous for The Witch, his *dam*; and thus wisely concludes the argument—“Whether Tarrare is the *cause*, or The Witch,

I know there is a *CHARM* in the effect.”

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. for horses of all ages, weights accordingly, to start at the New Mile starting-post, and go once round. This allows the spectators to see “the pretty creatures” twice; and pretty creatures they were to those who think one horse exactly like another. Surely it cannot be true that money is scarce and race-horses numerous, or who would not pocket 100gs. (the old-fashioned) when “to be had” on such easy terms? Four only came to the post, and these not of the first class—twelve entered; but a taste of the Oatlands had stamped a value on the pretensions of most of them. Lord Clarendon's Datura made good sprightly running all the way, and was never caught. At the distance, John Day, her jockey, “like the rest of the curious,” took a gentle pull to see how the “pretty creatures” looked: soon satisfied, he set *his head straight*, and won three parts of a length; G. Edwards's Camel filly, rode by his brother Teddy, second; Languish third; and the Brother to Kate last.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., the winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 7lb. extra, the New Mile—nine subscribers, and four to the post—won by Colonel Peel's Young Rapid by three parts of a length, nicely executed by Pavis; Duke of Grafton's Octave second, beautiful in *tune*, but slow in *time*—John Day did not find out, till it was half over, that he was a *second* only, and not a *leader*; Robinson on Shylock third; and G.

Edwards on Anglesea last. The betting, what there was, seemed pretty much in favour of Young Rapid.

The King and Court now left the course, and the concourse very civil certainly, but very silent, with enough, however, to be seen in almost every countenance. We will support OUR KING as he supports his Ministers after the artful attack by the Duke of Wellington. His Majesty's decided declaration had not been made, or at least not made known to the public, up to this moment.

This day's sport terminated with a race between Mr. Gardner's Tarquin, 8st. (Pavis), and Mr. Ricardo's Sketch-Book, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson), which was won by the former by three lengths—a *Dickey* affair in every sense, except the coin, that was 100 sovs. Everything is out of the Sketch-Book that is valuable; what is left is out of drawing—burlesque! Nay, *Sketch-Book* is as much out of favour with sportsmen as the *Red Book* is with others. A stable of such would soon get a man into the *Black Book*, if such a thing is desirable.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY.—Plenty of racing, the company very genteel, but not numerous.

The Albany Stakes was the first on the list; nine subscribers of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., the New Mile; any poor thing that had had the misfortune to win the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, the Derby, or Oaks, to carry five pounds extra for so offending—four came to the post, not all faultless, but guiltless of these. They came temperately to near

the distance; but, like all short run races, though they avoid many difficulties, they encounter others: it must be *near* and *severe*, and, in consequence of the velocity, none but a Judge of long experience, nice discriminative sight, good nerve, unerring judgment, and undoubted integrity, can possibly decide—such to my own knowledge is Mr. John Clark, the Newmarket Judge for Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Bath, and most of the races of consequence in England. Who can gainsay this? Who, as a bystander, would venture to *think* against a man that absolutely *knows*? What jockey but a rash one would swear that he absolutely won, when he had not the means of knowing, from his position, as well as having “other fish to fry,” instead of making observations—unless *self-interest* gives a man second or other sight? We had, however, a little of this. As the race was run, Arnall, on Lord Exeter's Sir Robert, was first two strides before he came to the post, and first two strides after he had passed it: but Robinson on Bravo was a head first at the goal itself. Arnall, however, was weak enough to try to prove what he only wished. Robinson, to my knowledge, has served him the same trick more than twenty times on the worst horse. Now, if Arnall would try to discover how this is done, it would do more credit to his head and heart, rather than make a master dissatisfied by entering into a wrangle in which *he has not*, and *ought not*, to have a voice. This is the excellence I alluded to yesterday in Robinson's riding, in which there is a quickness surpassing all other

men. Chifney's mighty rush is something like it, but of a different quality, and for a different purpose. Sir Robert was of course second, the Twatty colt (Flatman) third, Col. Yates's (late Mr. Bristow's) Uncle Toby (Chapple) fourth. This horse had been out of a *fit* of illness only ten days, therefore could not be *fit* to run. In the betting it was 4 to 1 agst Bravo, the winner.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; T. Y. C. eight subs., half of whom paid forfeit—won by Lord Exeter's Sultan filly—Dahlia's dam, a length (Connolly). Arnall, it was said, refused, from fear she should want to take him where he had no wish to go. Mr. Wreford's *alias* Mr. Dilly's Warrenner (Cowley), was second—mystery and favoritism not worth a groat; Mr. Grant's Little John or Gaberlunzie filly (Norman), third. Lord Lichfield's Whitefoot, Brother to Terry Alt, so lame as to be thought unfit for the enterprise, hopped off at the last moment: he, however, might have stayed, for it was the slowest race ever seen, and only fit for cripples:—5 to 1 against Lord Exeter.

Fifty Pound Plate, for which six started at the Swinley post. Robinson won on Mr. Cosby's Copper Captain a length; Mr. G. Edwards's Camel filly second, rode by his brother Edward; Lord Lowther's Messenger (Wheatley), third: Byzantium and Tarquin nowhere, and Mistletoe out of season, and not wanted till Christmas.

The Swinley Stakes of 25 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb., and four, 8st. 10lb., the last mile and a half; three started and one paid. Charles Day made

play to the Bottom on Non Compos, Mr. Cosby's—Sir G. Heathcote ought to have done it. Sir Gilbert rather blamed Buckle for making too free with his horse Damascus: it was, however, the only way to win, as Non Compos is ever *non compos* at these games. As it was he won by a *head*, whereas, if more running had been made, he would have been beat by *two*: the Twatty colt (Flatman) third.

Mr. Chifney's Shoveller filly finished the day by a walk over for a Stakes of 100 sovs. each, three subscribers.

THURSDAY, the Grand Day at Ascot, a wonderful sight to see certainly. Only fancy that in a Desert not to be surpassed in barrenness, not by Arabia even, a concourse of people innumerable, with their KING amongst them, joyous and happy, *clothed*, as well as himself, with all the elegances upon earth; and, when they come to open their baskets, you would say, *fed* with them too. Well might Napoleon *sigh* for Ships, Colonies, and Commerce; and soon should *we cry* if we had them not.

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., five subs., a poor race, and not suited to the occasion, as two only of these came to the post. John Day, on the Duke of Grafton's Octave (in a higher *pitch* than usual), won by two lengths. Lord Exeter's Mantilla tried hard, but could neither go fast enough nor long enough, against a hill like the Old Mile.

The ECLIPSE Foot, the most splendid of all sporting relics, to which HIS MAJESTY gives 200l. like good sauce to a good dish—nay to a *cow-heel* it would be acceptable to many—particu-

larly as he may eat his heel, or lose the glittering curiosity another year by challenge, like the Jockey Club Whip; but His Majesty's graciously-given sovereigns may be kept by the winner as long as Fortune or Misfortune may choose to let him: and he who may choose to put "his foot" into this adventure must put down another hundred, his opponent doing the same, which is all handed over to the winner. Mr. Cosby fills the happy situation of Treasurer for the time being by his black horse Gallopade having won easy at the last by two lengths, giving 2st. 5lb. to Dirce for her being two years younger. With this of course she made play, and did it respectably to the last hundred yards, when Gallopade came up, fresh, fine, and fit to run, trained on the spot, husbanded with Robinson's extraordinary patience, and ready to assist him with his acknowledged talent, if wanted; while Dirce had been trained, tried, and travelled, far beyond her years.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. seven subs., for two-year-olds; those that had won a Sweepstakes to carry 3lb. extra. Six came to the post—Mr. Forth's Longwaist filly won it very cleverly, wherein the honesty of the father shone forth in the daughter. Norman (once Snowy) rode her with a thorough knowledge of what he was about—if he had sat down the last hundred yards, even if it had not done better, it would have looked so. Poor Forth was too ill to attend himself, but those who know him agreed that winning this race would do him more good than one of Dr. Solomon's largest bottles of Balm of Gilead. Mr. Gardnor's Luna

filly by Whalebone (Pavis) was second; Mr. Cosby's Pussey third—"this is a cat not likely to catch mice." No one can wonder at Mr. Gates selling the dam of Sir W. Freemantle's Carbonaro filly: for who, I should be glad to know, would not feel happy after selling such a mother?

The Gold Cup of 200 sovs. value, a subscription of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages; and though placed shining in the front of the Stand, with great names to it, all made excuses but two—Sir M. Wood's Lucetta and Lord Exeter's Galata. Arnall, on Galata, at starting made an advance of more than a hundred yards; so it ended, and this is all we saw of it. Poor old Lucetta must now be quite done up—it is true I thought so two and even three years ago, but she rose again like a Phoenix out of her own ashes; but now I fear there is not a latent spark left: others must have thought so too, as the betting was 3 to 1 agst her.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for colts of 1830, eight subs. but only two at the post—won by Lord Tavistock's Anglesea (G. Edwards), a length easy; Lord Jersey's Lucius (Robinson) second.

ROYAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. nine subs., but, as before, two only started—won by three parts of a length with some stoutness and good speed by Col. Peel's Young Rapid, neatly rode by Pavis; Lord Exeter's Sir Robert (Arnall), rather slow, and with honesty not above suspicion.

His Majesty, the Queen, and party, stayed the whole time, and saw out a long day's racing, though with little sport; but if His Majesty can take pleasure in

the air-rending acclamations of his subjects, he must have had a fine day's sport indeed.

FRIDAY, a fine day, but a great falling off in the company—say nineteen out of twenty at least. This clearly shews that the attachment must be to the King and his Government, for we had a better day's racing than the previous one, under the influence of a popular Monarch and a blazing Court.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h.ft. the Old Mile, four subs.—for which Col. Peel's Young Rapid walked over. This young strippling, whether he walks or whether he runs, is making *rapid* strides to perfection.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. for hunters, weight for age. Four came to the post, more like the *hunted* than *hunters*: even Donnegani, the winner by six lengths, looked as if he had neither *play* nor *pay*: Mr. Shackell's Trump—equivocal—but if it means a card, it is the lowest in the pack, though Teddy Wright, by good play, brought him second. Mr. Hervey's Chesnut and Mr. Curtis's Rubens horse did not do much credit to their sires, nor to their masters' hay and corn. Poor Sir William, if he had been alive, would have found something better, at least for himself, if not for them: C. Day had the honour, and Wm. Day the money.

A Plate of 50l. for all ages, weights accordingly, the Old Mile, eight entered. The race (when it became one) lay between the Duke of Grafton's Emir, 3 yrs old (Chapple), and Mr. J. T. Wood's Ambrosio, 4 yrs old, rode by George Edwards, giving a stone for the year. At the distance Ambrosio was first—a place where he had no business, having

the speed: so that when he made his rush, his *rush* was not worth a *straw*, except that he made a dead heat of it with Emir. None of the rest had a chance, although Non Compos was amongst the highest in the betting. In running after the dead heat, and gaining knowledge from experience, George waited to the very identical stride, made his run, and won by half a length. Before the dead heat it was 3 to 1 agst Emir, and 4 to agst Ambrosio: after it, 11 to 8 on Ambrosio—so that others saw it in the same light that I did.

The Wokingham Stakes, as a finish to the revels, had eleven names to it of five sovs. each—handicap—which must have been pretty good, as nine of them accepted the conditions, the distance three quarters of the New Mile:—a very good race, won by a head with the Duke of Rutland's Shylock, 6st. 12lb. (Wakefield); the Partisan colt, his dam Rachel, 6st. 7lb. (little Crouch), second: nothing else placed, but Mr. Malony; and if it had been done as sitting for a caricature, nothing on earth could have been more successful; but what is worse, the *beautiful* little harmless Land-rail was made to carry 9st. 4lb. to look *ridiculous*, and placed last by a hundred yards, and all from the same proceeding.

Young Rapid has been the most successful horse at Ascot, having won this Meeting the two greatest Stakes and a walk over—and a walk over, Mr. Editor, allow me to tell you, is the best of all turf *certainties*, when the Stakes are paid up.

Obediently yours,

OBSERVATOR.

Three Colts Tavern, Horsleydown,  
June 14, 1833.

## ON THE NATIONAL UTILITY OF YACHT CLUBS.

## No. II.—THE ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB.

“ O’er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
 Our souls as thoughtless and our hearts as free,  
 Far as the ocean flows, the billows roam,  
 Survey *our* empire, and behold *our* home.”—BYRON.

SIR,  
**I**N the Volume of your interesting *Magazine* for last year I had the honour of commencing an inquiry into the state of British Yachting, and of considering the national utility of Yacht Clubs. In prosecution of my plan I have now to offer a few remarks on the Yachting of the Sister Island; and I am the more inclined to commence with the festivals of Ireland, since I perceive by your last Number that you will shortly be supplied with a series of papers on the Royal Yacht Club, by, I have reason to believe, an experienced and able hand.

I shall first call your attention to the Royal Irish Yacht Club, the richest Yacht Society in Ireland, and certainly the most perfect in plan; and I much incline to think that I shall not err in calling it, as a whole, the most admirable Yacht Club in Europe. This splendid Club was founded in August 1831, by some of the most opulent and influential Gentry of Ireland, whose exertions have been seconded by a host of able and generous men, who have co-operated with them in establishing their Club on the most secure, liberal, and extensive footing. And I need not add that the new Society had scarcely seen one summer before the most lovely women of the South of Ireland were busy in its interests; and, by conferring on it

the blessing of their bewitching smiles, raised the Club to the highest national eminence to which it could possibly attain. The Royal Irish Club consists at the present period of sixty-three yachts, and fourteen race-gigs, which have for their banners St. George’s ensign bearing the ancient arms of Ireland in the centre, and a Burgee carrying on the cross the Crown and Harp. The Club possesses all the privileges of the Royal Yacht Club, in addition to peculiar favours granted to the yachts in Foreign Ports, as the letter of Prince Talleyrand, presently to be noticed, will shew. During the usual season the Yachts rendezvous in Kingstown Harbour on the first and third Tuesday in each month, and sail in fleet and manœuvre under the Commodore in the fine bay of Dublin; after which the Members dine together, averaging at dinner generally eighty Members. The new Club House of the Society is a handsome edifice, situated in Clarendon Buildings, Great Brunswick Street; in addition to which the Committee have further provided for the comfort of the Members by establishing temporary Club Rooms at the Royal Hotel, Kingstown, during the sailing months. The uniform of the Club, in unison with the general splendour of the arrangements, is very handsome—being blue lined with white; the

buttons bearing a crown and harp with the letters R.I.Y.C.

There are upwards of two hundred and eighty Members in this Club, twenty-seven of whom, including Lords Yarborough, Portarlington, and Charles Kerr, have joined since the list and regulations for the present year were printed. Among the opulent and distinguished Members we notice H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquises of Anglesey and Donegal; the Earl of Belfast; Viscounts Fincastle, Ingestre, and Lorton; Lords Wm. Beresford, Edward Chichester, Thomas Cecil, and Templemore; the Honorables W. H. Beresford, C. F. Ellis, C. H. Grey, W. D. Irby, A. J. Jocelyn, Robert King, P. Moreton, E. Phillips, A. Spencer, H. Saville, L.P. Trench, and G. Vaughan; and the following Baronets—Sir Robert Gore Booth, Sir J. Baird, Sir W. de Bathe, and Sir B. Hartwell; besides a list of rich and eminent Commoners, whom we have not room to particularise.

Lord Yarborough's ship, the *Falcon*, 351 tons, is, we presume, the largest vessel in the Club in point of tonnage. Earl Belfast's beautiful brig *Water Witch*, of 330 tons, and his fine cutter *Louisa*, 162, take the next rank: while the Marquis of Anglesey's well-known *Pearl*, 113, loses nothing of her value as a gem of high renown by occupying the fourth station. We then find the *Corsair*, 85; the *Gossamer* and *Crusader*, 72; the *Ganymede*, 69; the *Vampyre*, *Neuha*, *Turk*, and *Caroline*, 49; the *Water Witch* and *Druid*, 44; *Zephyr*, *Kate*, and *Adelaide*, 42; *Don Juan* and *Tartar*, 34; the *Zoe* and *Emily*,

33; the *Orlando*, 25; the *Gipsy*, *Paul Pry*, and *Shannon*, 24; the *Morning Star* and *Dicky Sam*, 20; the *Eliza*, 17; *Camilla*, 16; *Tickler*, *Emily*, *Fitzwilliam*, *Water Witch*, *Gazelle*, *Reynard*, *Black Joke*, *Lancer*, and *Fairy*, 15; *Maria* and *Daisy*, 12; the *Red Gauntlet*, *Penguin*, *Ivanhoe*, *Paddy Carey*, *Harriet*, *Hotspur*, *Mermaid*, *Jane*, *Caroline*, *Curlew*, *Tarquin*, and *Vivid*, of 10 tons each.

Every yacht owner, on joining the Club, is immediately furnished with a numerical and distinguishing flag; and by the eighteenth Sailing Regulation the yachts are always to appear with the yacht-burgee flying at the mast-head. Candidates for admission are to be proposed, at least one clear week before the ballot, by a Member of the Association, who is answerable for the entrance money and for the first year's subscription. Ten must be present at the ballot, and one black bean in seven excludes. Every Member pays five guineas entrance, and three guineas annually. The affairs of the Club are managed by a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, a Committee of twenty-one, and two Honorary Secretaries, elected by ballot on the first Tuesday in February: three to form a quorum. No person, not being a Member of the Club, can be admitted to any part of the Club House; nor are politics, gambling, or smoking permitted in the Club Room.

It is highly honorable to this splendid Body that they have manifested in their arrangements a spirit of liberality worthy of the high name they bear, and fully indicative of the esteem they entertain for naval and military

heroism. Officers of the Navy afloat, and Officers of the Army on full pay, are elected by ballot as Honorary Members without any charge, and are admitted to every advantage from the Club House in Dublin, and the temporary one maintained during the summer at Kingstown. They gladly avail themselves of the privilege thus nobly granted, and are, of course, too sensible of so high a compliment to give the Members any reason to repent their generosity. These Honorary Members do not take part in the proceedings of the Club. Long may this happy and auspicious union of plan and purpose prosper! Long may the warm-hearted Gentry of Ireland blend under the bright banner of the Royal Irish Yacht Club the Anchor, the Lion, and the Harp; and remember that by unity and public spirit they will become invincible by any other Society in the world!

The Sailing Regulations of the Club are very excellent. All Yachts contending for prizes at the Regattas must be entered one week previous to the day of sailing; and the distinguishing flag appointed be carried at the main-top mast-head until she gives up the race. Cutters are allowed to carry at the Club Regatta four sails only—main-sail, fore-sail, jib, and gaff-top-sails: Yawls, the same sails, with the addition of the mizen: Luggers, three lugs, jib, and main-topsail: Schooners, main-sail, fore-sail, fore-staysail, jib, main-gaff-topsail, fore-top-sail, and fore-top-gallant. No booming out allowed. On an appointed day previous to the Regatta the Sailing Committee, selected by the Committee from

their own number, and aided by such Naval Officers as they may choose, attend in the Club-Room to see the stations drawn for, and the necessary preliminaries adjusted in due course, that all delay may be avoided in the management of the ensuing race. There must be *in each vessel* either a Member or an Honorary Member on the days of sailing.

The Rowing Matches of the Club are pulled for in four-oared gigs, pulled and steered by Gentlemen, one of the crew at least being a Member of the Club. Each boat is provided with a flag-staff, carried in the stern five feet clear of the gun-wale; and there can be no Match unless three start in each race.

Members of Yacht Clubs coming over to contend for prizes at these Regattas are, in the most handsome manner, admitted to the privileges of the Club Rooms at the Royal Hotel, Kingstown, and the Club House in Dublin, equally with the Members of the Association. An arrangement is now pending between the R.I.Y.C. and the Irish and Scottish Divisions of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, to have only one code of signals and one set of flags for both Clubs. This would tend much to simplify signalling; independently of which, the advantages of such a consolidation of interests would be immense; and, from the good feeling which exists, we doubt not that we shall soon see the accomplishment of the scheme.

From what has now been said, it may appear that some cause not discernible at first sight may have contributed to the unexampled prosperity of this Club; and I am proud to acknowledge that

such is truly the case. I say, Mr. Editor, that I am proud to confess it; because this success is to be attributed to the unwearied exertions of every Member of the Society—to the “pulling together” of *all* in the promotion of the great national cause which they have united to uphold—and to a conviction that every one must contribute his best exertions to the common stock, in order to enhance the splendour, maintain the opulence, and secure the well-being of the Royal Yacht Club of Ireland: and I cannot pass by in this place the obligations under which I am laid by the constant kindness of John Patterson, Esq. in contributing to me much information of great value in the composition of this paper; nor omit to notice the pleasure it has afforded me to see among the Members, and on the Committee, of the R.I.Y.C. a Gentleman whose zeal in its cause and ability in the promotion of its interests are above my feeble praise.

In the commencement of the present year negotiations were pending in order to procure for the Club the patronage and favour of the French Government; and it is with much satisfaction that I lay before your readers the following official letter from Talleyrand to Colonel Lloyd, one of the Secretaries:—

“Hanover Square, London,  
April 25, 1833.

“**MONSIEUR**—Mr. Le Ministre de la Marine vient de me transmettre la réponse de MM. les Ministres des Finances et du Commerce, que j’ai eu l’honneur de vous annoncer par ma lettre du 4 April dernier. Le Directeur des Douanes a été autorisé à donner des ordres afin que les batimens du ‘Royal Irish Yacht Club’ soient admis dans nos ports sans payer de

droits de douanes et de tonnage. Il faudra seulement que la Société transmette à l’Administration des Douanes Françaises co-exemplaires de la liste de ses embarcations, et qu’elle renouvelle cet envoi tout les ans: à l’aide de cette condition indispensable toutes difficultés de la part de l’Administration des Douanes seront prévenues. ‘Mr. Le Ministre de la Marine a de son côté donné de nouveaux ordres à ses agents dans les ports, pour que les Yachts y trouvent toutes les ressources dont ils pourront avoir besoin.’ Recevez, Monsieur, l’assurance de ma parfaite considération.

“**LE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.**  
“Mr. Le Secrétaire du ‘Royal Irish Yacht Club.’”

It is almost unnecessary to add that the funds of the R.I.Y.C. are very prosperous. The prizes of 1832 amounted to 700*l*. They amount this year to 850*l*., including two splendid Cups presented by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and His Excellency the Marquis of Anglesey, and another presented by the Garrison of Dublin.

The following are the Officers of the Club for the present year:—

The **MARQUIS** of **DONEGAL**,  
*Commodore*—Yacht *Caroline*.

**SIR ROBERT GORE BOOTH**, Bart.  
*Vice-Commodore*—Yacht *Water Witch*.

#### COMMITTEE.

O. Armstrong, Esq.... Yacht *Fitzwilliam*.  
The Earl of Belfast..... *Louisa*.  
Edwin Battersby, Esq.  
J. Congreve, Esq..... *Druid*.  
John Cooper, Esq. .... *Gypsey*.  
Eyre Coote, Esq. M.P. ... *Gossamer*.  
Henry Davis, Esq.  
George French, Esq.  
Rev. Denis George..... *Vampyre*.  
Thos. Halahan, Esq., R.N.  
John Jameson, Esq. .  
Hon. Robert King ..... *Jane*.  
Colonel Madden..... *Corsair*.

Dalton M'Carthy, Esq.

J. C. Shaw, Esq.....Dicky Sam.

Joseph Swan, Esq.....Paul Pry.

John Patterson, Esq. ....Red Gauntlet.

John Vance, Esq.....Camilla.

Samuel Waring, Esq.

James Watson, Esq.....Zephyr.

W. H. Wright, Esq. ....Lancer.

## HONORARY SECRETARIES.

Col. Owen Lloyd...Yacht Kate.

Wm. Hutchison, Esq., R.N.

## BANKERS.

Messrs. Ball & Co., Henry-street, Dublin.

Messrs. Glyn & Co., London.

It will be interesting and useful to many other Sailing Societies to have a general scheme of the last Regatta of the R.I.Y.C.; and the more so as the arrangements cannot be too widely known, nor their example too freely followed.

## FIRST REGATTA

Of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, Dublin Bay, June 25, including vessels belonging to the Royal Northern and Royal Cork Clubs.

## FIRST DAY.

Kingstown Challenge Cup, value 150l.—contested by six; won by Lord Belfast's Louisa, 162 tons.

Silver Cup, value 20l., for Yachts not exceeding 12 tons—contested by three; won by the Red Gauntlet, J. Patterson, Esq.

Gresham Cup, value 30l., for four-oared Gigs—contested by four; won by the Erin, J. Kennedy, Esq.

Twenty Pounds, for Pilot Boats—contested by four; won by the Bee, 44.

Five Pounds, for Club Yacht Punts, sculled—contested by eighteen; won by the Paul Pry's punt.

## SECOND DAY, JUNE 26.

Silver Cup, value 25l., for Yachts not exceeding 15 tons—contested by four; won by Red Gauntlet, 10, J. Patterson, Esq.

Fifty Pound Cup, presented by the Duchess of Kent, for Club Yachts not exceeding 50 tons—contested by ten; won by the Adelaide, 42, W. Lander, Esq.

Five, Four, and Three Pounds, for four-oared Fishermen's Boats—won by Kingstown men.

## THIRD DAY, JUNE 27.

Ladies' Cup, value 105l., for all Yachts—the Louisa, Earl Belfast, sailed over; no contest—the five others entered having declined to start.

Silver Cup, value 40l., presented by Messrs. Smith and Gamble, for all Yachts not exceeding 25 tons—contested by nine; won by the Paul Pry, 25, J. Swan, Esq.

Victoria Cup, value 30l., presented by the Princess Victoria, for four-oared Gigs—contested by four; won by the Red Gig, A. Kennedy, Esq.

## FOURTH DAY, JUNE 28.

Silver Cup, value 100l., presented by the Marquis of Anglesey, for all Yachts belonging to Irish Yacht Clubs, with time for tonnage:—there being six classes, viz. not exceeding 20 tons, 35, 50, 75, 100, and unlimited; and six minutes odds being given to each class in advance of the others—contested by fifteen; won by the Paul Pry, 25, J. Swan, Esq.—The Red Gauntlet did wonders in this race.

Silver Cup, value 30l., for four-oared Gigs—contested by five; won by the Red Gig, A. Kennedy, Esq.

## FIFTH DAY, JUNE 29.

Silver Cup, value 50l. for Yachts belonging to Irish Clubs, a time-race—contested by nine; won by the Zephyr, 42, J. Watson, Esq.

Silver Cup, value 25l., for four-oared Gigs—contested by eight; won by the Erin, J. Kennedy, Esq.

Ten Pounds, for Yacht Punts, two-oared—contested by twenty-three; won by the Kate.

Forty, Thirty, and Twenty Pounds, for Fishing Smacks—contested by thirty-three.

Ten, Six, and Four Pounds, for four-oared men of war's boats—won by the boats of the Pike and Royal Charlotte.

Length of course, eighteen miles. Blowing stiff gaff topsail breeze from S. W. at the commencement of the Regatta, gradually decreasing towards the close of the week.

His Excellency  
The MARQUIS of ANGLESEY  
Commodore.

The EARL of BELFAST  
Vice-Commodore.

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The arrangements for the present year are very splendid; the Regatta will occupy four days; and from the amount of prizes, we may anticipate the pleasure of "reporting progress" in a satisfactory manner in your Number for August. The principal matches on the first and third days will be time-races: and I take leave here to suggest to the Committees of all Regattas the propriety of adopting *time-races* more frequently; for by throwing together in this way four or five classes of six or eight Yachts each, and by giving the prizes of those classes to the four or five first vessels, more interest would be excited in the public mind—the race would be more spirited—and the scene far more lively than it could otherwise be.

I beg also to notice a suggestion made to the writer by a Gentleman who is avowedly the most learned and accomplished authority in all matters of taste, and whose talents are known and valued by every literary and scientific character in civilized Europe. It has been proposed to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith, F.R.L., F.L.S. &c. &c. to recommend owners of

Yachts to *emblazon* on the sails of their Yachts the armorial bearings of their families, with such augmentations as they may be entitled to bear on their respective shields, after the gorgeous method adopted in early periods of history, as exemplified in the Colonel's drawings of ancient and modern shipping; a class which, although amounting to about 170, forms but *one* series of his extraordinary and unrivalled collection of drawings in zoology, antiquities, costume, paleography, heraldry, and topography, amounting to more than TEN THOUSAND—the whole the work of his own pencil! Such a system of blazon on the fore topsails of square-rigged vessels, and on a square topsail or even gaff-topsail of cutters, of the very lightest canvas, to be used in each case on gala days, would add great elegance and ornament to the Yachts, and be but another distinctive mark of the high character of our Clubs.

The suggestion was offered with a view to its adoption by a new Club about to be established at Plymouth, under the title of the "Royal Western Yacht Club," for the admission of all Yachts, without reference to port, rig, or tonnage; and the success of which, resting, as it does, on the most liberal and patriotic plans, may, I trust, be commensurate with the zealous intentions of its Members, and especially of Captain Dolling, R.N., R.Y.C., the indefatigable Treasurer of the present Regatta Club.

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In my next I hope to give some detailed particulars respecting the Royal Northern and Cork

Clubs; and now take leave of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, for the present, with my cordial and sincere hopes that it may long continue to flourish, and be the

pride of that city of which it is now the ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MOUNTAINEER.

Plymouth, June 10, 1833.

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### THE SHROPSHIRE HOUNDS.

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SIR,  
**T**HE person who subscribes himself SALOPIAN, in the account he gives of the Shropshire fox-hounds, I perceive, has committed a few errors, and has omitted to name some of the best horsemen in the Hunt. Mr. Lyster, of Rowton Castle, when mounted on his Jupiter horse, is unquestionably the neatest and best horseman Shropshire can boast of: besides, there is Mr. Smith Owen, Mr. Lloyd of Aston, Major Hill, Mr. Clement Hill, Captain Philip Hill, Mr. Owen of the Woodhouse, and Mr. Vincent Corbett of Sundorne, and many other Gentlemen equal to any in Leicestershire. The kennel, SALOPIAN says, is four miles from Shrewsbury on the Welch-pool road; whereas it is only one mile from Shrewsbury on the Market Drayton road. Mr. Meire, of Berrington, certainly breeds a great many valuable young horses: he has one brood mare that has brought him twelve foals, out of which nine were horse colts, and he has sold most of them to Mr. Anderson, of London, at great prices. Independently of this mare's produce, he has had many valuable horses in his possession, which have been sold at heavy figures. Mr. Elmore, I believe, never purchased a horse from Mr. Meire, nor did I ever hear of his being in Shropshire in search of horses. Mr.

Meire's eldest son has a little grey mare in his possession, about fourteen hands and a half high, the completest animal I ever saw, and a very superior hunter. He has many times refused 130gs. for this mare. Mr. Meire not only excels in his breed of horses, but is equally notorious for the superiority of his breed of cattle, sheep, and all other stock. There are a great number of very respectable farmers in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury that breed and sell a great many valuable young horses to Mr. Anderson, at very high prices; amongst the number I name Mr. Habberley of Walton, and Mr. W. L. Horsley of Sibberscott, who have bred and sold to Mr. Anderson, within a few years, six young horses for nearly a thousand guineas. He has had the misfortune to lose two young horses, which were at least worth 400gs., in the above time. Mr. Horsley takes great care of his horses; he is an excellent judge, rides well to hounds, and when he parts with his horses at five and six years old, Mr. Anderson pronounces them sufficiently-made hunters for any Nobleman's establishment; and probably that is the reason Mr. Anderson gives Mr. Horsley such high prices for his horses.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

H.

June 16, 1833.

## EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF STRANGLES.

SIR,  
**H**ERBERT LACY, a very valuable entire horse, by Sir Oliver, dam Edith, late the property of Sir Thomas Stanley, and now in the possession of Mr. Wicks, the stud-groom at the Shropshire kennels, was taken ill with the strangles about the 9th of May: matter formed under the jaw, the abscess burst in the usual way, and the horse appeared to be doing well. On the 16th there appeared a swelling on the left side of the neck a little below the ear, and in a few days it arose to an alarming size. I was then requested to see him, which I did, and ordered the part to be well fomented and poulticed, but this did not promote suppuration. I was satisfied matter was forming, and recommended a blister to bring it to a surface, which proved of little service. At this period the horse had great difficulty in breathing, from the pressure of the substance against the larynx; so much so that there was every appearance of suffocation if immediate relief were not given, the animal appearing in the greatest agony. From his value, and to guard against public censure, I requested that two veterinary surgeons (viz. Mr. Richards and Mr. Crow) might attend, it being

my intention to open the trachea as the only means to preserve life. The latter Gentleman was from home; and there being no other regularly-educated veterinary surgeon in Shrewsbury, I requested Mr. Wm. Clement, a most eminent surgeon, to attend, which he kindly agreed to do. It was considered advisable to cut down upon the abscess, although we could not feel anything like matter, which I did, but not until I had made two very deep incisions through about two inches of the integuments, when about a quart of matter escaped. The horse then became more tranquil in his breathing, but not, as I expected, instantly relieved. I continued the fomentations and poulticing for a few days, when the wound became healthy, granulations began to form, and the breathing became regular. There was a great deal of thickening round the wound, which I reduced by the application of tincture of iodine and soap liniment. The horse is now perfectly recovered, goes his usual journeys, and is most certainly allowed to be one of the best thorough-bred horses Shropshire has produced since old Sultan's time.

E. HICKMAN, V. S.

Shrewsbury, June 13, 1833.

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INCIDENTAL DANGERS ACCOMPANYING EXOTIC SPORTS,  
 IN A COMMUNICATION FROM *GILBERT FORESTER*.

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SIR,  
**I** Some months ago forwarded you a letter, dropped by some unknown personage in my Library, and which from your insertion, at my request, in your

valuable periodical, I presume was acceptable before your eyes: I have ever since kept a sharp look out for all stray scraps, and having been fortunate enough to

find a small parcel appearing to be intended for you, I take the liberty of enclosing it.

Yours obediently,

GILBERT FORESTER.

SIR—When I was a young man, I happened to fall in with the “Dialogues of the Dead,” and no sooner came to that part in which Apicius blames Darkness for his remissness in omitting to visit America to eat turtle, than I determined to shield my own shade from the reproaches which I reasonably might apprehend from the sporting characters of ancient times, if I confined my varmint appetites to the game of this clime. At that adventurous age I must candidly confess that I thought we wanted in this country the prime principle of sport, which consists in the risk. It comes, said I, too easy to us, and too constantly. We shoot three days in the week, and hunt the remainder, and at last it palls upon the sense. The pleasure which boiled in September only bubbles in October; by November barely simmers; and before the season is half over it entirely evaporates, and the amusement runs dry. How different in the East and West! There sport is scarce, and game is pursued under all the animating difficulties which render the chase uncertain, and the capture invaluable. The Sportsman who has heard the roar of a lion, seen the fell spring of a tiger, or been hurried like lightning over an incensed Ocean in pursuit of the whale, may indeed still enjoy the sports of Old England—but he will feel them at best but recreations, and will look upon himself as

filling only the occupations of an “elegant retirement.” The danger of these encounters soars indeed to the sublime! I will not, however, trespass upon you now with an account of them, but will content myself with transcribing a letter lately received from a friend, which details one of those incidental dangers accompanying exotic sports.

JOHN ROVER,

Conva Bank, Trinidad,  
July 6, 1832.

DEAR JACK—Don't tell me of your stubbles! I have seen sport here that would beat you all out of the field. Dashit sent me word last Monday that the Bank was prime, and be assured I lost no time in getting with old Thom Pinto into my canoe. After rowing for a couple of hours, we came to Dashit's, stowed away our craft, and breakfasted with his family. Shot, by G—d, Jack! No double-barrel ever did such swift execution as Louisa's dark hazels; and when I tell you that her muzzle is of the first calibre, that she is bang up in every particular, and stocked in the richest manner, you will not be surprised to hear that I shall be bagged as soon as she will condescend to level! *Passons*. At about eight we arrived at the Bank, and as the tide was down, we had a most magnificent view of a most delectable piece of mud. The birds keeping pretty considerable thick on the off-side of the river, I resolved to cross it, while old Thom, by the advice of the Negroes, remained behind. He indeed is a cool hand at it now, and foreseeing that there might be danger in venturing into the

mud with a mountain stream in the rear, very snugly seated himself under a little shed of palm leaves, which Massa Nigger knocked up for him in a few minutes, and there he sat blazing away as fast as the birds came within his range. I, however, sallied forth *sans peur*, though not *sans reproche*, waded through the river, and soon got tolerably swamped, being up to my thighs at every step in the mud; but I was amply repaid for the fatigue, for I may almost say that I kept up an incessant roll of musketry with my double-barrel, and the quantity of widgeon, teal, ring-legged plover, and yellow-legs that I bagged is almost incredible—forty-three brace of the former; seventeen brace of teal; thirty-five plover, besides ox-birds, curlews without number, and without including a great many wounded birds that got away to sea beyond my reach.

Being now pretty well satisfied, and feeling immoderate peckish, I discharged both barrels, and slinging my artillery over my shoulders, began my retreat.....no easy matter!.....the sea had come up in my rear, and had so softened the mud, that after I had taken a dozen paces I looked mighty blue. However, I waded onwards, rather surprised to perceive old Thom, Dashit, and all his gang of Negroes, on the bank of the river making the most violent gestures to me: at last I got within hail, and, Jack! never did human voice sound so dismal in my ears, as when I heard them shouting, "Massa, Massa, get in de boat, de riber come down." The river come down!—*ᾠμοι*! Poor little Dumby, who was with me, gave

a significant grunt; and with trembling apprehension I looked for the boat—but boat was so far off, nearly a mile, the water so shallow, and the mud so soft, that it was as impossible for me to go to the boat, as it was for the boat to come to me. I therefore continued to stretch forward, hoping the river might subside: but when at last, exhausted with fatigue and shaky—very shaky with fear—I got to the bank, oh! Jack, "what a sight was there!"

The river, which I had passed in the morning hardly over my ankles, was now swollen to a torrent, roaring down the Banks, and tearing and dashing everything before it. Immense trees were hurried away like a straw; and the utmost that I could hope for was to wait in the sea up to my middle all night and to pass in the morning: this was my only chance, for my retreat was on all sides impracticable: hope, however, is a varmint thing, which leads us many a wild chase, and deceives us with many a double! In vain the Negroes halloo'd and shouted, each recommending different plans for my rescue: the tide continued to rise, the river to increase, till, making one sudden rush, it violently rose over the Banks, and in a moment swept on all sides into the sea. The thing was now pretty well done, and it was evidently "all Dicky" with me; for I could not expect to stand another five minutes against the torrent, which brought down such quantities of rubbish as threatened every instant to sweep me away to my fate: when, *miserable visu!*—down, like the preserving genius of life, came tripping Louisa, little expecting

to find her unworthy lover in the jaws of a thirsty death! She made a sudden stop! such an attitude of agonized confusion as would make "a house" roar again with admiration; and, unlike her sex, neither shrieked, nor wept, nor fainted, but with the prompt presence of mind which petticoats sometimes inclose within their magic folds, she dashed down the Bank, and placing with inconceivable celerity the Negroes at different distances with their separate ropes, she flew back and .....beckoned.....speak she could not! and how could I have heard so soft a voice midst the roaring torrent! But I twigged; and, twisting up my pluck to the screwing point, I waded on..... one—two—three paces, and then the stream fairly swept me off my legs, and drove me down the current, and round and round like a feather in a whirlwind! The first Negro threw his rope—it fell behind me: the second flung his—it did not reach me: they all flung, and when all failed, even the last, then the awful silence which they had kept was broken by one wild shriek; Louisa fell in her brother's arms; and I, Jack, began in good earnest to think of my "long account." It was all over: the party drew together, and watched me still struggling with the inveterate current: no hope was left: and had I not been *born to be hanged*, I should now have been travelling the deep in a thousand fishes' bellies! But when I passed the last turn of the river, out of sight of my horror-stricken friends, within a hundred yards of the Bank where the river bursts into the sea—I was suddenly brought up by a large silk-cotton

tree, which by most extraordinary good fortune had stuck in the eddy, and had collected all the lighter rubbish around it. I grasped hold of one of the branches, and, exerting all my remaining strength, raised myself on the trunk, and with desperate haste I crept along.....along..... until, Jack! half drowned, exhausted, and almost doubting my escape, I clung to the shore, and fearfully clambered up it. But when I turned the corner, and came in sight of the *posse comitatus*, Lord! what a row! Old Pinto danced; Dashit shouted; the Negroes yelled a hundred hurried exclamations of surprise and joy; and dear Louisa hung upon my bosom.....the only silent creature there! They literally carried me home—undressed me, placed me on a sofa, and tried in vain to obtain an account of my deliverance: all I could tell them was, that I crept along a tree! Poor Louisa sat by me, hiding her face in my bosom, and looking at me with such a mingled expression of horror, alarm, joy, doubt, and love, d—n me, Jack, if ever I saw such a face in my life! But, after taking a hot jorum of sangaree, I felt varmint-like again; and placing her arm in mine, I led her to her room, stole one long and ever-to-be-remembered embrace, and then—I tumbled in, and dreamt of happiness, which, unless I get swamped again in mountain-streams, I hope to realise before you can again hear from me.

Thine, dear Jack,  
BOB NAUGHT-IN-DANGER.

N.B. Poor little Dumby tried to follow me, but he was swept away, and never heard of more!

## SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

SIR,

A Man fond of field-sports and of active pursuits, at this season of the year and in London, would be puzzled to know how to amuse himself were it not for the Opera, the Theatre, parties at home and abroad, and other sights of gaiety and fashion with which this great modern Babylon abounds. Having been engaged to breakfast the other morning with an old friend, who is allowed to be a man of taste, and is a Sportsman every inch, our conversation naturally led to observations on "the ruling passion." We talked over the Races that have passed; those to come, with the entries for the different Stakes; public betting; the changes of Masters of Hounds and countries that have or may take place; yachting, cricketing, and other summer pursuits; the cheering prospects of the "sons of the trigger" in the forthcoming season; the evil of great preserves of game as detrimental to fox-hunting; the pleasure we always receive on the first of each month in the perusal of good OLD MAGA; and lastly we got upon the sporting subjects in the Suffolk-street Gallery. My friend's remarks on this Exhibition were so just, unbiassed, and convincing, at least to me, that on returning to my temporary quarters, I could not refrain from committing them to paper: and though I do not profess to give them with that *naïveté* with which he expatiated on the merits or demerits of the artists, or with that critical acumen which distinguished your notice of the Royal Academy, yet as they are substantially the

opinion of a most excellent judge, I forward them to you, trusting they may be acceptable to the readers of your entertaining and impartial Miscellany.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.

IDAS.

June 10, 1833.

No. 26. *A Shot Pheasant in the Agonies of Death*—FOWLER.—The subject excellently portrayed.

57. *Snipes*—a pretty painted picture; as is 83, both by G. STEVENS.

114. *Black Grouse, Ptarmigan, &c.*, by the same artist, is a soft and beautifully painted picture, with much truth of nature.

116. *The Earl of Egremont*—W. DERBY.—We notice this picture as being an excellent likeness of this truly good and patriotic Nobleman, who, if not the Father of the Turf, is one of its noblest and warmest supporters.

130. *Dos-à-Dos*—C. HANCOCK.—An excellently painted picture, only inferior to Landseer. The tone is very silvery, the white dog is beautifully painted, as are the others—the dog sleeping with his head against the wall is capital, and the other in his slumbers, unconscious of the burning embers, equally so.

146. *The Sun Eagle*—W. FOWLER.—A clever representation of this bird of prey.

153. *Brace of Partridges*—G. STEVENS.—Another faithful imitation of nature.

184. *Grouse and Ptarmigan*—G. STEVENS.—Pleasingly grouped, and delicately pencilled—a very clever picture,

227. *Horse and Spaniels*, the property of Lieut.-Col. Ferguson—C. HANCOCK.—The spaniels are excellently painted, but, to speak impartially, it cannot be said so of the white horse; it is flat, and the attitude cramped and out of nature.

281. *The Nurse*—R. B. DAVIS.—A faithful representation by this excellent artist of a hound and puppies.

284. *Portrait of The Colonel*—R. B. DAVIS.—A clever-painted horse, shewing all the power and strength of that stallion, and more like his colour than any portrait we have seen of him.

289. *Brace of Partridges and Golden Plover*—S. NAYLOR.—A well-executed picture.

301. *The Sportsman's Hopes*—R. B. DAVIS.—We have here well portrayed the different characters of different puppies, and as like puppies and their manner as we ever saw.

320. *Master Shard, his favorite Pony, and Greyhound*—C. HANCOCK.—This picture is prettily composed: the painting of the rough pony is more true to Nature than any horse of this artist's in the Exhibition: transparently painted, and the whole is a rich piece of colouring.

339. *Retribution*—a spirited painted picture, by LANCE.

367. *Portraits*—R. B. DAVIS.—No doubt good likenesses: they have the appearance of clever animals.

375. *Dead Game*—J. MORGEN.—Well executed, but the colouring is cold.

389. *The Kennel, drawing Hounds for Feeding*—J. FERNELEY.—The story is well told—the attitudes good—the eagerness of

some, and the restrained patience of others well conceived.

405. *Reynard on the Look-out*.—We have seen pictures by STEVENS more striking.

408. *An old English Stag-hound pinning a Buck in Waldershare Park*—F. C. TURNER.—This is a very clever picture, the fore-ground and landscape well touched; from which a good print has appeared in your Magazine.

469. *Breaking Covert—Portraits of the Gentlemen of the Sedgefield Hunt*—J. FERNELEY.—The circumstance is well told—the huntsman blowing his horn to collect the hounds to the spot, and their coming out of the covert. As a picture it is badly coloured, the landscape being so carrotty. The seats and figures of the riders are excellent, and they look like Gentlemen. On the right-hand side there is a Gentleman in a dark coat, whose horse is in a very natural attitude to leap from a bank; he has just ridden up. In the action of the other horses there is a degree of stiffness.

471. *Antelope, the property of, an Officer of the 7th Hussars*—R. LONGBOTTOM, a *Portrait of a Chesnut Horse*. We have seen better pictures by this artist.

In the water-colour room is a *Study of a Dog's Head*, 574, by J. M. BURBANK—a very clever and highly-finished drawing.

585. *Sketch of the Head of an Arabian Horse*, by Mrs. Colonel ANSLY—a very masterly performance for a female.

Among the engravings is a fine impression of Bromley's *Print of Deer-Stalking after Landseer*.

804. *Middleton*, painted by C. HANCOCK, drawn on stone by T. Fairland. We have not seen the picture; but, to speak candidly, we cannot say that this gave us any idea of that fine stallion, reminding us more of one of Booth's draught horses in a fanciful attitude.

In this room is a subject of *Hawking*, from a model by E. COTTERILL in silver—Messrs. GARROD.—This is a very clever and well-executed thing, in a material we should think very difficult to work. It is the most perfect thing of the kind ever executed.

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### THE SPORTSMAN'S SUMMER—No. I.

BY DASHWOOD.

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SIR,  
**W**ITH a stud of horses in my stable, there is no one, Mr. Editor, who contemplates the close of the Hunting Season with more regret than your humble servant; yet, were I enabled to avail myself of its amusements as I could wish, there are few, I believe, who would more thoroughly and completely enjoy the Summer. The last day once fairly over, the season's sand once fairly run out, I can forget, as my old friend Saddle\* used to express himself, that there is such a being as a fox-hound upon earth; and can enter, if not with that *battement de cœur* with which one mounts the hack on the 1st of November, at least with zest and relish, into the variety of pursuits that offer themselves to wile away the interval. I have little pity indeed for those pseudo-enthusiasts in the noble cause, who would fain persuade us that with hunting their enjoyment of existence begins and terminates; and, to the best of my remembrance, I never met with an individual that was ass enough to make the declaration, of whom the character in the

field stood higher than that of an old woman, or mere spectator for the sake of fashion. To many and many a frequenter of the covert-side nevertheless—to men, who, unimbued with the genuine love of sport, hunt only by way of occupation and to kill time, I can easily imagine the Summer to be as much a season of *ennui* and horror, and as “peculiarly hard to be got rid of,” as a Sunday was at Osbaldistone Hall† to its brainless and resourceless inmates. The truth is, that the same want of fire and energy that marks such unhappy individuals in the field, forbids them also to enter actively into any other pursuit; and hence the yawning drowsiness with which they dose away the Summer, and the passive inanimation with which they walk through the part of fox-hunter in winter. It were absurd, however, to call such people *Sportsmen*, even though they go the length of wearing a red coat, and quaff bumper after bumper to “the noble cause,” *et cetera*.

I was much amused when last in Dorsetshire by an anecdote,

\* The well-known hard riding Mr. Campbell of Glensaddel.

† See *Rob Roy*, Vol. I. Chap. 11.

which, being in point, I am here tempted to introduce. During the last few weeks of the season that witnessed the close of Mr. Nicoll's and the commencement of Mr. Wyndham's career in the New Forest, an old and parched-up East Indian, just landed, made his appearance at Lyndhurst with a splendid stud; and, though not seeming to care one iota for what was going forward, was as regularly to be seen at the covert-side as the hounds themselves. Rain or shine, there was the old Rajah to be found constantly at his post; and though, as I have already said, he never attempted to ride one yard, nor appeared to bestow one thought about the hounds, he was thus heard, whilst trotting mournfully homewards on the last day, to ejaculate his little prayer—"Would to God now that I could fall sound asleep, and remain so, till roused by my servant with 'It's half past eight o'clock, Sir—the summer's over—I have brought your boots and hot water..... Mr. Wyndham meets at Picket Post at ten!'" —The fact was, that old Curry-powder turned out with the hounds, not of course from either knowing or caring one particle about hunting, but from want of something else to kill his time with: and I can imagine without difficulty, that the loss of the object for "the easy canter on his quiet nag" must indeed have been to him a serious privation, and that he regarded the interval of its restoration to him with a feeling of dismay. Physical inability perhaps might with him have its full weight in forbidding him to enter into the sports and amusements of summer. Imagining the salmon-

rod for one moment in his hands, there would be fearful odds against the Nabob in a contest with the silvery sovereigns of Tweed or Tay; and even the "*truities*" would tire his nerveless arm before the bottom of his creel was covered with them. Neither could cricketing nor coaching, for the same reason, be supposed to come within his grasp: as to yachting, he had had sufficient of the sea in his voyage home, as his inner-man would amply testify if questioned upon the subject: and, looking onwards in the Summer, of course those nasty hills and braes put all idea of the moors quite out of the question.

How many, how very many, however, there are, who, without the excuse of his physical inability, are precisely as pursuitless as our Senior during the Summer—young, hale, active individuals, to whose hands the fishing-rod, the whip, and the cricket-bat are utter strangers; whose lips assume an involuntary hue of sea-sickness at the very mention of the word yacht—men for whom the turf has neither excitement nor pleasure; who never saw or cared to see a grouse on the wing in their lives; and who would turn pale at the very sight of a Highland hill, though the noblest herd of deer in all the district were known to repose amongst its fastnesses! Yet how many, ludicrous as it is to say, of those very people imagine that they are to be regarded as *Sportsmen*, resting their claim to that honorable appellation on the bare fact of their turning out with hounds assiduously during the winter, though perhaps never known to have *seen* a burst of a mile in their lives! "Sono Hidal-

go"—I'm a Gentleman—cries the Spanish beggar when asked why he does not work: "I'm a *fox-hunter*," exclaim these worthies when questioned about any other sport. How often too do we meet amongst them with a sort of half-expressed contempt for the amusements which they dare not, or at all events are careless to enter into! Killing a salmon forsooth, or stalking a red-deer, must be a tame and flat pursuit compared to the ambitious and daring deeds of haunting a club-room or library, or daundering away the time given for other and nobler purposes with a stinking cigar in the mouth, or a mawkish novel in the hand! All peace and pity, however, now go with them, and let me apply myself to the main objects of this letter.

And how then does the *Sportsman*, the man "imbued with the genuine love and spirit of sport," contrive to fill up the interval between the end of the past and the beginning of the future season? and what is the programme, in few words, of his pursuits? Arrogating to myself—however presumptuously—that enviable designation, I will reply to the question by the detail of one Summer of my own life.

I turn reluctantly from the unforgotten banks of the Tweed, and pass over without notice a delightful fortnight at Kelso, for, after the very beautiful and graphic descriptions of the noble

pastime to be found in your pages, I fear that *my* delineation of the Salmon-chase would be but a daub. I dream often, however, of the deep dark pool, and the pointed rock, and the brawling shallows, and the bubbling eddy, and live over again, with honest Tom Ker's admonitions in my ear, the (to me) memorable half-hour of my first triumph, with all the flutter of its raptures and anxieties. Had I but an opportunity of commanding it, I should be an enthusiast in this princely sport; and so indeed must every one who has once entered into its ardors. There cannot exist such a being as a luke-warm salmon-fisher; as Voltaire expresses himself of another kind of devotion: "Point de milieu; il faut où que l'amour domine en tiran, où qu'il ne paroisse pas:" and a man living on the banks of a salmon-stream must be either constantly or never hard at work.

Not to dwell, however, on a theme on which I have been so ably anticipated, let me beg my readers to accompany me for a moment to the wimpling waters of the Tyne\*, and his tributary trout-peopled rills of silver, now half hid and hurrying beneath the canopy of beech and oak-wood, now brawling forth over gravel and granite in one broad transparent sheet, diversified and broken by myriads of little tinkling cascades and infant cataracts.

\* The Haddingtonshire or East Lothian river of that name, N. B.

Thus far only does our MS. extend: and we regret to say that sudden and severe indisposition has precluded our Correspondent from transmitting more of it. He writes from a sick bed to say we may rely on the continuation of the article for the next Number.

## DRUMMOND CASTLE—GROUSE SHOOTING.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

SIR,

**I**N the whole scope of Great Britain and Ireland, there is not decidedly such a sporting possession as the immense tract of country which I aim at describing, under the denomination of the original principal residence of the Perth family, viewing it either in regard of the extent and diversity of ground, or the abundance and variety of game. In the former may be found every possible variety of feature, from the Alpine heights and gloomy grandeur of the old Royal deer-forest of Glenartney, to the smiling fertility and neat cut hedges of Strathearn, through all of which every intervening species of game, known in and common to these Islands, are to be met with in abundance, from the huge red and dun deer to the diminutive jack snipe. The rivers Earn, Teith, Ruchill, and Machony, with others, intersect its territories; Loch Earn and Loch Katrine lave its shores. All these abound with trout, many with salmon; while in the smaller preserved lakes, in the vicinity of the Castle, the former are to be found in almost every size and variety. This great estate was originally the property of the powerful family of Perth, one of whom was Chancellor in the reign of James the Second, whose arbitrary and terrific deeds are even yet talked of. In the Rebellion of 1746 it passed, with many others, into the hands of the Sovereign, the then Earl of Perth having sided with Charles Edward. It remained for a considerable period under the con-

troul of Commissioners, until it was restored by George the Third to Colonel Drummond, who was created Lord Perth, by marriage with whose sole daughter and heiress it came into the hands of its present holder, Lord Willoughby de Eresby. The Castle itself, a very old building, stands at the foot of Fordliem, the last of the Grampians, about three miles from the town of Crieff: it is approached from the high road from Carlisle to Inverness, through Glasgow, Stirling, Crieff, Perth, &c., by a magnificent avenue, which intersects its extensive deer park.

The situation is one of the most splendid that can be imagined, and at another opportunity I shall attempt briefly to notice it. It would be irrelevant, nor am I capable of it, to give a full and comprehensive view of this princely range. I shall consider it in detached portions, as may apply more particularly to such sports as are now becoming seasonable. Regarding it in this light, its principal features, or at least its most appropriate ones, are its muirs and deer forest, these noble sports being in the very climax of their excellence in the month of August. The first commence immediately outside the fertile and well-wooded deer park, forming a contrast at once rare and striking. Beginning with the Muir of Orchill, they trend away to the west through Corry Our (one of the very best beats in the whole range), by Glenlickhorn to Blair in Rore, and Megger, and, conti-

ning through Glenartney, stretch onwards by Callander along Loch Katrine. This range is nearly if not over thirty miles in length, independently of the extensive Moors of Glentarkin, &c. on Loch Earn side, which I must leave for the present unnoticed: their breadth varies from three to upwards of twenty miles, which will afford the reader some conception of their magnitude. Through the whole runs a good road, which was repaired in the year 1826, mostly, if not solely, at Lord Willoughby's expense, who employed in that year of scarcity and distress five or six hundred of the Crieff population in its repair. Indeed the unvaried charity of the Noble owners of Drummond Castle is as extensive as it is unostentatious: the good they do in the town of Crieff alone would acquit me of anything like flattery in mentioning this, could I possibly have the slightest reason for so doing—it is simply an act of common justice to well-known and sterling worth. All parts of this mountainous region are stocked more or less with grouse and black game, particular ranges or beats being naturally superior for each. The Muir of Orchill and Corry Our are equally remarkable for both, as they *march with* (Scotticè for being bounded by) the Moor of Tullibardine, the black game preserve of Lord Strathallan, which I have mentioned in a previous communication; and the tenant in Blair in Rore informed me that they were in such abundance on his farm in Glenlickhorn, that as the grain ripened they were obliged to keep watchers on day and night to protect it. These parts can all

be reached from the Castle. In Glenartney there is a very beautiful Lodge at the Bridge of Dulclothick; and in the Callander or Loch Katrine district, on the Banks of the Frith, stands the beautiful Villa called the Roman Camp:

"Where Rome, the mistress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle-flag unfurl'd."

When these last are to be shot over by two or more parties, they proceed up the lake in a boat, and are landed at different places, a mile or two intervening, whence they shoot on in parallel directions, without the possibility of interfering or deranging each other's sport.

While on the subject of Moors and Moor Game, I shall take the opportunity of saying a few words concerning grouse-shooting. The first advice given to beginners generally is to commence operations at midnight, or soon after, in order to be in time to set-to by day-light, &c. &c.; and in one by-gone journal I recollect seeing, in a communication purporting to come from an "eminent Sportsman" on the spot:—"Several ardent sportsmen had ascended the hills at midnight, ranging the summits of the mountains in order to drive the birds into the valleys, and thus be enabled, the moment the dawn admitted sufficient graylight, to commence their amusement at a distance from the fog, which almost uniformly caps the summits of lofty hills at this time." Now, it was not *impossible* that "an eminent Sportsman" might have got among such company, who, by the way, could only be composed of candidates for Bedlam; but how such a man could sit down and attempt seriously to convey

to the public such unnameable trash and nonsense is beyond the conception of all *common* sense. Indeed it is so super-absurd that it would be idle to notice it, were it not that some such similar absurdity might yet mislead an over-ardent young one. In the first place, nothing could so soon put the youngest man of the strongest nerves off his shooting as such a state of ultra-excitation, to say nothing of his loss of rest; and, in the next place, *there is nothing* which a real judge would rather avoid *than being too early on his ground*. There is no sport, even so early as in August, from the nature of the ground in which it generally can be met with, which is more dependent on every variation of weather than this: but, no matter what *that* may be, no man who commonly knows what he is about would like to shew his own, much less his dog's nose on his *shooting* ground before the birds were *fairly off the feeding haunt*, and *settled* as much as could be expected after the *first flight*. Generally speaking, no matter how favorable the day, unless the birds take this flight at their own leisure, and to their favorite haunts, they become and continue fidgetty, and will not lie well; and, if the day be at all wild, will keep getting up at long distances as often as marked, and not unfrequently go off the ground altogether.

The time at which a grouse-shooter should start ought to be regulated by the distance he has to go. On good ground, at the *very earliest* of the season, he will be quite time enough at six or seven o'clock.

Any good dog, either pointer or setter, is equally useful in this

sport at the beginning of the season. It has been recommended (by some persons) to use many dogs in the first instance until birds are found, and then take up all but one. I would never attempt hunting more than a leash of dogs, however *perfectly* broken and used to one another; and with such dogs, even among found and broken birds, never less than two—an old or a slower dog in the last case, who will hunt *inside* the other, will prove of infinite use in picking up in-lying birds, which, early in the season, may be almost trod on and passed. In taking dogs on the Hills in any numbers, there is, as in all other matters, a right way and a wrong. The general way is to take them altogether; and, letting some loose, give the others on the chain—sometimes two or three couple together—to an attendant in company. This is enough to ruin the most perfect dogs that ever were made so: the leader has as often as not other matters to attend to—such as carrying bags, refreshments, &c.; and he, who not unfrequently is a stranger to the animals, cannot (even if he knew how) do them common justice. At every point and shot (indeed at all times) they keep straining like greyhounds on the slip, and become excited and out of temper; so that, when they are in turn let go, they become unsteady and spoil sport often at the most critical periods. If this be the case with really well-broken dogs, what must it be with the aggregate, who are naturally good, but little cultivated? It more frequently than not mars the matter altogether.

But in good grouse-shooting

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they should be *relays* of dogs, as, although for a very high-spirited one a tiring day is sometimes necessary, nothing so destroys either setter or pointer, especially young ones, as to slave them down. It adds also to the sportsman's own slavery; so that it is a matter (almost neglected) which is of the utmost importance.

The day's beat being resolved on, it will be no great difficulty for the sportsman himself, his keeper or attendant—in short, any one who knows the range—to determine at what time they will be at some certain spot, which may be a favorite well, or spring, or rock, should no tent be pitched. To this place some suitable person should conduct the relay of dogs quietly, starting (according to the distance he has to go) so as to be there at the appointed hour, but not sooner; and the dogs who have been previously at work should be immediately sent home by this person, where their feet should be bathed in hot water, and carefully looked to (pointers more particularly), to ascertain whether they have been cut or lacerated by the heath. Pointers suffer particularly from this in the bare sole, which is just at the back of the lowest joint of the fore leg; and it should be well washed on getting home, and at night rubbed with Friar's or Riga Balsam. It slaves dogs to death, after having done their morning's work, to hawl them on a string through the Hills for the remainder of the day—to say nothing of the great inconvenience it is to all concerned.

Three brace of good dogs, a leash at a time, ought to do any

men's work; and supposing the first to be on their ground at seven (except *perhaps* in the first week quite soon enough), the halting place should be fixed for twelve or one. An hour's rest is enough, and better, *far better* than more for a *real* sportsman, which in either case will leave the evening's relay the same work to do as their fellows. Now having come to resting-time, it may be remarked that the middle of the day in most works is desired to be set apart for *dining* and *sleep*:—with respect to the latter, it may be necessary where the former is practised, or to men “*who love the moon,*” and “*ascend the hills at midnight;*” but will never be in the contemplation of the real sportsman. So far from being, as generally represented, a time of the day in which it is difficult to find grouse, it is sometimes, when the morning has been stormy and the day takes up, the very reverse, and in all weathers is a time when a man who knows his ground, and what he is about, can find them, from this simple but positive circumstance, that then they all go to water.

In a day then in which the morning has proved wet or stormy, and clears at noon, the dry knolls and peat-flags must be thoroughly tried; and in more favorable and hot weather, the vicinities of brooks, rills of water, moss-holes, &c., the ground must be carefully and closely beaten, and will never fail, where there is game on the range, to afford sport.

But, as the Parsons say, “to resume:” no custom is “more honoured in the breach” than this same one of dining and sleeping on the Hills:—it renders a man heavy, chilly, and careless; and

all that is needful are a few hard boiled eggs, and ship-biscuits with butter (if so best liked), an occasional infusion of the spirit flask into some good spring water, accompanied with a halt of ten minutes or so, just to relieve, without allowing the sinews to stiffen. By such arrangements a man will be enabled to get sufficient sport without making as it were a campaign of it, and be

enabled to reach his quarters so as to enjoy a good dinner, when it will be convenient and salutary for him so to indulge himself.

As there is every reason at present to anticipate a good season for the Moors, I trust these few remarks may not be deemed out of place.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

June 25, 1833.

(To be continued).

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**NEWMARKET July Meeting 1833.**—Monday: Mr. Hunter's Volage, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Lichfield's Gab, 8st. 3lb. D. M. 100, h. ft.

**Second October Meeting 1833.**—Monday: Mr. W. M. Stanley's Crutch, 8st. 8lb. agst Lord Exeter's Galata, 8st. 1lb. T. Y. C. 200, h. ft. —Lord Lichfield's Gab, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Tavistock's Cowdray, 7st. 2lb. D. M. 100, h. ft. Lord Lichfield's Minster, 7st. 9lb. agst Mr. Yates's Vagabond, 7st. 7lb. D. M. 100, h. ft.

Tuesday: Mr. Hunter's Rouncival, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. agst Col. Peel's Malibran, 3 yrs, 7st. A. F. 100, h. ft.

Friday: Mr. W. M. Stanley's Crutch, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Kent's Rubini, 7st. 9lb. T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

**Houghton Meeting 1833.**—Monday: Lord Exeter's Sir Robert, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Payne's c. out of Whiteboy's dam, 7st. 7lb. R. M. both three yrs, 100, h. ft.

Thursday: Sweepstakes of 50 each, h. ft. Criterion Course:—

Gen. Grosvenor's Dick, 8st. 7lb.

Mr. Cosby's Pussy, 8st. 4lb.

Lord Verulam's f. by Mameluke, 8st. 3lb.

Lord Chesterfield's f. by Partisan, 8st. 2lb.

**Goodwood 1833.**—First Day: Mr. Kent's Baleine, 9st. agst Mr. Cosby's f. Pussy, by Pollio out of Valve, 6st. 11lb. last three quarters of a

mile, 100 sovs., h. ft.—Mr. Martyn's Herrier, 8st. 2lb. agst Mr. Gardnor's Messenger, 7st. 11lb. the Straight Course, about three quarters of a mile, 100, h. ft.

Third Day: Lord Exeter's Cactus, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Conyngham's Brother to Blythe, 8st. 3lb. last mile, 100, h. ft.

The following are the Nominations for the Goodwood Cup:—

Duke of Richmond names Lucetta, aged.

Lord Uxbridge names Rubini, 5 yrs.

Lord G. Bentinck names Taurus, aged.

Sir M. Wood's Camarine, 5 yrs.

Lord Lichfield's Minster, 4 yrs.

Captain Byng names Revenge, 3 yrs.

Mr. Cosby's bl. h. Gallopade, 5 yrs.

Mr. Gratwicke's Sister to Frederick, 3 yrs.

Lord Exeter's Beiram, 4 yrs.

Mr. Payne na. c. by Catton—Twatty, 3 yrs.

Lord Verulam's Basto, 4 yrs.

Count Matuschevitz names Baleine, 3 yrs.

Mr. Spalding names b. g. by Lottery out of Swiss's dam, 3 yrs.

Mr. Thornhill names Wallflower, 4 yrs.

Ld. A. Conyngham n. Copper Captain, 4 yrs.

Ld. R. Grosvenor names Windcliffe, 6 yrs.

Lord W. Lennox names Whale, 3 yrs.

Lord Jersey names Catalonian, 3 yrs.

Mr. Rush's Walter, by Waverley, 5 yrs.

Sir S. Graham's Jason, 3 yrs.

Mr. Greatrex names Hokec Pokee, 4 yrs.

Sir L. Glyn names Conscript, 5 yrs.

Mr. Stewart names Ketchup, 3 yrs.

Mr. Gully's Lady Fly, 4 yrs.

Mr. Sadler's Achilles, 5 yrs.

Mr. Crockford names Expectation, 5 yrs.

Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, 5 yrs.

Mr. H. Wagstaff names Trickery, 3 yrs.

Mr. Osbaldeston names Physician, 4 yrs.

Lord Conyngham names The Bravo, 3 yrs.

Mr. W. Chifney's ch. f. Deception, 8 yrs.  
 Mr. Zachary names Imbar, 3 yrs.  
 Lord Worcester names Liston, aged.  
 Mr. J. Smith na. Brother to Waxlight, 3 yrs.  
 Mr. Fitzroy names Datura, 4 yrs.  
 Lord Surrey names Roadster, 4 yrs.  
 Lord James Fitzroy is a subscriber, but did not name.

The following are the nominations to the Preston Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each:—

Duke of Cleveland's Liverpool, 5 yrs.  
 Mr. Clifton names Tomboy, 4 yrs.  
 Mr. J. W. Patton's Chorister, 5 yrs.  
 Mr. Lomax's Sensitive, 4 yrs.  
 Sir R. W. Bulkeley's Pickpocket, 5 yrs.  
 Mr. T. B. Crosse's Birdcatcher, 4 yrs.  
 Mr. H. T. Stanley's Speculator, 5 yrs.  
 Mr. Parker's Myrtle, 4 yrs.  
 Mr. D. Hornby's Caractacus, 5 yrs.  
 Mr. J. F. Hindle's Mowbray Hill, 4 yrs.  
 Capt. Whalley's Physician, 4 yrs.  
 Mr. Taylor's Consul, 5 yrs.  
 Mr. Legh's b. c. by Lottery out of Primrose, 3 yrs.  
 Mr. Hornby's Cantab, 4 yrs.  
 Mr. France's ch. f. by Muley out of Rantipole, 3 yrs.  
 Mr. Towneley's Westport, 4 yrs.  
 Mr. Yates's Hope, 5 yrs.

*Doncaster* 1833.—Monday: Duke of Cleveland's Liverpool agst Sir R. W. Bulkeley's Pickpocket, 8st. 7lb. each, St. Leger Course, 300, h. ft.

*Cottisford* 1834.—Mr. Coleman's The Curate, 11st. agst Mr. Codrington's Conservative, 10st. 5lb. once round and a distance, Gentlemen Riders, 100, 25 ft.

The renewed Derby and Oaks Stakes for 1835 and 1836 will close on the 13th of this month (July), on or before which day the colts and fillies for 1836 must be named. The nominations for the July Stakes and Chesterfield Stakes for 1834, and the Newmarket Stakes for 1835, must be made at the same time.

The Produce in the present year of mares engaged in the Riddlesworth and other Produce Stakes for the year 1836, and the horses to which the mares engaged in the Riddlesworth Stakes 1837, were sent this spring, must also be declared on or before the 13th of July.

It is with sincere and deep regret that we have to announce that that much respected Nobleman Lord Kel-

burne is about to retire from the Turf, to which he has been so long a brilliant ornament. We believe that after the close of this year he will cease to start any more horses in public, though we feel well assured that his Lordship will ever retain a lively interest in the National Sports of Old England.

The Great Somersetshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, 66 subs. (42 of whom having declared within the time prescribed paid only 5 sovs. each) was won by Colonel Peel's Ernest (Pavis) beating Lord Worcester's Copper Captain by a head—eight others not placed.

Races are about being established at Launceston. The Duke of Northumberland has allowed part of his property for a race-ground.

The Southampton Course has undergone considerable improvement, as far as regards the turf, but especially the turns, which are now rendered quite easy.

At the Salisbury races which commence on the 7th of August, a Cup will be given by Montague Gore, Esq. M.P., to be run for by half-bred horses belonging to members of the Wiltshire troops of Yeomanry Cavalry. They must have been in their possession three months, are to carry 11st. each, and to be ridden by members.

*Hampton Races.*—This meeting commenced under the most unfavorable auspices as to weather, for, after a long succession of heat, the 11th of June A.D. 1833 will long be chronicled as one of the most tempestuous ever experienced in this our proverbially variable climate. Its effects were very disastrous on land, particularly in the parks and gardens round London, and also on the River; but fortunately were little (comparatively) felt at sea, and the reports at Lloyd's were far more favorable than could have been anticipated. The hurricane, for such it might truly be called, had no doubt some influence on this Meeting as to numbers, and kept many away from the little Village, who were in the constant habit of

visiting the Hurst: but still it was very fashionably attended, the influential names of Chesterfield, Almarle, and Fitzclarence insuring all that Stewards could carry into effect for general accommodation. The races, as usual, lasted three days; but on the whole were of a very moderate character, none of the crack horses of the day making their appearance. As the details will appear in our Calendar, we shall merely give the outline. The first race, the Hurst Cup of 50 sovs., was won, at three heats, by Lord Lowther's Messenger (F. Buckle) beating Ida, The Hermit, Mantilla, Lady Charlotte, bl. f. by Muley out of Young Caprice, Why-not (late Palmella), and Dr. Sewell (late Bohemian)—the first heat by Messenger by a length, the second by a length, and the third in a canter.—Mr. Coleman's Dr. Sewell won the Claremont Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, at two heats, beating Matilda and bl. f. by Muley out of Y. Caprice: the first heat a good race; the second very easy.—On the second day the rain continued without intermission till five o'clock, but still there was a strong muster of the upper classes. The sport commenced with a Plate of 100gs. given by His Majesty, for which seven appeared at the post. It produced three heats; the first won by Mr. Edwards's br. f. by Camel, dam by Soothsayer, and the two last by Lord Chesterfield's Tourist.—The Kingston Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred, was carried off by Mr. Duncley's The Curate beating Sober Robin and Hop Duty; both "shocking bad" heats.—The wind-up of the day was a *dead heat* between Hon. Mr. Lindsay's My Lady (owner), and Mr. Latour's Ebony, a match of 25 sovs. Not satisfied, however, with letting well alone, these "terrible high-bred cattle" must have another *shy*, the result of which was, that, shortly after starting, Ebony, not liking the game of "follow my leader," bolted, fell over a rail, broke his leg, and was killed immediately.—The last day opened

with the Ladies' Cup of 50 sovs., and produced three heats with nine competitors; the first won by Mr. W. Smith's Dryad cleverly, and the two last by Lord Chesterfield's Carywell, beating The Ghost in the second by half a length, and in the third by about a neck.—The *finale*, for the Hampton Court Stakes of 5 sovs. each, and 25 added, was the best race of the Meeting, Lord Chesterfield's Carwell (the favorite), rode by Capt. Beecher, beating Mr. Messer's Cricket in the first heat by a neck, and in the second by a head.

*Bibury Club Meeting.*—These races took place on the 13th and 14th of June over the Stockbridge course; and although the Hampton drew a great portion of the higher grades, yet there was a "pretty sprinkling" of the best supporters of the Turf. The sport in general was good, and the Gentlemen rode magnificently.—On the first day, Mr. Codrington's Conservative walked over for the Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—The Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts and fillies, last mile and half, five subs., was won easy by Mr. Pryse's Dr. Eady (John Day) beating Gen. Grosvenor's c. by Bobadil.—A Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., one mile, was a capital race, and won by a neck by Mr. Trelawney's Walter, 5 yrs, 7st. 9lb. beating Sir L. Glyn's Malibran, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb., Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Kittums, 4 yrs, 7st., and Mr. Fox's Lambtonian, aged, 8st. 2lb.—The Bibury Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 sovs. added, two miles, 19 subs., was won by Mr. Biggs's Pounce (John Day) beating Mr. Payne's Ernest, 4 yrs: Lady Elizabeth, Santillane, and ch. c. by Dr. Eady or Virgilius, not placed—a famous race, and won by a neck.—The Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. (11 subs.), 1½ mile, was won by a length by Mr. Etwall's Caleb (Mr. Peyton) beating Sir L. Glyn's Malibran and Mr. Osbaldeston's Lady Elizabeth.—On the second day, Mr. Peyton's Conservative walked

over for the Welter Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. for any horse carrying 13st.—A Sweepstakes of 30. sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-old colts and fillies, was won very easy by Mr. Etwall's br. f. Maid of Underley (John Day) beating Capt. Berkeley's Goldfringe.—Mr. Codrington's Conservative, 11st., 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, 50 sovs., beat Mr. D. Radcliffe's Kittums, 11st. 3lb.—Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge beat Mr. Cosby's The Bravo, 50 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts and fillies, 7 subs., the last mile.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 100 sovs. added, Gentlemen riders, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, produced one of the most brilliant races ever seen. It was won by a head by Mr. Osbaldeston's Lady Elizabeth, 5 yrs., 11st. (owner), beating Mr. D. Radcliffe's Kittums, 4 yrs, 10st. 1lb., Gen. Grosvenor's Falernia, 3 yrs, 10st. 6lb., Mr. Worrall ns. Caleb, 5 yrs, 11st. 10lb., and Mr. Biggs ns. Malibran, 3 yrs, 9st. 8lb.

## RACES TO COME.

|                                 |          |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Liverpool, Aintree Course ..... | July 2   |
| Ipswich .....                   | 2        |
| Winchester .....                | 3        |
| Bridgwater .....                | 4        |
| Newmarket .....                 | 8        |
| Preston .....                   | 9        |
| Taunton .....                   | 10       |
| Cheltenham .....                | 16       |
| Lancaster .....                 | 16       |
| Newcastle, Staffordshire .....  | 16       |
| Stamford .....                  | 17       |
| Chelmsford .....                | 23       |
| Derby .....                     | 23       |
| Kendal .....                    | 23       |
| Southampton .....               | 23       |
| Bridgnorth .....                | 24       |
| Goodwood .....                  | 30       |
| Hereford .....                  | 30       |
| Knutsford .....                 | 30       |
| York .....                      | August 6 |
| Shrewsbury .....                | 6        |
| Pottery .....                   | 6        |
| Worcester .....                 | 6        |
| Brighton .....                  | 7        |
| Salisbury .....                 | 7        |
| Walsall .....                   | 9        |
| Wolverhampton .....             | 12       |
| Huntingdon .....                | 13       |
| Oxford .....                    | 13       |
| Exeter .....                    | 14       |
| Leeds .....                     | 14       |
| Lewes .....                     | 14       |
| Burton-on-Trent .....           | 20       |
| Blandford .....                 | 21       |
| Leominster .....                | 21       |
| Plymouth, &c. ....              | 21       |
| Newport Pagnel .....            | 22       |

|                                |           |
|--------------------------------|-----------|
| Stockton .....                 | August 22 |
| Egham .....                    | 27        |
| Stourbridge .....              | 27        |
| Yarmouth .....                 | 27        |
| Aberystwyth .....              | 28        |
| Northampton .....              | 28        |
| Weymouth .....                 | 28        |
| Warwick .....                  | Sept. 3   |
| Dorchester .....               | 4         |
| Rochester .....                | 4         |
| Lichfield .....                | 10        |
| Abingdon .....                 | 11        |
| Leicester .....                | 11        |
| Doncaster .....                | 16        |
| Wenlock .....                  | 18        |
| Carlisle .....                 | 25        |
| Heaton Park .....              | 25        |
| Newmarket First October .....  | 30        |
| Newmarket Second October ..... | Oct. 14   |
| Newmarket Houghton .....       | 26        |

## THE CHASE.

We understand that Major Deedes having resigned the East Kent Hounds, they will be under the management of Mr. Brockman, of Beachborough, near Hythe, from whose well-known character as a Sportsman, together with his having such an able Prime Minister as Tom Arnold, there is every chance of this excellent pack maintaining their well-earned reputation.

We have already stated that Mr. Murray intended to establish Stag-hunting in Surrey, and it was hoped that the farmers would have given him their powerful support. We regret to learn, however, that Mr. Murray's object has been defeated in a quarter where least expected, and that the hounds he had collected have been dispersed by the hammer, a draft of which has just been embarked for France, and another portion is intended for Germany.

The Duke of Buccleuch has just completed a dog-kennel on a considerable scale at Commonsides, six miles west from Hawick. A commodious dwelling-house is attached for the gamekeeper, &c., and there are apartments for the accommodation of His Grace when enjoying the sports of the field in his ancient Barony of Branksome. Hermitage Castle is to undergo extensive alterations in the course of the present or next season, so as to become fit for the occasional residence of the Duke.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

## THE MOORS, &amp;c.

It may not be uninteresting to the sons of the trigger collectively, any more than to those who may be meditating a grouse expedition, to hear what is already known of the prospects in some of the most extensive districts. In the whole of Perthshire the indications are most promising: the same may be said of the West country, Lanark, Ayrshire, &c.; and the Southern accounts, Dumfries, &c. are equally favorable. Further North nothing is actually ascertained; but as it is known that the weather has been as favorable, the same pleasing result may be anticipated. The early part of the Spring was so very cold as to throw the period of incubation far back, indeed nearly a month later than genially, or almost any previous season within the memory of the oldest; but the weather, until these few days, has been so unusually favorable, so genially warm, that few rotten or unhatched eggs are looked to, even by the most anxious and apprehensive; and it is beyond doubt that the packs of young grouse which have as yet been seen are more plentiful and numerous than for some seasons past: and within these few days, in the *very nick of time*, they have been favored by a succession of mild and cooling showers, sufficient to afford them the moisture they need, while unable to reach the distant burns and rills; whilst they have been nowhere so heavy as to endanger the cheepers perishing in the long heath. The hopes of the Grouse-shooter, which have been sadly blighted for some years back, are at present mounting and full of glee, and nothing, unless the wire or tape worm, can now depress them.—Pheasants are in many places a full hatch; and, as far as the season has gone, it has been unusually favorable for Partridge: so that if the next three weeks keep but moderately dry, a better game season may be generally anticipated than has been latterly the sportsman's lot to enjoy. The same may be said of Hares: indeed what is favorable to one species of young game is for the most part genial to all.

## CRICKET.

The "Alphabetical Match" of the Members of the Marylebone Club, A to K with Cobbett and Broadbridge, against L to Z with Pilch and Lillywhite, commenced on Monday the 10th of June, and terminated the following evening in favour of the former—L to Z in their first innings scoring 62, and in their second 52: total 114. In their first in-go A to K marked 69, and two wickets being put down in the second, Lord Grimstone and Mr. Kynaston held in for 46 runs (in all), and not out, with seven wickets to go down.

On the 17th a Match was played at Lord's between eleven of the Club with Lillywhite and Pilch, and eleven Gentlemen of Kent, in which the latter were triumphantly victorious, having beaten their opponents in one innings, with 6 runs to spare. The Club in the first innings scored 57, and in their second 49—total 106. Of these, with the exception of Mr. Ward (who marked 29), the players scored nearly all the runs. The Men of Kent did their business admirably in one innings, scoring 112. The batting of Mr. Edwards and Mr. Mynn was much admired.

On the 24th ten of the Club with Lillywhite played ten Etonians with Broadbridge, which came off as follows:

| <i>Eton.</i>       |    | <i>Marylebone.</i> |    |
|--------------------|----|--------------------|----|
| First innings..... | 92 | .....              | 63 |
| Second innings...  | 24 | .....              | 35 |
| <hr/>              |    | <hr/>              |    |
| 116                |    | 98                 |    |

Eton winning by 18 runs.

A long-pendingsingle-wicket match between Messrs. John, Thomas, and Henry Beagley, of Alton, and Messrs. Purchase, Freemantle, and Windbank, of Winchester, commenced on Tuesday the 28th of May. Its announcement having excited considerable interest in Hampshire, thousands repaired to the appointed spot to witness the manly contest, and so animated a scene has not been exhibited on Twyford Down since the Grand Match between All England and the Winchester Club, when the latter was victorious after three days admirable play. The brothers went

in first, and were put out for 23 runs; John having scored 8, Henry 0, and Thomas 15. Windebank scored 15 before he lost his wicket, and was succeeded by Purchase, who, after gaining 39 runs, accidentally hit down his wicket. Freemantle then took the bat, and after obtaining one run was bowled out:—total 56. On the part of the Beagleys, it was then proposed to defer the conclusion of the match for the present; but to this their opponents at once refused to consent, and after upwards of half an hour spent in discussing the matter, Henry Beagley commenced the second innings, and at sunset had obtained 7 runs, when the game was suspended till the following morning. An anxiety to witness the result induced many to hasten to the Down early on Wednesday, and the spectators were numerous, especially towards the conclusion of the match. In their second innings the brothers scored 26—Henry 16, Thomas 0, and John 10—making a total in the two innings of 49, and leaving their opponents the conquerors by an innings and six runs to spare.—The play on both sides was excellent, and the adroitness displayed in fielding frequently elicited the approbation of the admiring spectators.

The return-match was played at Alton Butts on the 11th and 12th of June, and although the weather was very unfavorable, a great concourse of spectators assembled. The brothers went in first, and scored 20—Henry 7, John 0, and Thomas 13. The Wintonians followed, and were put out for 11 runs—Windebank 3, Freemantle 2, and Purchase 6. The Beagleys in their second innings marked 24—John 4, Henry 15, and Thomas 5; making a total of 44. "Night now threw her ebon veil around," and the conclusion of the match was necessarily postponed till the following morning, when Windebank, after two hours' play, marked 13. Purchase went in second, and lost his wicket after three runs. He was followed by Freemantle, who only added one to the score, making 17 in this innings, and a total of 28,

leaving the brothers 16 a-head. The game was admirably contested, and the play excellent on both sides.—The "tie," or conquering match, is shortly to be played, but the day and place are not yet fixed.

A single-match, which had for some time been anticipated by the admirers of this manly sport as a real varmint affair—between three picked players of the Sherwood and Sheffield Clubs for 50l. a-side—commenced on the 17th on the Hulme new Cricket-ground, near Manchester. The parties selected for this trial of skill were, Clarke, Barker, and Jarvis, for Nottingham; and Vincent, Woodhouse, and Marsden, for Sheffield; and from the celebrity of the performers the Amateurs of Manchester, and the adjacent towns of Sheffield, Leeds, and other parts of Yorkshire, flocked to the scene of action. Nottingham went in first, Clarke in 5 balls making 2 hits, but scoring 0: Barker equally unfortunate, in 33 balls making 26 hits, and scoring 0: Jarvis, in 72 balls making 56 hits, and marking 7—all three bowled by Marsden. On the other side, Vincent first appeared at the wicket, and was bowled by Barker in his 76th ball, making 52 hits, and marking 1: Woodhouse in 7 balls made 5 hits, and scored 1: Marsden in 280 balls made 201 hits, and marked 12—total 14.—These two innings lasted till Tuesday night. On Wednesday the heroes of Sherwood commenced their second innings, when Clarke was bowled in the 9th ball, having made 6 hits, and Barker in his 8th, having made 5 hits, but neither of them scoring a run: Jarvis was also bowled in his 111th ball, having made 59 hits, and marked 3—total in both their innings 10: leaving the Sheffield players the winners in one innings by four runs.—Some thought the play very inferior for such crack performers, whilst others deemed it too skilful to be interesting. The latter opinion at least shews that the players were on the alert during the whole of the match. The bowling of Marsden and Barker was beyond all praise.

## COCKING.

During Manchester race-week a main was fought at the pit in Salford, between the Earl of Derby (Potter feeder) and H. B. Hoghton, Esq. (Woodcock feeder), for 10gs. a battle and 200 the main, which was decided as follows:—

| Potter.         | M. | B. | Woodcock. | M. | B. |
|-----------------|----|----|-----------|----|----|
| Tuesday .....   | 2  | 1  | .....     | 5  | 1  |
| Wednesday ..... | 1  | 0  | .....     | 7  | 1  |
| Thursday .....  | 6  | 1  | .....     | 1  | 0  |
| Friday .....    | 5  | 0  | .....     | 3  | 1  |
| Saturday .....  | 6  | 1  | .....     | 2  | 1  |
|                 | 20 | 3  |           | 18 | 4  |

One drawn battle on Wednesday.

A main was fought in Newton race-week, between General Yates (Hines feeder) and T. Legh, Esq. (Kendrick feeder), for 10gs. a battle and 200 the main, which was decided in favour of the General as follows:—

| Hines.         | M. | B. | Kendrick. | M. | B. |
|----------------|----|----|-----------|----|----|
| Tuesday .....  | 2  | 2  | .....     | 5  | 0  |
| Wednesday ..   | 6  | 1  | .....     | 1  | 1  |
| Thursday ..... | 3  | 2  | .....     | 4  | 0  |
| Friday .....   | 4  | 2  | .....     | 3  | 0  |
|                | 15 | 7  |           | 13 | 1  |

A main was fought in Buxton race-week, between Gen. Yates (Bradley feeder) and G. Walker, Esq. (Aldred feeder) for 10 sovs. a battle, and 200 sovs. the main: 24 mains, 19 byes; which was decided as follows:—

| Aldred.        | M. | B. | Bradley. | M. | B. |
|----------------|----|----|----------|----|----|
| Tuesday .....  | 8  | 7  | .....    | 4  | 3  |
| Wednesday ...  | 3  | 2  | .....    | 3  | 2  |
| Thursday ..... | 2  | 3  | .....    | 4  | 2  |
|                | 13 | 12 |          | 11 | 7  |

## EQUESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.

On the morning of the 20th of May, Captain Parker, of the Royal Artillery, quartered at Charlemont, rode his b. h. The Admiral, from Charlemont Fort to Newry and back in 2 h. 25 min.—a distance of 53 English miles. The time allowed for the performance of the journey was three hours; but the Captain having got considerable odds that he would not do it in two hours and a half, won all his bets by having five minutes to spare. Thus did he accomplish the astonishing distance of 21 miles an hour with one horse, which

exceeds by far all feats of horsemanship ever performed in the Sporting World.—*Belfast Chronicle*.

Immediately after the Oaks was run at Epsom, Captain Andrews started from the Downs for London, and thence to Newmarket, on his favorite mare, for the purpose of being his own messenger, and arrived at his journey's end at half-past twelve o'clock, thus completing the distance in eight hours and a half!

On this subject we have received the following communication:—

“SIR—Captain Andrews' late performance from Epsom to Newmarket, as noticed in some of the London Journals, is certainly a remarkable one; but although I do not exactly recollect the particulars, it recalls to my mind a very extraordinary feat which was performed a good many years ago by Mr. Wedderburne Webster, then an Officer in one of the since Hussar Regiments, who rode his black mare Buzzard from Ipswich to London in or under six hours; and again, *ni fallor*, he was accompanied by the well-known Mat Milton (who afterwards performed the celebrated Stamford match). The distance was then 70 miles, and a great part of the road bad, heavy, and hilly. It is more than probable this performance is recorded in your pages; but it leads me to mention a bit of a brush that was done by three young Cantabs at a period which will yet be recollected by some of your readers—namely, the time Catalani made her first appearance at the Opera. It was exactly either four or five days of the end of *Term*, when it was imperative that each man should be punctual in his attendance at lectures, and in Hall and morning Chapel. However, they determined that they would be present at this grand event; and having despatched the necessary toggery per coach up to an Hotel, they next sent hacks for each on to Wadesmill, half way, taking them indiscriminately from the stables in Cambridge. It was in the depth of winter, and the weather very bad; each man had to be in Hall at two o'clock, but they

started as soon as possible after ; and taking the first part also on common hacks, which they left at Wadestmill to be ready for the return, did the fifty-one miles in little more than four hours and a half, and were in their place in *Fop's-alley* in due time. They supped at a place of then fashionable resort, covered the ground back in five hours and a quarter, and were all and each in Morning Chapel without even being missed.—Much about the same time, the distance from the Sister University (Oxford) to the metropolis was done for a trifling wager in remarkably quick time by a Collegian, who undertook to ride from Oxford to London, by Wycombe (fifty-four miles), in four hours and a half, on two horses, on the day but one following that in which the bet was concluded. To do this, he relied on his own aged horse “*Miracle*,” by *Phenomenon* out of *Wonder*, dam by *Diomed*, a superior hunter, and another thorough-bred one, the property of a friend. On applying to this friend, he found his nag was amiss : the bet being play or pay, he sent old *Miracle* on to Wycombe, and selected from among the Oxford hacks a four-year-old mare, who looked like the thing. She proved so ; for she landed him at Wycombe in such very quick time as to leave old *Miracle* nearly a sinecure ; and he did the remaining distance something under the time quite at his ease, and returned by coach to Oxford the same evening. I have not mentioned names, as some of the parties concerned may yet chance to cast their eyes over this, and might not *now* like it ; but I have little doubt some of your readers may call to mind the facts, as there will be among them some of the *men* of that standing.—I am, &c. **TIMBKEEPER.**

#### AQUATICS.

In our last we gave a brief account of two matches, in which three crack vessels of the Royal Thames Yacht Club were engaged ; and as some variance of opinion arose as to the merits of the boats, the respective owners made a Sweepstakes, pounds for top-

nage, to be sailed for on the 11th of June. The three vessels, the *Sabrina* of 21, the *Lady Louisa* of 13, and the *Victorine* of 16 tons, took their stations off Greenwich Hospital at a quarter to 12 o'clock, but the wind was so high that they were obliged to take in three or four reefs : indeed so tremendous a hurricane has not occurred in the month of June “*time out of mind*.” In the matches alluded to, the *Sabrina* had beat the *Louisa*, and the latter had conquered the *Victorine* : and it was then said if there had been a fresh breeze the result might have been different. In the present instance there was no lack of the “*blustering railer*,” for it blew “*great guns*,” and the backers of the *Victorine* were in tip-top spirits. Soon after the vessels had taken up their positions the signal gun was fired, and the *Louisa* went off a-head, but when near Blackwall Point the *Sabrina* passed her to windward, the *Victorine* very little astern, and all three buffeting the gale beautifully. The *Sabrina* maintained her advantage to Gravesend, and rounded the flag-boat first, the *Victorine* (which had passed the *Lady* off Barking) second, and the *Louisa* third. On their return the wind was terrific, and it was considered impossible for any vessel to live in it. Indeed all the flotilla which accompanied the Match were unable to “*'bide the pelting of the pitiless storm*,” and at the Half-way House the whole fleet was brought to a stand-still. Previously to this, however, the *Lady*, considering “*discretion to be the better part of valour*,” and finding she had no chance to cope with the “*Spirit of the Storm*,” wisely withdrew from the contest in Grays, and ran for anchorage to Gravesend. The struggle between the other two boats was tremendous—not so much as opposed to each other, but against the hurricane, which rose almost to a West India tornado. The *Sabrina* was the first at Half-way Reach, but, from some accident on board becoming crippled, she stopped her course, and the accompanying vessels, including the *Oberon* Gravesend steamer, having

the Commodore on board, came to anchor under the Half-way House Point, and the company landed, more like drowned rats than "gay revelers." To add to their discomfiture, they had to tramp it "through bush and through brier" to Woolwich, and thence to the Old George at Greenwich, where, nothing loath, they brought themselves to an anchor. To detail the "moving accidents by flood and field" would be impossible. Hood might describe and Cruikshank pourtray the "bedevilments" that befel the crews, but none else could do justice to the scene—their whole appearance was wretchedly miserable, though highly *picturesque*. At this time (past seven) the Victorine had not made her appearance, and it was conjectured she had got water-logged; but all suspense was shortly put an end to, as she shewed in Blackwall Reach. She had gone ashore below Woolwich, where she lay for sometime, but, rising with the tide, she pursued her course in gallant trim, and bore up round the winning-boat at eight o'clock.—The Stakes were given up the same evening at the George Tavern by the Commodore.—The only vessel that went all through was the *Giaour*, belonging to the Loyal Yacht Club, no other going round the flag-boat at Gravesend or returning to Greenwich.

The Below-bridge Match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, for a Cup, was sailed for on the 25th from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, accompanied by the Royal Sovereign steamer, (engaged for the occasion by the Club for the accommodation of their friends,) and a numerous flotilla of yachts and other craft. The vessels entered were stationed as follows:

| <i>Yachts.</i>          | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>  |
|-------------------------|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. <i>Ada Jane</i>      | 15 .....     | G. W. Sweeting. |
| 2. <i>Victorine</i> ... | 16 .....     | T. C. Stokes.   |
| 3. <i>Ellen</i> .....   | 17 .....     | G. Keen.        |
| 4. <i>Figaro</i> .....  | 18 .....     | R. Wells.       |
| 5. <i>Sabrina</i> ...   | 21 .....     | G. H. Gunston.  |

There was a sixth boat, the *Rob Roy*, belonging to Mr. W. Fitch, entered on the list, but the owner declined the contest on account of the light wind..

Immediately on starting the *Ellen* led, the *Victorine* following, and the *Sabrina*, which was the favorite from her superior size, sails, and general good character, was the third in order. Next came the *Figaro*, and last of all the *Ada Jane*. At Blackwall the *Sabrina* passed the *Ellen*, and the *Victorine* likewise made excellent way, and gained on the *Ellen*. The *Figaro* followed, but the *Ada Jane* kept at a long distance. On rounding the turn to Blackwall Reach the *Ellen* caught a fine small breeze, and she shot a-head of the *Sabrina*, but the wind again fell off, which enabled the superior size of the *Sabrina's* sails to occupy more of Boreas' gentle puffs; whereby, in Woolwich Reach, she soon made up her distance and passed the *Ellen*. The breeze increasing, the *Victorine* came quickly up, and glided past the *Ellen*; the *Figaro* was at a short distance; and the gunwales of the *Ada Jane* were suddenly immersed in the water by a sudden gust of wind. The *Victorine* kept near the *Sabrina* till they reached the town of Woolwich, when the *Sabrina* made rapid way, and threatened to leave all her competitors far behind, when, all of a sudden, the wind slackened its force.

A fluctuating breeze then ensued, which so served the *Ellen* that she was enabled to get up with the *Victorine* at the Half-way House. Here the Sovereign steam-boat, which dogged behind the yachts, thought proper to pass the *Ada Jane*, as it was evident she could not keep up with the other yachts. A breath of wind caught the *Sabrina*, and she bore away in excellent style, followed by the *Ellen*, the *Victorine* and *Figaro* keeping quite close. In Erith Reach the wind died away, and it became a dead calm. The water looked like a placid lake, and the yachts could make no use of their sails. Seamanship was of no use, and it now became an interesting matter of drifting. Matters, however, did not remain long this way—a gentle breeze came gradually on; it first caught the *Ellen*, which brought her a-head of the *Sabrina*. The steam-boat then made rapid way,

and anchored off Greenhithe, as the flood-tide did not serve for Gravesend. The breeze continued; the Sabrina was soon seen to gain, and she shot a-head of the Ellen on nearing Greenhithe.

By a masterly manœuvre the Victorine, which was at a short distance behind the Ellen, also managed to get a-head of the Ellen. The sailing match now became very interesting to all on board, as the three yachts neared the Sovereign. The other two yachts were seen at a considerable distance. At length the Sabrina, exactly at half-past two, went round the Sovereign in fine style. The Victorine closely followed, only one minute and a half intervening, for while the former was on the bow of the Sovereign the other was on her quarter. These vessels were saluted with a gun and cheers. Next came the Ellen; she got round forty minutes after two. The Figaro was not long after, as she doubled the steam-boat at three-quarters past two. The Ada Jane gave up further contest, and the Steam-boat weighed anchor and bore away for Greenwich to witness the close of the nautical competition. The yachts were now accompanied with a fine breeze on their return. Between Purfleet and Greenhithe the Victorine obtained the first place, and in Erith Sands the Ellen passed the Victorine and Sabrina, the Victorine at that time being the first, and the Sabrina the second. In Erith Reach the Ellen and Sabrina went side by side, and several passengers were of opinion that the favorite yacht, the Sabrina, would win. On again reaching Woolwich both yachts were still nearly equal, the Victorine close behind, the Figaro at some distance. The wind, which was never strong during any part of the day, again became faint, and drifting on the precarious chance of the stream was now considered as the probable arbiter of the sailing match. At this period the Venus steam-boat, with the Malcolm West Indiaman, passed the yachts, and fired a salute, which was returned by the Sovereign. The Sabrina and

Ellen were still seen close to each other at Blackwall Reach, the Sabrina to windward, which gave her the advantage. On veering round opposite Blackwall the Ellen gained a very little, and it was not a little amusing to hear the keen opinions of the passengers which was to win.

At seven o'clock the Ellen reached the goal, on which guns were fired, and a deafening round of cheers from the various vessels and the shore were given in quick succession. The Sabrina was only about fifty yards, or a cable's length, behind her, while the Victorine was about 300 yards.—Shortly after the splendid Silver Cup was presented by the Royal Yacht Club to the fortunate winner, and His Majesty's health, as the Patron of the Club, was rapturously given; while the excellent band of musicians struck up "Rule Britannia." Commodore Harrison, the Treasurer, and the six Stewards, all wearing their uniforms, were very attentive to the passengers, and appeared to give universal satisfaction. We noticed on board the Royal Sovereign many Gentlemen distinguished for their encouragement of the manly sport, and who were accompanied by a large number of respectable females. The Sovereign, with the Ellen and Victorine, reached St. Katharine's Dock at three-quarters past nine o'clock.

#### ANGLING.

*Maxims and Hints for an Angler.*—Under this title we have just received a very amusing little volume, by "A Bungler—loosely thrown together, in order to provoke contradiction, and elicit truth from the expert:"—at least such is the modest avowal of the author, a "Member of the Houghton Fishing Club." Some of these maxims, besides being exceedingly clever in themselves, are rendered doubly valuable by being embellished with etchings from the hand of Chantry, embracing some ludicrous situations. One, "Do not shew yourself to them," is a portrait of the artist himself standing upon a jutting piece of ground close to the water's edge, his protuberant corporation cu-

veloped in an immense white waistcoat, the formidable dimensions of which render it of itself sufficient to scare away every fish, whose nerves are at all susceptible of timidity, from the bait to "the dark unfathom'd caves of ocean." Besides this there are several others in which himself and his friend Sir Charles Bell figure as the prominent characters; and these alone are worth "all the money." After "The Maxims" come the *Miseries of Fishing*, of which some at least are sufficiently laughable to entice a smile from an Heracitus. The work, however, being small, we are loath to do our author the injustice of making extracts, though we strongly recommend it to the notice of the "gentle craft;" for if the "Maxims" are not quite orthodox, they will at least serve to dissipate *ennui*,

"When the sun's perpendicular height  
Illumines the depths of the sea."

In one quarter, however, we fear that even our eulogies will not secure it a favorable reception; for if it be true, that

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,  
Whilst every grin so merry draws one  
out;"

Miss Martineau, and her followers, will of course denounce a work, the direct tendency of which is so adverse to their Malthusian theories.—We ought to have said, to these "Hints" are appended "Maxims and Hints for a Chess-player:" why we know not, unless that *patience* is the characteristic of both pastimes. They, however, teach an admirable lesson—that the victor should never exult in the pride of conquest, nor the vanquished despair in the hour of discomfiture.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Bustard*.—Three nests of this very scarce bird have been found at Massingham, Norfolk, on the estate of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, two with two eggs, and the third with one. This is the more extraordinary as a cock-bird has not been seen in that county for the last four or five years.

Montagu, in a Supplement to his *Synopsis of British Birds* (1813), says, "the Great Bustard has decreased so rapidly within these twenty years, that in a few years more not a vestige of them will remain in these realms."—Mr. Chafin, also, in his *Anecdotes and History of Cranbourn Chase*, says, that "in November 1751, when residing at Wallop, between Andover and Salisbury, twenty-five bustards rose and I fired without effect.....I believe such a number of bustards will never be again seen together in England."

#### ARCHERY.

This delightful pastime is rapidly gaining ground as a fashionable amusement. New Societies are continually forming, while those of long standing receive a daily accession of members. The fair sex are still the zealous patrons and most expert practitioners of an art beyond all others calculated for displaying to advantage the graces of the human form.

The first meeting for the season of the West Berks Archery Club took place at Sparsholt House, near Wantage, on the 30th of May, at which upwards of one hundred members were present.—The Ladies' prize was won by Miss Mary Neate; the second, by Miss Nelson, for the greatest number of hits in the target, a silver arrow; the third prize to Miss Ann Atkins, a silver arrow for the best shots in the gold.—The Gentlemen's prizes were thus adjudged: the prize and belt to Mr. Meyrick; the second to Mr. Escott, a silver arrow, for the greatest number of hits; the third to Mr. Cookson, a silver arrow for the best gold. The company concluded the amusements of the meeting with a ball at the Bear Inn, Wantage, which was attended by Grimmett's Oxford quadrille band, and was spiritedly kept up.

#### Pugilism.

The long-talked of fight between Simon Byrne and Deaf Burke for 100l. a-side, took place at No Man's Land, Herts, the arena of many a

gallant encounter, on Thursday the 30th of May. Byrne was the Champion of Ireland, and his antagonist aspired to that of England; for though Jem Ward holds that distinguished honour, and bears the "belt," it has for some time been considered in abeyance, no one having ventured to cope with him. Byrne was attended by Tom Spring and Jem Ward, and Burke by Tom Gaynor and Dick Curtis. Both appeared in good condition, but of the two Burke exhibited the best muscular proportion, although his weight was but 12st. 4lb., whilst Byrne was a stone heavier. Burke, too, had youth in his favour. On setting to, betting was about guineas to pounds in favour of Burke; but as much as 6 to 4 had been laid upon him in the course of the morning.

We had purposed giving a detail of the several rounds, according with ancient usage, but we decline it for two reasons: the first, that very little of the art of boxing was displayed throughout the fight—it was rather who was the *greatest glutton in taking* punishment—and in no part of it was there that scientific polish which marked the combats in the olden time of those professing to teach the art of self-defence: and the second, that one of them has made his *exit from the stage of life*, and therefore, for obvious reasons, the least said the better. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that after a procrastinated contest of *three hours and six minutes!* during which *ninety-nine rounds* were fought!! the pride of "Ould Ireland" was laid prostrate from exhaustion and punishment, and became "deaf to time," when Burke was pronounced the conqueror. Both were severely punished, but Byrne dreadfully so, and was taken to the Woolpack Inn at St. Alban's in a state of utter exhaustion. Every attention was shewn to the sufferer, and everything which surgical skill could suggest was done for his relief. On Thursday night he was considered in great danger, but on Friday and Saturday he rallied, and the strongest hopes were entertained of his recovery. On Saturday afternoon his symptoms

became more alarming, and on Sunday morning, when Spring, who was in constant attendance on him, was acquainted with the imminence of his danger, he sent for Sir Astley Cooper, who was then at Hemel Hempsted, and who promptly and humanely attended, but who at once pronounced that there was no hope of his recovery. This opinion had been previously expressed by the other medical men in attendance; and their anticipations were realised; for at twenty minutes past eight on Sunday evening the unfortunate man breathed his last, a fate evidently expedited by his wounded feelings, for it was manifest to everybody about him that his mental sufferings were greater than those of his body.

On Monday morning, a highly-respectable Jury were assembled at the Town-hall, St. Alban's, by Thomas Ward Blagg, Esq. the Coroner, who, after having been sworn in the usual form, proceeded to the Woolpack Inn to view the body of the deceased, which, of course, exhibited severe marks of the conflict in which he had been engaged—the head, left side, and arms, were considerably bruised.

On the return of the Jury to the Town-hall, in consequence of a wish expressed by them, it was determined that a *post mortem* examination of the body should take place, a duty which was undertaken by Mr. Kingston and other medical gentlemen of the town, who gave it as their opinion that the congestive state of the brain, combined with the violent exertion for so great a length of time, and his mental suffering under defeat, hastened the death of the deceased. Had he been the victor of the fight instead of the beaten party, there would have been a chance of his recovery, they thought, as there was not sufficient injury on the head to cause death. Evidence was given as to the fight having taken place, the parties engaged in it, and the good feeling which pervaded both principals and seconds throughout. One witness deposed, that at the end of the eleventh round Byrne had entitled

himself to the stakes in consequence of Burke not coming to time, and the fight would have ended but for the seconds. —(This was subsequently explained. It appeared that Jem Ward had thrown up his hat, claiming the stakes, but Spring did not know this, and as the "call" was not heard by the other party, the men were put up, and had re-commenced fighting, so that the umpires could not *then* interfere.)

Other witnesses were examined, but, as in all these cases, there was a considerable discrepancy in opinion as to the character of the fight.

After an impartial charge from the Coroner, the Jury retired, and at half-past eight returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Deaf Burke, principal in the first degree: and Thos. Spring, James Ward, Richard Curtis, and Thomas Gaynor, as seconds; also against the umpire or umpires, referee or referees, and the time-keeper, all then and there aiding and abetting, whose names are unknown to us, as principals in the second degree."

This finding was accompanied by the following commentary:—"In returning this verdict the Jury feel themselves called upon to express their deep regret that the neighbouring Magistrates did not interfere to prevent a breach of the peace so notoriously expected to take place in their jurisdiction."

The Coroner then made out his warrant for the apprehension of the parties against whom the verdict had been returned: they, however, with several amateurs, immediately *made themselves scarce*; though it is understood they are merely out of the way to prevent lying in prison, and that they will surrender when the Assizes for the county commence.

The bets on the three events, of first knock-down, first blood, and winning, are drawn. Byrne won the first; the second was a tie, both shewing *claret* at the same time; and the fight was in favour of Burke.

Byrne was buried on the following Tuesday in the Abbey Church-yard, at a quarter past six in the morning. He was 33 years of age.

It is rather a singular coincidence that Byrne was the cause of the death of M'Kay, the Scottish Champion, and that the battle between them was fought on the same day of the month as that on which Byrne himself died—the last fight between them (for they had before entered the Ring in Scotland) having taken place on the 2d of June 1830, (see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. i. N.S. p. 254,) and the death of Byrne having occurred on the 2d of June 1833.

Ludlow was fixed on for the fight between Young Dutch Sam and Preston, and the 11th of June was named for the contest. The death of Byrne, however, with the animadversions of the Press on the brutality of these exhibitions, added to the "commentary" of the Jury appended to their verdict, having put the Local Authorities throughout the kingdom on the alert to prevent a "breach of the peace" within their bailiwicks, the High Bailiff of the borough of Ludlow issued his warrant for the apprehension of the men in case they should appear; and Sam having *shewn*, he was *nabbed*, and bound over to keep the peace towards *all* his Majesty's lieges for twelve months.

Preston, to shew that he means fighting, and no mistake, has offered to make the stakes 200l. a-side, and go to Calais, or anywhere out of the kingdom, where the combat might take place without infringing the laws of England, in default of which he claims the Stakes. The *Phenomenon* has declined the "pilgrimage," but has no objection to each party drawing his money, and renewing or rather making a fresh match, from 200l. to 500l. a-side, at the expiration of his *binding*.

ERRATA.—In our last Number, p. 78, col. 2, line 36, for "many thought it *had*," read "*bad*." In the present, p. 179, col. 2, line 23, for "Old Grey," read "Old Jerry."—P. 207, col. 2, line 19, for "this baskets," read "*their* baskets."

## BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

NEWMARKET JULY STAKES.—11 to 2 agst Sir M. Wood's Louisa c. (taken); 7 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's Musquito (taken); 7 to 1 agst Mr. Sowerby's Malcolm (taken); 10 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Legend c. (taken); 10 to 1 agst Lord Orford's Stays c. (taken); 10 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's Jerboa c. (taken); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Greatrex's Trulla c.; 11 to 1 agst Mr. Ridsdale's Vidocq (taken).—Double Events: 7 to 4 on Louisa agst Malcolm (taken); 3 to 1 agst Louisa and Malcolm (taken); 8 to 1 agst Harum Scarum and Trulla (taken).

GOODWOOD STAKES, P. P.—8 to 1 agst Mr. Robinson's Windcliffe (taken); 8 to 1 agst Mr. Biggs's Pounce (taken); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Houldsworth's Clara (taken); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Biggs's Little Red Rover (taken); 10 to 1 agst Lord Chesterfield's Tourist (taken); 10 to 1 agst Lord Tavistock's Taurus; 12 to 1 agst Mr. Kent's Beleine (taken).—Double Events: 100 even betting on Galopade and Little Red Rover; and 50 even betting on Lady Fry and Protocol.

ST. LEGER.—11 to 2 agst Duke of Cleveland's Muley Moloch (taken); 7 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's Belshazzar (taken); 13 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's Rockingham (taken); 13 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Mussulman (taken); 14 to 1 agst Col. Crawford's The Mole (taken); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Connoisseur (taken).—Double Events: 1000 to 400, and 500 to 200 agst Muley Moloch and Belshazzar (taken); 550 to 500 on Mussulman agst The Mole (taken).

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Drummond Castle—Grouse Shooting," by A QUARTOGENARIAN, omitted in the Contents, will be found at p. 263.

"Q in the Corner" is *right*: we know the facts; but we should be *wrong* in giving them publicity: they might wound, but they could not amend.

We are extremely flattered by the complimentary letter of "One of the Old School;" but his *tale* is too long, and so we *cut* it.

"A regular Subscriber" makes many inquiries on breeding: he *must* consequently know that the subject has often been discussed in our pages: in addition to which, he will find some remarks worthy his attention in Mr. Hanckey Smith's *Observations on Breeding*, a notice of which appeared in our xvth volume, N. S. p. 260.

We have received a letter from our Correspondent TOM TIP-TOP, on the mode of preventing Distemper in Dogs—in which he says, he has been assured by a Gentleman, who has vaccinated from thirty to forty puppies, that *not one of them* had afterwards had the slightest symptom of the disease. He goes on to say, he has had no opportunity of trying the effects of vaccination himself, but suggests various topics for investigation. We would willingly insert his letter, if it would lead to any practical advantage, but should have been much more satisfied if he had favored us with the result of his friend's experiments. Indeed there is not a line in the letter giving the slightest information beyond what has already appeared in our pages. (See *Sporting Magazine*, N. S. vol. xvi. p. 243. vol. xxiii. p. 272. vol. xxiv. p. 332. vol. xxv. p. 246.) The whole Sporting World must admit the importance of any communications that may elicit the minutæ so necessary to a fair trial of vaccination; and we shall be most happy to give any authenticated statements on the subject: but so much has been already written on the theory of the prevention of this disease by vaccination that we must confine ourselves solely to the practice. A very able article on the Distemper of Dogs, by Mr. W. Youatt, was read to the Veterinary Medical Society on the 14th of January 1830, which concludes thus:—"When Dr. Jenner established the preventive efficacy of the vaccine matter, his kind heart induced him to wish to extend the blessing beyond the human being. If he could preserve the meanest quadruped from painful or fatal disease, he was adding to the general sum of happiness. His benevolent feeling got the better of his excellent judgment; and he fancied and maintained that the cow-pox was a preservative against maladies as different from it as gout from consumption. He even published the result of many experiments on the preventive power of the cow-pox against distemper. It, however, unfortunately happened that his description of distemper was no more like the true disease than 'I to Hercules.' It was made up of distemper and rabies, and unlike both. I have again and again put the power of this boasted preventive to the test, and I can say, without the slightest hesitation, that it is altogether without effect. I know many Gentlemen who have placed implicit faith in the power of vaccination, and their whole kennel has been submitted to the operation. The season has been favorable, and the disease either has not appeared, or has assumed the mildest type, and I have got into sad disgrace; but many years have not passed before the distemper has broken out, and carried off the majority of those who were supposed to be exempted from its attack."

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Embellished with

I. TURNED OUT FOR LIFE.—II. FLORA.

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED—THE TURF AND THE QUARTERLY.

Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table—"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."  
*Measure for Measure.*

IN the 98th Number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published, is a long article on *The Turf*, which has been highly extolled by the Daily Journals as unique. We certainly can have no objection to the eulogies passed on this "able article," for in fact it is copied from us; though we must confess we are at a loss to account for the talented Editor of that popular periodical having allowed himself to be so duped

as to pass off that for genuine which is so palpably counterfeit. It is, however, not the first time that he has been humbugged by the same writer. An article appeared in March 1832, under the title of "English Fox-hunting," though it assumed to be a *Review* of a work intitled "Nimrod on the Condition of Hunters." We received numerous letters at the time condemnatory of the presumption of the writer in under-

taking to treat on a subject of which he was so "entirely ignorant;" and as one proof among many others of this prevailing opinion, we quote the following extract from a letter signed ANTI-HUMBUG:—

"How the genuine Sportsman, Mr. Editor, will contemptuously smile at the obvious cockneyism of this description of a *Meltonian*! 'When turned out of the hands of his valet.....(quere, *Lady's Maid*!)—he presents the very *beau ideal* of his *caste*..... (Eau de Cologne and attar of roses!)—the exact Stultz-like fit of his coat.....(the tailor!)—his superlatively well-cleaned leather-breeches and boots.....(pipe clay and Warren's blacking!)—and the generally apparent high-breeding of the man!—Pshaw! we cannot go on, so completely does this account 'out-Herod-Herod'!—so completely does the slang of Albemarle-street pervade the whole of this contemptible composition."

Again: "How the Scholar, aye the very school-boy, will turn up his nose at such an affront to orthography as the following: 'Snob throws the *reign* over the neck of the good little bay-horse!' Snob too! how elegant!"

\* \* \* \*

"But to multiply instances of the wanderings of this *would-be Sportsman* were an endless as well as useless task, and I well know that your pages are in too great demand to admit a more detailed critique. I cannot, however, suffer the ink to dry in my pen without observing (which indeed must be apparent to every one) that the *whole of the names and characters* which figure in this made-up Essay are derived from

the pages of THE SPORTING MAGAZINE. And this too must call up a smile in the face of every discriminating reader, that, in an article of twenty-seven pages, professing to be a *review* of a book (*Nimrod* 'on the Condition of Hunters') published by you, the volume itself is *only once noticed*, and that in a sneaking note of *only four lines and two words*!—*Verb. sat.!*"

We did not condescend to notice this plagiarism on our pages at the time, nor to give place to the expressions of indignation universally excited among the leading members of the Sporting World at this palpable *robbery* of the leading features of our Magazine. But now, when under the *again* professed object of reviewing a work, (Darvill "on the Care, Treatment, and Training of the English Race-horse,") the same writer has *fudged up sixty-eight pages*, containing the historical facts and the numerous and highly-interesting anecdotes and incidents relative to parties connected with the Turf which have appeared in THE SPORTING MAGAZINE, we should be wanting in duty to ourselves, and in deference to the wishes of our numerous friends, not to "shew up" the contemptible purloiner of our Records.

As, however, assertion is no proof, we will enumerate some of the subjects touched upon in this furbished-up Essay, which have appeared in our pages. Holcroft's "Memoirs," given at considerable length in our xlviiiith vol., have furnished no small quota of this lengthened and highly-exalted article:—the "tricks of jockeys"—"the notorious Tregonwell Frampton's attempt to

do Sir W. Strickland"—the "celebrated Handicap race at Newcastle-under-Lyne, in which there were three dead heats"—the Duke of Queensberry's carriage-match (an engraving of which appeared in our xviii<sup>th</sup> vol.)—the conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour in a cricket ball—Buckle's and Chifney's superiority and style of riding—the characters of the jockeys of the past and present day, their excellences and peculiarities, and their system of "wasting"—(that is, all the facts, but not the blunders and ridiculous opinions mixed up with them, which could have proceeded only from one not having the slightest personal experience on racing matters)—the race between Forester and Elephant—the "breeders for the Turf"—the celebrated O'Kelly and his horse Eclipse—Sir Charles Bunbury's Eleanor, winner of the Derby and Oaks—the princely establishment of Colonel Mellish, even to the deserved compliment paid him, of *Nihil erat quod non tetigit ; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*—the great patrons and supporters of the Turf—the French Gentleman's visit to Don-

caster—nay, even the "Chances on Betting"—all, all are copied, in many instances *verbatim et literaliter*, even to the very words printed in *Italics*, from THE SPORTING MAGAZINE, *without acknowledgment*, and in defiance of every principle of honour or honesty. This is really "too bad!"

"What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?"

If our Correspondent ANTI-HUMBUG was indignant at the false colours under which the former article was smuggled into the *Quarterly*, what will he and the public think now, when they learn, that under the *mask of reviewing* Darvill, that Gentleman's work is not once mentioned in this long-winded article!!!

We cannot, with the Immortal Bard, say,

"Who steals my purse, steals trash ;"  
for the *Quarterly* has thought it worth while to "*filch*" from us, and pass off as an *original* article that which will be immediately recognised by every one of our Readers.

"There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;  
But hollow men, like horses hot in hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial."

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#### A FEW LINES FROM DASHWOOD.

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SIR,  
THE following anecdote is, I think, so singular that it deserves a record in your pages ; and I give it *verbatim* in the

words of that excellent sportsman, Mr. John Russell, of Devonshire, my old brother Collegian, who has been kind enough to

send it to me. He thus writes on the 22d of last month (June): "I have at this moment a fawn, to all appearance about a fortnight old (I caught it in Sir Arthur Chichester's park this day se'nnight), *sucking a hound bitch*, which takes as much care of it, and appears as fond it, as if it were her own offspring! Mr. Savile, of the 7th Hussars, has just been with me to see 'Cloudy' and her foster-child; and in the same open lincay (shed) are three hound bitches and three terriers, each and all of them most inveterate enemies to every wild animal: yet they allow this fawn to take any and every sort of liberty with them!"—On the 11th of July, however, I again received a letter from him; and, "you will be sorry," he says in it, "to hear that I have lost my little pet fawn. 'Cloudy's' milk appeared to disagree with him, and in consequence I had him weaned; but very shortly afterwards (indeed, in a day or two) he was found dead. Of course, I ordered the bitch to be put into the kennel; but after remaining there three days, she jumped over the palings, *and has never been heard of since!* One remarkable circumstance I forgot, I think, to mention to you in my last, which was, that, for the amusement of my friends, I used frequently to send 'Cloudy' into the kennel whilst she was suckling the fawn, and shortly afterwards introduce

'Master Joe,' as my little boy chose to christen him, when he would draw the benches most scientifically, and select his foster-mother from amongst the whole pack, none of whom ever betrayed the slightest symptom of anger at the appearance of their unusual visitor!"

I have every reason to hope that I may be able to avail myself of this distinguished Sportsman's invitation for next November, and thereby have the high treat of a few days, not only with his own *most killing* pack, but also with Sir Walter Carew's and Sir Arthur Chichester's hounds, whose country, I believe, lies within his immediate neighbourhood. After Christmas, I believe, that I am positively pledged to be in Yorkshire, life and health permitting; and I shall in that case make a finish on the blue heather of auld Scotland.

In my late account of the Somerset Vale and Mr. Tatchell, I omitted, I think, to sum up and enumerate the actual results of their season. The following summary will be found to be a correct one:—Hunting only twice a week, and having had seven blank days, and been also stopped on four others by frost and wet, they killed *thirteen brace and a half* of foxes, and earthed *eight brace and a half more*—not such bad work, let me add, for the first season of a pack of hounds in a country never before hunted.

DASHWOOD.

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#### TURNED OUT FOR LIFE.

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**T**HIS subject is painted by LAMBERT MARSHALL, and engraved by ROMNEY in a manner somewhat new (which is a

continued line on a white horse). These artists have been too long connected or rather identified with our work, and their efforts

**TURNED OUT FOR LIFE,**

*Admitted to the Prisoners' War for Life, 1883*

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too well received by our numerous Subscribers, to require any comment from us. Not so the subject: this is one on which the wisest Philosopher, the most humane and amiable Sportsman, might exhaust all the stores of the best organized mind. **TURNED OUT FOR LIFE!** a billet, or a bullet!—a billet, that consigns him to the daisied field, the grassy mead, the happy groves, and purling streams; or the bullet, that sends him where the “weary be at rest.” Help us! oh, all ye great and good! to decide which of these is best. Too old to do past services (though only sweet five-and-twenty), as well as to seek a new one..... turned out of the stud, but neither “spavined nor wind-galled,” with the remains of a beautiful form, an undaunted heart, and an unalterable spirit of gentleness—generous, attached, and faithful. “Blow his brains out!”—“Oh, fie! oh, fie! (swearing don’t look well in print): where is your gratitude?” said an old and excellent man and good sportsman, in reply to another equally good, with a character made up of the most perfect and kindly feelings. “What is the life of a horse? It is fine talking of the sunshine of life—of verdant lawns, delicious variegated herbage, dewy grass, so cooling to the heated feet and feverish body; and, above all, that love of liberty, &c., which I adore as much as you,” said he in haste: “And what then?”..... answering himself ..... Then comes a chilling frost, benumbed limbs, the wasted back set up in vain to ward off the pitiless storm. The love of liberty, it is true, may remain a few short days longer, but the power of enjoying

it is lost for ever; and to furnish him with the comforts of his younger days is next to impossible. Where is the fortune that could provide the warm stable, the clean straw bed, the well-preserved nutritious food, the good warm clothing, the regular stable discipline, with air and exercise sufficient to preserve health? A man with an establishment of twenty horses might soon have a hundred pensioners. It reads well, I grant, to consign a true and faithful servant to **HIM** that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; but the artificial way in which he has been kept for more than twenty years renders this wise dispensation ineffective—without a miracle. I also grant that our Indian brethren, who bring their aged parents to the water-side, there staking them down till the overwhelming tide swallows them up, is an *awful preparation*, and certainly rather appalling; but a horse, however sagacious, is not, and cannot be made aware of what awaits him, but ends his life, at best one of toil and trouble, with a *flash* quicker than thought, and so devoid of pain or sensation, that if he falls with a leg distended there is not enough of life left to draw it up; or, if contracted, to stretch it out.

What though you tell me each gay little  
rover

Shrinks from the breath of the first au-  
tumn day:

Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,  
To die, when all fair things are fading  
away.

Some in life's winter may toil to discover  
Means of procuring a weary delay;  
I'd be a Butterfly, living a rover,  
Dying when fair things are fading away.

Thus sings the inimitable Way-  
lett, and those that sing better we  
shall be most happy to hear them.

## SHOOTING.

PETITION OF PERTHSHIRE FARMERS FOR RIGHT OF SHOOTING  
HARES AND PHEASANTS ON THEIR OWN FARMS.

**W**E have been long aware of a growing feeling of destruction to everything which implicates Sporting in some parts of Scotland, but we were not prepared to see it burst out so suddenly as it has done in Perthshire, as will be seen from the following petition of the tenantry in that county to Parliament:

To the Honorable the COMMONS of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the humble PETITION of the undersigned TENANTS of FARMS in the county of Perth, Scotland,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners are respectfully to bring under the notice of your Hon. House, a grievance under which they labour, of a very serious and crying nature, and of which they earnestly trust your Hon. House will take measures for affording them redress. Your petitioners allude to the injury which their crops sustain by the depredations of Hares and Pheasants—injury, against which the law as it at present stands absolutely and entirely denies them all means of protecting themselves.

That the proprietors of land in the county in which your petitioners reside, or at least the great proportion of them, have been induced of late years to use means which have very much increased the numbers both of Hares and of Pheasants upon the farms occupied by their tenants, as well as upon farms which happen to adjoin their properties. To the crops of tenants, these animals have been more or less injurious at all periods; but during the last six years proprietors of land have been at pains directly to encourage their breed. This they have done by abstaining from killing any considerable numbers of them in any year, and by using every means in their power to protect and preserve them. The consequence of this line of conduct in the way of increasing the numbers of these animals (more especially in the case of the hare, whose fecundity is so notorious) need not be stated.

That the ravages which these animals commit upon growing crops of all kinds are so well known, that your Hon. House need only to be informed of the fact of their existing in great numbers upon and in the neighbourhood of your petitioners' farms, to be satisfied that your petitioners sustain very considerable loss and damage from them. Your petitioners can name several extensive estates in this county, the tenants on which have for some years past, from the ravages of these animals, sustained damage to the amount of more than an eighth part of the rent payable by them.

That, under any circumstances, the yearly loss arising to the tenantry from the cause now stated would be sufficiently felt by them; but, in the state of depression under which the whole agricultural interest is and has for these many years past been labouring, your Hon. House may believe that the burden has been felt peculiarly heavy.

That your petitioners are aware that it is maintained, by those who consider themselves interested in opposing their present claim, that—since a tenant taking a lease of a farm cannot fail to see that there are Hares and Pheasants upon it and in the neighbourhood, and as he thus enters into the transaction with his eyes open—he has no room for complaint. But your petitioners submit that this argument is very inconclusive. Were it the case that the breed of animals remains always the same in point of number, the argument would be insurmountable; because, in that case, the tenant could be placed, at no period of the lease, in a worse situation in this respect than when he became a party to it. But your Hon. House will be aware, that in Scotland farms are invariably let upon leases of considerable duration, the period being generally so long as nineteen years. Now, as it is undeniable that Hares and Pheasants have a perpetual tendency to increase, and in truth possess extraordinary fecundity; and as neither the landlord nor the adjoining proprietors are bound to keep them down;

while, on the other hand, the tenant is by law absolutely prevented from interfering with them; it is plain these animals may, at the pleasure of a tenant's landlord, and even of a neighbouring individual, be much increased in the very year after the tenant's entry—may in the following year be doubled in numbers—and, by the termination of the lease, may be over-running every part of the farm. Your petitioners are in a situation to point out fifty farms in the county of Perth, the Hares and Pheasants on each of which have been *quadrupled* in number since the entry of the several tenants, within these six years, to the very great damage, and almost the ruin, of the individuals. Your petitioners submit, that it is not consistent either with justice or with sound policy thus to allow the important interests of a tenant to be placed at the mercy, not merely of his landlord, but of a stranger—perhaps troublesome in his disposition—with whose lands his farm may have the misfortune to bound. It has been sometimes suggested that a tenant would be entitled to retain his rent, or to claim damages from a landlord, who should act towards him in the manner now mentioned; but it is notorious that landlords deny this position, and maintain that they are entitled to increase the Game to any extent, however ruinous to the tenant; and it seems very plain, that against a *neighbouring landlord*, with whom he had no connection beyond the circumstance of the contiguity of their lands, the tenant has no legal claim whatever.

That it may, perhaps, be urged, by such as oppose your petitioners' present views, that, by legislating on the subject, your Hon. House is in danger of interfering with existing contracts between landlord and tenant, by which the tenant may be excluded from all complaint on the score of injury from Game, and may even be excluded from complaining of the Game on his farm having been unduly increased subsequent to his entry. Now, your petitioners are quite aware that the property of a farm belongs to the landlord, and that it is in his power, in transacting with a tenant, not only to declare that the tenant shall be bound to fulfil his bargain, let him be ever so much damaged by acts of neighbouring proprietors, but to reserve to *himself* the liberty of increasing the Game on the farm to an unlimited extent, without any claim arising to the tenant. And your petitioners have no objection, that in any measure to be passed for remedying the evil of which they now complain, it shall be declared, that the measure shall have no application to the case of a tenant *bound by his lease to allow Game on his farm to be increased*. But they submit that, in all cases where there is no such obligation laid on the tenant, he is entitled to relief. It will be manifest to your Hon. House, that were anything *less* than an explicit obligation by the tenant to allow Game to be increased on his farm, to be received as excluding him from complaining of Game being increased upon him subsequently to his entry, he is liable to be ruined at any period of his lease, at the pleasure, not merely of his landlord, but of a neighbouring proprietor.

That the remedy which your petitioners would humbly suggest to your Hon. House as proper to be adopted is the passing of an Act, allowing tenants of farms in Scotland, in every case, excepting where the tenant is explicitly taken bound to allow Game to be increased on his farms, to exercise, jointly with the landlord, the *right of Shooting Hares and Pheasants*, each on his own farm—they previously taking out a Licence for doing so of the nature of a Game Licence.

That such a measure would obviously, in the *first* place, be attended with considerable advantage to the Revenue, from the additional duty which it would produce in the way of licences. But to your petitioners, it humbly appears, that it would have the important additional effect of protecting the crops and property of the tenantry against that injury which it sustains under the present state of things, without impairing to any serious extent the landlord's right of sporting. It will be observed, that your petitioners' demand is of a very limited nature. In the first place, they claim merely the right of exercising, along with the landlord and his friends, the right of Shooting Hares and Pheasants, these being the animals which are particularly injurious to their property. Even viewing the proposed measure in the least favorable light, therefore, the landlord would not only, by himself and his friends, have still joint right with the tenant to shoot Hares and Pheasants, but he would continue to possess the *exclusive* right of killing all other kinds of Game—partridges, plovers, woodcocks, snipes, grouse, deer, &c. without restriction or interference. In the next place, with regard even to Hares and Pheasants, landlords would have it in their power to prevent tenants from interfering with them, by doing away with the cause which would prompt them to interfere. It is obviously the interest of every tenant to be upon a good understanding with his landlord; and no tenant will run the risk of giving offence to his landlord, by interfering with his amusements, without good

reason. Moreover, it is quite certain that no tenant will be inclined, even in the most favorable times, to throw away the amount of the licence duty, if he can help it. Let landlords, therefore, only do *an act of common justice* to their tenants, by keeping down these animals to such a degree as that they shall not be seriously injurious to the property of the tenants, and it is plain the tenants will never interfere with them.

*May it therefore please your Hon. House, to pass an Act, declaring that in every case, excepting where the tenant is explicitly taken bound to allow Game to be increased upon his farm, tenants of farms in Scotland shall be at liberty to exercise, jointly with the landlord, the right of Shooting Hares and Pheasants, each on his own farm, they previously taking out a Licence for doing so of such an amount as to your Hon. House may seem proper.*

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.

In respect to the above petition we can say little more at present than that we are given to understand that there is hardly a tenant in Scotland who is not bound by his lease to protect Game; hence the quibble about increase is obvious: moreover that they can bring in arbitrators for damage by the Law of Scotland, without leaving it to the *feeling* of the landlord: and that it is in progress of being signed by many people who are notoriously not farmers. It being our duty, as far as we can, to protect all Sporting interests, we have inserted this first petition, which it is but little to presume will draw on others, which, should they gain ground so as to obtain what they aim at, would destroy shooting, fox-hunting, &c. &c. and leave the "Lord of the Soil" dependent on his tenantry whether he might plant a wood or a tree where he chose for shade or ornament, or make a gravel walk for the convenience of his wife and daughters, even if he might retain as much (or any part) of his property as he deemed necessary for his own use.

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## FLORA.

*Engraved by H. R. COOK, from a Painting by F. C. TURNER.*

**T**HE subject of our second Plate is FLORA, the property of Mr. R. L. Evans, bred by John Lowndes, Esq. of Brixton. — Few spaniels possess superior qualities: she will stand and back, and is an excellent retriever. At the age of ten months, in the course of two hours (single handed), she recovered for her master two-and-twenty brace of pheasants on the estate of A. W. Corbet, Esq. of Sundorne Castle, Shropshire; and, on another occasion, eighteen couple of rabbits in the same space of time. Although equally good in every branch of shooting, she is now principally used in the pursuit of snipes (her master's favorite sport), and in which she cannot be excelled.

# F L O R A .

*Published by Mr. M. D. Prichard, Warwick Square, London August 1833*

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## REMARKS ON THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB,

BY NEPTUNE.

SIR,

I Am happy to find, by your June Number, that a Correspondent has undertaken to furnish you with intelligence concerning the proceedings of the R. Y. C. I perfectly agree with the talented writer as to the superior qualities of the *Water Witch*; I believe her owner may safely challenge any vessel in the Navy, and that she is well calculated for a man-of-war in every respect, and does infinite credit to the builder, and to whoever fitted and rigged her. The only reason she was not purchased by Government was owing, I have heard, that Sir P. Malcolm did not include her in his report of the trials with the Experimental Squadron. I give you the story exactly as I heard it, without vouching for the truth: if it be not true, I think the Noble Owner should in justice have an opportunity of contradicting it. On the *Water Witch* joining the squadron, the Admiral informed her Commander he should be most happy to enter her in his reports of the trials, but he should expect that the *Water Witch* would, in common with the rest of the squadron, obey all his signals as to tacking, making sail, &c. &c. The *Water Witch* in one or more instances neglected to tack when ordered, thereby standing further in her reach, and perhaps gaining some advantage; and as Sir P. M. had not the same authority over her Commander as over the squadron, his only resource was not to take any notice of her whatever, nor

did the Admiralty receive any official account of her qualities.

To no one is the Yacht Club more indebted than to the Earl of Belfast. It was not till he appeared with his *Harriett* that the spirit of rivalry attained any great height, and which chiefly was the means of the Club having such splendid vessels as are borne on its list. When the *Harriett* was built, Mr. Weld's *Arrow* was considered the crack vessel, though the *Menai*, and *Scorpion*, and *Miranda* now and then disputed the palm. Mr. Weld at that time, I believe, thought a cutter of 80 or 100 tons ought to beat one of any size; but Mr. Assheton Smith, in the *Menai*, and Mr. Maxse in the *Miranda*, both 20 or 30 tons larger, soon convinced him that nine days out of ten the larger vessel will have the advantage, if at all similar in model. Lord Belfast then brought out the *Therèse*; but whether she was the same size as at present (120) I forget: and Mr. Weld produced the *Lulworth*, 127. These two had many close trials, but, I believe, on the whole to the advantage of the *Lulworth*; and from the great superiority of both their bottoms and general management, these two almost always were superior to their larger antagonists, *Menai* and *Miranda*, who had both been lengthened, still making them larger. The *Menai* was then lengthened again, making her 160 or 170; and Lord Belfast having built the *Louisa* (140, I believe), Mr. Weld, to make sure of the Challenge

Cup, which he lost this year evidently from being overpowered, determined to build *a cutter of one hundred and ninety tons*, and to the astonishment of every one the *Alarm* made her appearance. Mr. Assheton Smith, about this time, from some momentary pique I understand, withdrew from the contest and Club, and Mr. Maxse did the same, disposing of their splendid vessels at a sacrifice of thousands. The Duke of Norfolk, however, brought out a new vessel, the *Arundel* 188, and the *Louisa* was lengthened, making her 167; but I believe his Lordship is now convinced the *Alarm* can beat her, as I hear he purposes building one of greater tonnage than either the *Alarm* or *Arundel*, now 210, as I understand from your Correspondent, and I have no doubt both these latter vessels will be obliged to yield.

I think either his Lordship or Mr. Weld can afford to give any other vessel *twenty tons*; but I do not think in the long run they can give one another ten tons, so perfect are their models: and the same thing may be said of any two vessels from White's or Inman's Yard, or in fact any of the noted builders. To what size these cutters may be carried without great inconvenience is, I believe, unknown; though I have heard there were some in the Service larger than any of the present yachts, but I never saw one, nor do I know how they answered. That our Revenue cutters, on the southern coast, are wonderfully improved from the model of the yachts is a well-known fact: and, however some people may condemn the present trials of yachts in fine weather,

&c. as being no proof of superiority, you may be assured the man that can build a good fast-sailing vessel of one sort, however slight, will produce a good one, for more substantial wear.

Most men are now pretty well convinced that if they wish to win Matches they must give up the idea of going to sea in comfort: for a vessel rigged for going from place to place, without risk of springing spars and such like accidents, will have no chance when brought against one in regular trim and in racing order. There are some owners of vessels who delight only in Matches, and whose whole time is nearly devoted to trying their vessels' rates of sailing on different points, shifting ballast, &c. till they find out exactly what is the right trim, keeping a regular log of their experiments, and they must have an advantage over any one who is careless about these matters: and as it is impossible to make men alter their rig, or submit to laws which do not suit their fancies in a Society like the Club, the result is, that very few Members will enter their vessels; and therefore year after year the contest is between the same or nearly the same individuals—highly interesting for the time, I grant, but still not what it ought to be.

Even now Regattas have sadly fallen off; and should Lord Belfast or Mr. Weld withdraw, I doubt whether any one will be bold enough to take their places. I should think neither of these Members can have spent less than *thirty thousand pounds* in building and fitting vessels alone, without the pay of the crews—an immense sum for individuals, with-

out a chance of getting any of their expenses repaid, as turfmen have. The expense of maintaining these immense vessels is more than most people like to undertake, and therefore smaller vessels of about seventy or eighty tons are in much greater request; and though efforts have been made of late years to get vessels to enter for the Cups, &c. by allowing *time for tonnage*, it has very seldom answered. It is a very difficult thing to manage properly: it requires a person of great experience and judgment: the scale should never be fixed till the *latest moment*, that the weather at the time may be taken into consideration; and the state of the local tides should also have due weight in fixing the time; and furthermore the known qualities of the vessel should, I think, be allowed to influence his judgment—of course the proprietor might object, and pay forfeit if he thought his vessel had no chance (I am supposing a Sweepstakes, which occurred once or twice of late). From all these reasons there are not half a dozen Members of the Club fit for the office.

Something will ere long be wanting to give a fresh impetus to Regattas; and I know not what would effect this better than establishing a *National Regatta*, under the direction of the R.Y.C., and subject to such laws as it may make. Let a Produce Stake of 100gs. or 200gs. each be formed, with a *bonus of some thousands* given by the Club, and subscriptions from different ports, Societies, or Government; so that a prize may be formed of a value to amply repay the winner the expense of his vessel's build and rigging; and let it be

confined to a certain tonnage, anything you like (200 or 300 tons), open to all nations and every description of vessel, simply being limited in size. Let the subscriber name a builder by such a day, who is to produce a vessel, so that it may be known some months previous what vessels are expected; and let their trials be conducted something on the principle of the Experimental Squadrons—so many days trial on all points of sailing; or say three, to windward, free, and running; but I would have the going to windward considered in a greater ratio than either of the other two points, which might be done by counting one day's advantage to windward equal to two free, and so on; and I would also have these trials take place off different ports—as the Downs, Portsmouth, and Plymouth—which would be an inducement for the inhabitants of those parts subscribing handsomely to the bonus, as there would be a large assemblage of vessels, &c., and a proportionable quantity of money expended, as the trials might take place three days during a week at each place, thereby ensuring the presence of a squadron for that time. Men would then easily form parties to produce a vessel, if they feared to risk the whole sum singly—or different Societies or Clubs, in Ireland, Scotland, or in foreign countries, might employ some builder to produce a vessel of the requisite size. I would open it to all the world—Governments and private individuals; and I think, if the prize was sufficiently large, there would be no want of vessels to contend for it: and a most interesting sight it must

prove to all persons fond of such things, and able to appreciate the manœuvres of the different vessels. To prevent *too many* vessels being entered, I would suggest their being obliged to be within 10 and 20 tons of the size specified; but I would not confine a vessel to one year, so her size agreed with whatever the Club might fix as the limit. The winner might be made claimable at a certain price, if upon proper inspection within a certain period she should be thought worth, fixing the price *below* her real value. I also think this system would give rise to a little betting, which would create additional interest—if anything of the sort be wanting to add to the incitement of most owners of vessels, in a close match, which is beyond what it is possible to imagine. I have seen some in such a state, when their antagonist has been, perhaps, within a few seconds of weathering them, perfectly laughable, as they could not bear to be spoken to, and ready to quarrel with you for, perhaps, putting your head above the gunnel, and all on board have shared in some measure. For my own part, fond as I am of hunting and racing, I never experienced the feelings in those pursuits equal to those I have in sailing. To the multitude Regattas, though pretty sights on a fine day, are a mass of confusion; but to sailors weather makes little difference, so the vessels are well matched, and there is some wind, great or small—though a fresh breeze, if not *too much*, is preferred.

I heartily agree in your Correspondent's opinion (which I see in the July Number, just received)

of the necessity of re-modelling the Club, unless the party feeling which has prevailed so much since so many of the Sister Isle have been admitted Members does not subside. I also find that, as usual, there will be only two competitors for the King's Cup; for as to the Menai, she will have as little chance as one of Mr. Craven's hunters would have against Camarine over the Flat at Newmarket, except through an accident. She is a splendid vessel; but even in Smith's possession she never could beat any vessel of Lord Belfast's or Mr. Weld's that was within 20 tons of her own size, except by great good luck. The last time she won (if I remember right) was the day the *Louisa* carried away her gaff in jibing, having very judiciously—rather than get bothered by the other two in short tacks, where, from her being to leeward in starting, it was impossible to get clear—preferred standing across to the North shore off Cowes, and thereby, as it happened, was able to fetch the first flag-boat in two tacks. The *Lulworth* and *Menai* were fighting *close together* in-shore on the Island side, tack for tack; but the latter, from her station at starting, was able to keep the other always under her lee, and thereby was just able to fetch round, while the *Lulworth* missed by about a yard or two, which gave the *Menai* the race; for a strong flood tide running, the *Lulworth* had to make a short tack in it, while the other was running before the wind, with a strong tide in her favour.

Though I allow the *Menai*, when they were at the *Nab-light*, from her superior size, and con-

sequently power of carrying sail in a strong wind and heavy sea, had the advantage—but now the tonnage is against her; and furthermore I believe her spars have been reduced. Though Mr. Craven will, I have no doubt, if he is in earnest in hoping to win, remedy that; still, in my opinion, it will be in vain: therefore I would advise him not to believe all the *trash* and *folly* a parcel of prejudiced Itchen ferry-men will tell him about the vessel and her former doings.

Your Correspondent also mentions the match between the *Louisa* and *Alarm* round the Owers Light, rather, I fear, from a little partiality to the Cowes favorite; but I believe the result of that race was chiefly owing to the *Alarm* not being managed with the usual judgment of Mr. Weld's Captain, and not to the *Louisa's* greater power in a sea. I should like to have 100l. on every match made between these vessels: but, as Lord Durham has got her, there is little chance, I suppose. There is one peculiarity about all Mr. Weld's vessels, which has often struck me: that while almost all others have been altered or lengthened and made larger, his have always remained the same; by which it would appear their proportions are so exact as not to be altered without the risk of spoiling the vessel. I believe, however, the *Pearl* (Marquis of Anglesea) is the same as when first launched, though I am not sure. Some alter and alter, till there is hardly a bit of original stuff remaining, and very often spoil a good little vessel; for instance, the *Blue-eyed-Maid*, though her owner I know fancies she is vastly improved.

When I look at the list, however, I find there are a few who still remain as when first built (in regard to size at least), old vessels too some of them, who still maintain their good character, which speaks volumes for their builders. The little *Eliza* 34, *Liberty* 42 (formerly Marquis Anglesea's), could, I think, give five tons to any other. The little *Matilda* 44, I have seen carry sail most surprisingly. This is the vessel built by Mr. A. Smith some years ago, at Itchen Ferry, to beat everything of her class. She went to Ireland to make her first appearance, and got beat so, that in a passion her owner sold her for some trifling sum, but who got her I forget. She, however, made her appearance about three seasons ago again at Cowes, and I consider her one of the best of her class. What was the reason of her defeat in Ireland I know not, except the well-known obstinacy and confidence in his own opinion of the gallant Tom—though, to do him justice, I think he knows more about *seamanship* than most of the amateur sailors; but there are local circumstances to be considered often in a race, which a long and intimate acquaintance with the place can only teach. To shew what a very trifling circumstance may spoil a vessel sailing, I remember the *Miranda* being beat so unaccountably in one of her races, that nothing could persuade Mr. Maxse but that some of the knowing ones at Cowes had contrived to attach something to his vessel's keel, and he actually had a rope passed along her keel from stem to stern twice during the race in order to ascertain the fact. One of his friends on board (a naval

man) soon suspected the real cause; but, knowing how jealous *some* gentlemen-sailors are of any interference or advice from that profession, would not offer any opinion, until, the vessels being off Ryde, working back, and the leading vessel miles a-head, it was very evident the *Miranda's* chance was out. He then said, "I tell you what, Maxse; the reason of the vessel sailing so different from yesterday is, you have had your mast stayed more forward since last night; give it an *inch*, and you will find I am right."

This was done, and the improvement in the vessel's sailing, which was evident from the manner she overhauled those in front, convinced every one on board the *sailor* was right.

Your Correspondent is quite right about the superiority of Cowes over Portsmouth for a station; though, if the Commissioners of Ryde Pier would make a couple of arms to the end of their pier, acting like a breakwater, Ryde is as good as Cowes *Roads* to lay at in summer, and possesses far superior accommoda-

tions on shore, for there are not above twelve houses at Cowes fit for Noblemen or men of fortune who have their families with them. The only advantage is having a harbour, with builders' yards; which, after all, it would be better for a good many of the Members' pockets if they were a little further removed from—for some of those gents have as smooth a tongue as a Yorkshire horse-dealer, and should not be visited except by an experienced hand.

Adieu, Mr. Editor: I am more than 200 miles from the Mother Bank, and do not expect to look on salt water for some time, so have amused myself scribbling this long epistle, the contents of which I hope will not give any one offence, for I am totally unconnected with any Member of the Club, and merely give the result of my observations at different periods on an amusement to which I have always been much attached, though, strange to say, I never possessed a vessel or boat of my own.

NEPTUNE.

July 3, 1833.

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## DRUMMOND CASTLE — DEER STALKING, &c.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

(Continued from our last Number, p. 267.)

SIR,  
**T**HE Deer Forest of Glenartney is the next part of the Drummond Castle territory which presents itself to consideration, and will naturally induce an attempt on my part to give some idea of the sport of deer-stalking, before which all other British sports must veil their heads—I mean any which may be classed under the "*chasse au fusil*." In

point of fatigue or excitement it stands at the head of them all, and there are many instances, when men have had an opportunity of enjoying it in perfection, where it has given them a distaste for their previously most cherished amusements. Glenartney, the opening scene of the *Lady of the Lake*, (at that supposed time it was a Royal Forest,) lies about

six miles westward from the Castle, between it and Callander. It has continued a Deer Forest precisely and exactly the same ever since to this very hour ; and the uninterrupted and lineal descendants of that fancied " Monarch of the waste," who led Fitzjames such a merciless chivy when he broke away over Ben Voirlich—a nearly perpendicular sugar-loaf mountain, *only* three thousand feet above the surface of Loch Earn, and three thousand three hundred above that of the sea—are the same species as they were in those days, still the only *red* deer which frequent this part of Perthshire, and who are here preserved by Lord Willoughby in their mountainous and time-out-of-mind native haunts. Shade of Bob Louth ! was not the Great Unknown, now a fellow shade, astride of *Pegasus* with a vengeance when he detailed this *Highland* "Bilsdon Coplow day?" Nothing that ever was conceived or heard of, but the Hippogriff, *could have come it*. As to any "gallant gray" (by the way "the Banks of Seine" was the unlikeliest place in the world for Fitzjames to fall in with such a clipper), but a grey eagle, seeing a hound in it for ten consecutive minutes was impossible ; but those were the days of magic, and Fitzjames's nag must have certainly, for the time, been possessed of a devil (and a hell of a one to go !), which deserted him at the "Brig of Turk :"—it would be a *gruelling* day's work to an air balloon.

The way in which these deer are now a-days followed is more suited to even this poor prose, for it is altogether an affair of stratagem and circumvention.

This celebrated glen commences (though more properly, not to say paradoxically, speaking, it there ends) just above the small village of Comry, where the impetuous Ruchill joins its waters to those of the Earn. In this lower extremity, on one side of which it is ascended by a tortuous road, its features are not particularly striking, it being little more than a shaggy dell, through which the Ruchill is heard, not seen, roaring through the woods. On reaching the simple but beautiful bridge of Dulclothick, the glen expands, becomes destitute of wood, and progressively assumes a gloomy grandeur, which borders on the sublime. Just above the bridge stands the shooting-lodge, whence each feature of the glen is at once discernible. A pleasanter spot in the month of August no sportsman can picture to himself. The best and most extensive grouse-shooting can be reached from it : and the Ruchill at this period abounds with sea-trout, who run up to its impetuous and rocky torrents to spawn. On the naked hills which form the top of Glenartney the red deer resort, and it is called a forest only from old prescription and right ; for in fact, as to its being a forest, it is "*lucus a non lucendo*." At this period of the year, however, there is fine sweet short herbage on them, and the harts feed and lie on the tops and sides of the most mountainous situations, whence they can see all around them, no animal which is the subject of man's pursuit being more apprehensive and wary : hence the extreme difficulty of approaching them with any certainty of success. Lower down among the dells and glens, where food and shelter are to be attained at less

trouble, the hinds resort with their calves, and with them occasionally are a few young harts. A good telescope is as necessary an instrument as a rifle-gun, and the whole localities have to be strictly reconnoitred before any plan is resolved upon, much less any attempt made. I have been shewn by an old and experienced deer-stalker what he assured me was a herd, but which I could not ascertain to be such, though, on resorting to the telescope, they were plainly discernible.

When the herd are perceived lying down or grazing, the first object (attain it how it can be done) is to get well to windward, for their wariness and power of winding their dreaded enemy are almost inconceivable. Sometimes, if the deer-stalker can undergo the fatigue of traversing these Alpine precipices, it may be advisable to endeavour to get up to them, as they sometimes are so placed that such advance can be made on them with a fair prospect of a shot. But this does not often happen, and the fatigue few gentlemen choose to incur. The shooters then resort to certain passes or stations, which the knowledge and experience of the foresters prompt them to recommend, according to the weather, the point the wind may blow from, &c.; most of whom are generally accompanied by an attendant or attendants (provided with spare rifles), and one or more large dogs of the rough greyhound species, termed (and I conceive properly) deer-hounds, as they add (*mostly*) to considerable speed the power of following by scent, and would seem, though they somewhat resemble them in shape, to vary, if not totally to

differ from the common greyhound: my own opinion is, that they are the same animal as the old Irish greyhound, now extinct in that country. They are not certainly so large as the Irish dog is represented to have been, but that could easily be accounted for from more than one cause.

The late Duke of Athol, who who had one of the finest Deer Forests in Scotland, at Blair in Athol, and who was devoted to the sport even almost to the very day of his death, had this breed in great plenty and perfection, and was certainly in his day the first deer-stalker in Scotland, excepting perhaps the late Macdonnell of Glengary. I shall, therefore, give an extract from the letter of an old sportsman some few years back.

"I had the pleasure to attend the Duke of Athol in an excursion into his extensive forest in August last, and will attempt to describe to you the manner of His Grace's sport. When he first alights from his horse the servants present him with telescopes, by the use of which, looking on the mountains' sides or in the valleys, it is easy to distinguish every hart, hind, or calf: and I may venture to assert that in eight hours not fewer had been perceived than from three to four thousand head, young and old; and were it possible to go over it in a day, I am confident a man might see ten thousand deer. When His Grace espies a herd settled, he uses all methods to gain the wind of them, approaching with the utmost caution till within a hundred or six score yards. He uses a single rifle gun, and, being a first marksman, seldom misses his aim. If the herd pass or cross

him, his servants supply him with a second, and sometimes even a third piece, and he has frequently killed a hart at each shot. When they are not to be come at in the wide and open valleys, his men are sent round in all directions where the deer can catch the wind of them, and then, or on sight, the deer return down wind, generally by some well-known pass or track, where His Grace, taking advance of the track, with the wind in his favour, can frequently fire his three rifle guns in the time they drive by him, and will hit them on full speed from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards distance\*. When the deer is wounded in a general way he leaves the herd, or rather the other harts force him out as soon as he begins to bleed freely. The man who leads the greyhounds, by a signal from His Grace, or the forester, slips them, and they are laid on the slot or track; if the deer has not yet broke from the herd, the hounds will single him out from any number, and will not look at any other: sometimes he will run miles before the dogs can bring him to bay, where they will keep him until the foresters come up, who cut the deer's throat, and the dogs' reward is the hot blood, which makes them eager and keen. The deer thus killed is paunched, laid across a horse, and tied on; and there are always three or four of these horses, and men, following at a distance to carry home the slain of the day. On some fortunate days His Grace

has killed from four to six harts, weighing from twenty to twenty-five stone English weight; and I have seen several brought home to Blair Castle that cut on the haunches more than three inches of solid fat."

Such is a general outline of this grand sport amid the Alpine recesses of Glen Tilt, which is the most noted part of the Forest of Blair; and of all the scenes which may astonish the imagination in the wild bosom of the Grampians, none can be found combining more picturesque and characteristic features. But frequently it is found impossible by the most skilful foresters to drive the deer by the passes, as they either pass above or below them: in this last case it is then that the shooter is put to the exertion of every faculty; he will have to ascend as speedily as he can, or to descend, a rugged and precipitous rock, or to run, to endeavour to get in advance several hundred yards, at the top of his speed, glad if he can then take his shot without rest or hesitation. But fatiguing, and frequently tantalizing as it is, I never yet knew one who had followed it who did not prefer it to all other sport. Indeed it is so exciting that it frequently puts beginners, though capital shots otherwise, off their practice; and I could give many instances of well-known sportsmen who have experienced this to their great astonishment and vexation, and despite every endeavour to call upon their self-possession.

\* A double rifle gun, as light as a common fowling-piece, made by Mr. Ancell of Perth, was recently tried there, and at a hundred and fifty yards put the shot of both barrels repeatedly into less space considerably than would be occupied by a full grown hart, even on full stretch.

No person ever took such delight in, or more pains in breeding and improving the Highland deer-hound than the late Chieftain of Glengary. I am enabled to say some little concerning his method of breeding and training. I have before stated that, in my own opinion, these rough deer-hounds were of the same species originally as the Irish greyhound; their appearance is exactly similar; and I have seen likenesses of some of the Altamont breed. The only old notice of either I can find is the following:—"The Highland Grehound, now very scarce, is of great size, deep-chested, and covered with long hair. This hound was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerfull Cheiftains in their magnificent hunting matches. It had as sagacious nostrils as the bloodhound, and was as feirce. The Irish grehound, a very rare dog even in that kingdom, was probably the lorarius or lyemner, and these were probably imported into Ireland by the Danes."—The truth of the matter is, they were both used as lyemners, as they were led in thongs—the word *lyemm* signifying a thong. That, however, the Highland breed has degenerated (the Irish is nearly if not altogether extinct) may be gathered from the fact, that Glengary and the Duke of Athol both crossed them, and, as may be inferred from the crosses, for deficiency of nose, which was, says the above-quoted extract, as good as the bloodhound. Hoyland, Glengary's late forester, told me, that during his time, the last twelve years previous to the latter's death, they had not been crossed; but Mr.

Brown, in his work on Dogs, states, on Glengary's own authority, that he had at one period crossed them with the genuine Pyrenean wolf-dog; and I know that when Glengary (his name was Macdonnell, but the Scotch gentry are always called by the name of their estates) went with his dogs into Blair in Athol, they did not consider them to be pure bred, and moreover deemed them too heavy. Hoyland's information was, that in his day they were bred promiscuously from all and the nearest affinities, provided they were possessed of any signal qualification, or had distinguished themselves on any particular occasion. The principal care they took was to make them at first seize a weak wounded deer by the throat or ear, which being early and carefully attended to, they never after, when thus once fairly entered and confirmed, broke or tore any other part of the animal. When they happened to run in on a wounded one by themselves, who was too much hurt or exhausted to turn to bay, their early dispositions, or more properly attributes, were carefully watched, and they were trained for coursing or retrieving, as they indicated or evinced more or less tenderness of nose.

The mountains in Glengary's country, for it was of that extent it could be termed nothing else, are rugged and precipitous in the extreme. There is, however, a good deal of natural wood in the glens, among which the deer at some periods more particularly harbored. This sometimes rendered the shots more difficult, and the deer were frequently only wounded. The manner of following them in such instance was

this: one Highlander led a brace of good runners in slips, while another put a staunch-nosed one on the track or slot, holding him in a rope attached to his collar, precisely after the fashion of the ancient lyemner. The dog acknowledged the scent by a few whisks of his tail, and, thrusting his nose high and forward, went straight on, just as a pointer does, only more regularly and quickly, when drawing up on running birds, the man always holding him. When they came to fault, which the hound indicated by putting his nose to the ground, they allowed him to cast as he liked, though in hold, and he scarcely ever failed recovering. When they came to brooks and small rivers, which were frequent, the hound, when well entered and up to his business, instantly went up the side, and the moment he lost scent took the water at once; and my informant assured me that their sagacity, perseverance, and truth on these occasions beggared conception, and that, long experience as he had, it continued to strike him with wonder and admiration to the last.

At night (for these followings sometimes lasted a day or two) a special mark was set down; and if there was a shepherd's hut, of which many were scattered over the hills, they made for it, and were sure to find a good peat fire, with plenty of milk, whiskey, and clean straw: they carried other provisions. After a hearty meal and plentiful libations, seasoned by some tremendous long yarns from the Chief—who to the great delight of the Highlanders, who adored him, was a grand *raconteur* in Gaelic—they all lay down together; the only extra luxury

the Chief had being a pair of blankets, instead of, or rather added to, a rachan or plaid. Sometimes, no hut being near, they lay out on the mountain, where Glengary was always the first man to be asleep. For the convenience of crossing the rivers they all wore kelts, so that their limbs were comparatively dry. By day-dawn they commenced again, and, incredible as it may appear, the track-dog scarce ever failed, sooner or later, to take up the scent. To lose a wounded deer rendered Glengary furious; and as his anger was in keeping with the unceasing perseverance which actuated him in the pursuit of this *one* sport, and quite in character with his notions of his rank and power as a Chieftain—which were of the most antiquated and romantic die—his attendants, as well as his hounds, did all that in them lay to avert such a catastrophe, and it was of very rare occurrence that they were defeated. Sometimes they came upon the deer dead, or in so great a state of exhaustion as to secure it easily; at other times it was viewed at a distance; and in this case the coursing hounds were slipped, and never failed bringing the quarry to bay. All the hounds were always rewarded with a share of the blood.

Such were the dogs crossed with the Pyrenean wolf-dog, and such the practice of one of the most indefatigable deer-stalkers, of modern days at least, on record. In the sporting line, though possessing all kinds of game in abundance, he did *nothing* else. He was the last of the Highland proprietors who attempted to keep up the old associations, &c. of Chieftain and clanship, which,

though he was possessed of *excellent* qualities, hardly suited these our times, and sometimes rendered his conduct what might be termed even more than eccentric.

His death was in keeping with such associations. Passing up the Caledonian Canal in a steamer with two of his daughters, the boat was in danger of being wrecked near shore. One of the young ladies had been landed, when Glengary, thinking he could be of more assistance to the remaining one, cast himself into the water, but was dashed by a wave with such violence against a rock that he survived but a short time. The lady was saved.

I have before mentioned the Duke of Athol's system; but with respect to hounds he bred differently, crossing the Highland rough deer-hound with the modern stag or fox-hound, but never breeding again from that cross.

These methods of getting at and killing the red deer are similarly followed in the Old Royal Forest of Glenartney, though not so unceasingly prosecuted. The noble owner is an excellent rifle shot; the head forester, Cameron, though an old man, a skilful man in his craft,

On the opposite side of the Ruchill the moors extend in multiform heights and undulations through the solitudes of Fenderglen towards Dumblane, near where they join Lord Kinnoul's moors at Cromlix, a distance of nearly ten miles; while right and left they expand, under various denominations, to the Roman Camp and the Castle, in both directions in still greater range. The Loch Katrine moors I have already mentioned; Glentarkin, a wide tract of itself, lying between

Loch Earn and Loch Tay, must be deferred to its own place. Vast as this—for any number of sportsmen almost, if they had tents, might migrate through these wilds, and shoot for days and days—it is in most years thrown open to many of the first shots in Britain, who experience at the Castle and Roman Camp a refined and commensurate hospitality.

Before taking leave of this glen, there is a feature in it, and in some parts a considerable one, which to some few of your readers would present no small attraction. This is the mountain-stream of the Ruchill, which at some periods only shews an almost dry, rugged, and rocky channel, in every variety of naked and almost savage rudeness, presenting to view what might scarcely be deemed even a trickling rill, occasionally intersected with deep pools; at others, after a flood, exhibiting a "torrent roaring loud," and foaming in impetuous eddies over all these time-furrowed impediments. As the waters begin to clear, when they first subside a little after these speats or floods, the Ruchill is then one of the best rivers in Perthshire for sea-trout, which, in this month particularly, force their way from the Tay up the Earn, to this favorite and sequestered haunt, for the purpose of spawning. Some people assert that this fish, termed among fishermen and anglers sea-trout, is the salmon of the first year, after the fry has migrated to the sea; that in the second it becomes the grilse or peel; and in the third the salmon. The *smaller* sea-trout is always to be found and fished for in the neck, or most impetu-

ous and *strongest* part 'of all streams, and none is too violent for it ; while the *larger* fish, the grilse or salmon, as invariably lie in the *quieter* parts and tail of the stream. If they be the same fish, and it is said they have been marked when fry, and ascertained to return in each gradation to the parent stream, it is singular that they should prefer in their smaller and weaker state the torrent which they *never* haunt

in their more advanced and matured strength : but that it is so, every old Piscator knows. These wild rocks, and being clothed with wood on both banks towards its lower extremity, renders the Ruchill an extremely difficult stream to fish. Take it all in all, there can be nowhere a more romantic glen than this, which, as the scene of the opening lines of the *Lady of the Lake*, is in some sort familiar to most readers;

“ The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where shone the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazle shade.”

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

( To be concluded in our next. )

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## THE HOLDERNESS COUNTRY.

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SIR,

**A**S your excellent and entertaining Miscellany contains in the course of the year notices of the operations generally of the hunting counties in England, I am induced to give you an account of the Holderness country, in which I reside, under the superintendence of that thorough-going good one Tommy Hodgson ; and should I be fortunate enough to hit off your taste, I shall feel a pride in having contributed to so respectable a periodical.

The kennel is about a mile out of Beverley, which town is becoming quite a favorite resort for sportsmen; and situate in the centre of one of the finest scenting countries in the kingdom, it cannot fail of attracting the attention of those who understand “ what's what.” The hounds in kennel generally average sixty couple.

They are hunted by Mr. Hodgson himself, whipped in to by Will Danby, as keen a little fellow as ever put foot in a stirrup, and Jim Jackson, who formerly lived under Lord Harewood, and one who can cram a horse along when required, or save his bacon for another day. The country hunted by this pack is from fifteen to twenty square miles, a great deal of it grass, and in some parts, particularly to the north, very light fencing. Eynhope, Parson's Close, the Six Acres, James Wood, the Rabbit Whins, the Low Linn, the High Linn, and Parson's Green, are the favorite coverts, always affording a stout-running fox, from any of which he cannot take a bad line of country, which is saying a great deal as times go. The Holderness will, I believe, maintain its virtues to the last, for

we have neither railways, canals, nor manufactories to interfere with the chase. If I was not afraid of trespassing at too great a length on your valuable pages, I would send you a few extracts from my hunting journal of the best days of last season: however if you would like to have them at a future time, you have only to give an encouraging cheer in the next Number. I will, however, send you one as a sample.

On Saturday the 9th of February met at Springwell, near the fourth mile-stone on the Hull road. There was a field of, I should say, at least a hundred well mounted horsemen, several from the Badsworth and other Hunts. At eleven o'clock we proceeded to the Rabbit Whins, and no sooner were the hounds scattered in the covert than Ellis Hodgson's loud tally-ho proclaimed the flight of the fugitive. It was so sudden and unexpected that half the field were dismounted, and there was such a scrambling and tying on of tiles as was never seen before. The hounds were out of covert in an instant: at one puff of Tom Hodgson's bugle they were tearing away on the scent. Will and Jim both got away with the hounds, as also Mr. Forster of Hull, and Mr. J. Smith, but all the rest of the field were left behind, and did not see a hound for twenty minutes, during all which

period they were going at a racing pace across the open fields of Beverley. A check at some straggling cottages about three miles from Weighton let us all up however, and gave those whose horses had lived with the hounds a chance of recovering themselves; and we shortly after proceeded at a good brisk pace to the north of the town of Pocklington, by Claxton, and finally ran in to him about three fields from Lit, after a run of three hours and twenty-five minutes, with only three short checks. A gentleman from York of the name of Graham, being a stranger, had the brush presented to him.

There were many Members of different Hunts out, and two gentlemen, in the scarlet and blue uniform of the Badsworth, cut a good figure. I have exhausted my paper; but before I conclude allow me to compliment you on the decided superiority of our Magazine. It is the general observation in this country that it never was better, and that your information both on hunting and racing is excellent.

I am, Sir, &c.

*Old Friend with a New Face.*

P.S. I have just heard that the Sandbeck Hunt is about to be given up, and that Lord Harewood is going to hunt that country with his present one, as they adjoin.

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### LETTERS FROM COWES—No. III.

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DEAR —

I Told you in my last that not a house was to be had here for love or money that commanded a view of the yachts in the Roads,

or indeed had any sea-view whatever: this of course is still the case; but it is truly annoying and provoking to see the multitude

of lodgings, that, though taken, are yet empty and unoccupied, in consequence of the eternal and never-ending sittings of our Lords and Commons.

We had a splendid sight here the other day. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria arrived at Norris Castle on the 1st, and passed through Cowes Roads in their way in the Emerald Yacht, towed by the Messenger steamer. The reception the Royal Party met with was enthusiastic, and the appearance of the yachts imposing and beautiful in the extreme, being all decked out in flags, and having their yards and booms manned by their crews, all dressed alike, and saluting with three hearty cheers.

I am happy to say Her Royal Highness has given a superb Cup of 100 guineas to be sailed for next month by yachts of from 50 to 75 tons burden. This will bring a number of fine vessels to the post (of course, however, excluding all the very superior yachts), and will have the effect of shewing us a very sporting race, though it is in point of fact a premium for inferior vessels, and is the very reverse of what is done upon the turf. However the object is to have lots of vessels and as much sport as possible; and if the articles of the race included such cutters as the Duke of Norfolk's Arundel, there are only three yachts that could have the least chance in contending with her. The Royal Duchess has very kindly also placed a Purse of 100 guineas at the disposal of Lord Yarborough (the Commodore of the Yachts), for prizes to the pilot and fishing vessels of Cowes, and also for row-

boats; so that it may be safely anticipated many days' good sport are yet in store for us. On these occasions their Royal Highnesses intend to hoist the Standard on board Lord Yarborough's Falcon.

The race for the King's Cup on the Royal Birth-day will probably lie between Lord Belfast's brig Water Witch of 330 tons, Lord Durham's cutter Louisa 165, and Mr. Weld's cutter Alarm 199 tons; and from the excellent sailing of the Water Witch (though she may not be a match for large cutters in short tacks), it is expected, if there is a strong leading-wind, that she may yet stand a good chance. If the course was round the Island under those circumstances, and she was manned with a crew of 70 men, she would be successful beyond all shadow of doubt or question.

Lord Belfast has laid down the keel of a stupendous cutter of 220 tons, which is expected to be called the Daring. She might be well, however, called the Gad-fly (the terror to Cows), for most certainly she will terrify all the Cowes and Lynnington yachts into convulsions.

A new Committee, I am glad to tell you, is formed for the Club here; and all seems now to go on well and smoothly. All the weekly and monthly publications, including the SPORTING MAGAZINE, may now be seen on the table, and it is hoped that the original liberal spirit of the Club will once more prevail; God knows that it has not of late years been permitted to predominate! It is intended also to give prizes at the Regatta to the pilot-boats of Cowes, which it is only right and as it should be, for their owners are a most deserving and

hard-working set of fellows, and the boon will very properly and justly be bestowed on them.

The Pantaloon sloop of war sailed through the Roads yesterday, *chased by* her old and successful opponent the Water Witch. The Pantaloon seemed not to wish for a nearer approach, and looked as if she had not forgotten the terrible dusting she received in the strong wind and head sea last autumn, when the Water Witch *weathered on her five miles in four hours and three quarters.*

Report says here that the new brigs now building at Plymouth are to have different bows from those already launched, and which, like the Pantaloon, Snake, and Vernon, have been found to be so deficient in a head sea. There is no doubt that such an alteration must sooner or later take place; for the Surveyor of the Navy must of course see his error in persisting to build such bluff bows as those which we see in his favorite vessels above-men-

tioned. In departing from this his principle he will be perfectly correct; but he must then be convinced of the *superior* formation of such a bow as that of the Water Witch, built, as I have already mentioned, by Mr. Joseph White of East Cowes, which, though it may be equalled, cannot be excelled, and which the same eminent builder has been also fortunate in exhibiting in the Harriett, Therése, and Louisa yachts.

I shall not fail to give you an account of the different races, and also of the vessels building here for the yacht service. I must now, however, conclude, by saying that His Majesty has commanded the Royal Yacht Club, of which he is the Head, to be in future denominated the ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: and henceforward, as Sir Walter has it, this of course will be our "style."

Yours very truly.

J. B. G.

Cowes, July 7, 1833.

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## SPORTING REMINISCENCES OF FRANK ALTON IN INDIA.

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**A**T the age of eighteen FRANK ALTON had emerged from boyhood into Herculean manly youth—full of generous associations, sincerity of heart, all the open unsuspecting guilelessness of confiding young age. As yet unblunted by the heartlessness and wretched hackneyed ways of the world, the corroding care of disappointment had not then entered his soul: friendship warmed at his bosom; high courage swelled in his breast; enthusiasm and imaginative romance held the empire over his reason. Comely in form, surpassing most

in athletic exercises, agile, active, ardent, and enterprising, he was befitted by Nature to excel in the contentions of public life; for to talents of no common order he united the rare quality of much endurance of fatigue and an utter contempt of danger. But the horoscope of Frank shewed a malignant planet; and his birth was ushered in under the fatal influence of Orion; and it is said that those who are brought into the world under the frown of "Him of the Starred Belt and Club" are fraught with a lively sense of the ridiculous;

are pregnant of wit, but are also cursed with a sneering contempt of mankind, and are subject to a morbid melancholy. Be that as it may, Frank was born too late for a hero, as the Pæans for the battle of Waterloo were chaunted at the rural feast in his ancestral village in triumphant chorus by the rejoicing peasantry when he entered on his seventeenth year; and he was born too soon to become a leader among his own people in the coming times, when they shall rouse them up to hurl down the vain idols who have too long trodden upon a much enduring nation.

Spending the interludes of the vacancies ("those bright dreams which gild the dull monotony of the boy of the Public School") with an eccentric and talented uncle, who had passed the glory of his days in the sunny climes of the East, the boy greedily feasted his ear, and gloated over the many inimitable tales and picturesque graphic sketches which were touched off by the master mind and genius of his extraordinary relative with all the faithfulness of colouring, humour, and quaintness of the story-tellers of Asia, the old fathers of fable, who have been imitated, but never equalled (witness the *Arabian Nights*): and with his growth grew the desire of wandering in the lands of the Genii, the Afrites, and the Gholes.

One small room at Trunley Hall was decorated with trophies of the varied spoils of the East—the skin and iron claws of the tiger, the mighty horns of the wild buffalo, the stately branching honours of the elk and sambre, the hoof of the "ghaur or wild

ass," of whom it is said in the Book of Job, "whose house I have made the Wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings;" the formidable tusks of the foaming boar, the goring horn of the rhinoceros, the strong wing of the ostrich, of the bustard, and the many gorgeous coloured birds of dusky Asia—contrasting, in artificial confusion, with the gleaming arms fantastically arrayed; the jewelled daggers of the Mamelukes, the embossed gold inlaid javelins of the Afghans, the poisoned curiously-carved dirks of the Malays, the ataghan of the Persian, the blunt djerreed of the Turk, the chain bow and heavy mugdar of the Indian wrestlers, the long deadly matchlock of the Bedouin Arab, and the graceful jingling spear of the Mahratta horseman. There also might be seen some spirited sketches of Eastern warfare, together with paintings of some celebrated English horses; while crouching upon the worn-out rug reposed some beautiful setters of the old Irish blood, contrasting with the graceful forms of a breed of greyhounds, mingling the gaunt bone and muscle of the English dog with the symmetry, gracefulness, and everlasting courage of a small breed from the Arabian Desert—the present of some Scheik to the strange and mysterious, the sardonic yet warm-hearted uncle of Frank Alton.

The paddocks round the Old Hall were filled with a breed of generous coursers, all thoroughbred, and some who afterwards distinguished themselves in gallop fleet over the famed Newmarket Flats; and the boxes were tenanted by some Arab horses

of noble breeding—the cherished companions, in their younger days, of some Desert Chief. Hunters there were also, and one pony of high courage, who bore Frank in the ardour of exulting spirits over gate, and hedge, and ditch, coequal with the leading riders of a well-known Hunt, and Melton, with all its babble, is no better. (Charley Newman and Essex for ever !)

Reared amidst such scenes, from his urchin childhood taught in the only fit school (*no riding school*), but welting at everything across country—now up, now down—it may easily be believed that Frank not only rode well, sat close, and all that, but that he acquired that which, I am inclined to think, Nature can alone give—and she is *very sparing* of the *gift*—he acquired the mystery of *hand*. Hand once well understood is a sort of *cabala* ; it is the true talisman that gets a devilish bad horse over a country, often better than a superior one *unhanded*: it is a sort of Eleusinian mystification, which a long life in sporting will not always ensure ; and it is confined to the few elect who know each other immediately—a sort of masonic sign in horsemanship, revealed only to the initiated, and which is utterly beyond the command of money, an article that cannot be bought. At eighteen, then, Frank Alton was a manly daring fellow, knew something of Latin and Greek, could make love to his private tutor's daughter, could drive tandem or the mail, could fight a bit, could love poetry and romance, could shoot—*not with the bow*—ride much better than a Persian, and “ tell the truth.”

Such was Frank when he left

Cambridge, and joined the *depôt* of the flash Regiment at —, in Kent. Poor fellow ! his career was brief, and I may say glorious ; not in the common acceptation of that word, for he died without a name, but cherished in the memories of a few friends, “ more lasting than a nation's grief ;” he died too in the battle broil, a time that “ heeds nor pain nor toil.” His papers, the *Sporting Reminiscences* of his chequered life, have come into my hands, and I give them almost in his own language. They are various, and I am led to think curious ; but ye shall judge.

The *depôt* at —, in Kent, was commanded by Sir Alexander Gashcut, to whom our young soldier was presented in due form by Captain Stiff, who was enjoined to furnish him forth panned for war, and duly ornamented consonantly with the order for moving automaton, who were to lift up the right and left leg according to mechanism, with the head up, the all-speaking eye fixed and senseless, the neck stiff, the belly in and back curved, the arms rigid, and the foot thrown out with a stiffened knee at an angle of forty-five. All this and many other absurd and disgusting ceremonies Frank accomplished with sufficient accuracy ; but his excellence among his companions of that day consisted in his undeviating good humour, in the wit that “ could keep the table in a roar,” in his qualities as a boon companion, and in his wonderful success in flooring a Charley, or in taking the conceit out of a swell covey.

One anecdote must not be omitted. The revolving year had brought round the great harvest

day of the post-masters, hack-jobbers, whiskey, buggy, and coach proprietors of London—the *Great Derby Day*—and the Behemoth of cities poured forth its thousands upon tens of thousands along the Vauxhall and other ways (not the Appian), even more numerous than the millions of Rome rushing on the sacred days to the Amphitheatre to witness the Circensian games, the celebrated chariot-races, which afterwards, in the decline of the Byzantine Empire, gave rise to the bloody contentions of the Green and Blue Factions in the Hippodrome. For the Derby of that year, Findarrie, the Duke of Grafton's, stood a favorite; but it was won in a storm by Mr. Thornhill's *The Sailor*; and it was this storm which originated the anecdote I am about to relate of Frank Alton.

He had joined a party who had sent their hacks to Epsom across the country, and they took advantage of one of those many *occasion-coaches* started only for the race-days, usually consisting of a blind'un, a bolter, a bull, and a blood'un. Frank had the box-seat, his friends immediately at his back, and the basket filled with *Poco Fas* and *Sacre nom de Dieus*. The coachman was also but an *occasion-whip*, started on a pinch—a dirty villanous-visaged fellow, who had probably but just given up *the goose* to flourish the whip—(the goose gentry are partial to coaching, and if they choose to be proprietors we will not gainsay them; but I don't approve of people's lives being risked to gratify the vanity or fancy of a hero of the goose, who essayeth on a first-rate coach on a fashionable road, to become

also a swell dragsman). Reaching, however, after many hair-breadth 'scapes, as far as Ewel, the goose-coachman handed over the reins to Frank amidst the pelting of the pitiless storm. "I tell you what," said Frank, "if you are going into that public to gin yourself, you had better so say, and we will all get under shelter too."—"Oh no, young master," says the coachman, "I be's only a going in whiles the horses gets their heads loosed, and wets their mouths a bit."—"Very good!" The horses underwent the usual process, and in due time Frank desired the ostler to call the coachman. That worthy soon returned with a broad grin on his curious frontispiece, and, cocking his eye, "Why, Lord," says he, "young man, that ere coachman says as how he don't care not a damn for yow or none on 'em, and yow may wait his pleasure." This would have led to an altercation, a scuffle, and probably a scene with most people, but with Frank it only called forth prompt decision, with some humour. "I tell you what, my friends, I can drive you on to Epsom fully as safe as that dirty disciple of the goose; and it is ridiculous to suppose we are to sit here, be drenched through, lose our money, and be too late for the race. If those people in the basket are not afraid, I will drive on." An interpreter enlightened the *Poco Fas* and *Monsieurs*, who exclaimed simultaneously, "Si! si!"—"Oui! oui! tous les Anglois connoissent bien les chevaux; il n'y a pas de danger; allez, Monsieur, brave jeune homme, jusqu'au la course d'Epsom." Throwing a shilling to the ostler, Frank bade him rein

up the leaders, and, putting the whip suddenly into the rum'uns, they darted off into the thick of the tumult of carriages and britschas, gigs, and the like thereof, and away they went spinning round the sharp turn at Ewel, while the foreigners shouted, "Regardez notre conducteur, qu'il vient au grand gallop;" and sure enough, with a heavy box coat on, greasy top boots, and greasier inexpressibles, with his "shocking bad hat" raised in one hand, and a bird's eye blue waving in the other, throwing up the mud abundantly, and shouting at the height of his lungs, the angry tone of the done coachman rose fiercely above the din of the multitude, shouting "stop that ere coach; I'll pay you off, you young devil!" But his grimaces and voice were alike futile, and served but to excite the mirth of Frank Alton and his companions, as he neatly cut round the corner, and lashed away best pace for the Downs. There he gave over the coach and rum'uns to the booth-stable-folk, took off his hat to the foreigners, who were loud in his applause, mounted his hack, and galloped off to the Warren to pass judgment on the lot.

Never saw he the coach, or the woful disciple of the goose, or his applauding foreign friends ever more; for the few days he passed thenceforward in the land of his birth glided away in the glen solitude of a beautiful rural village, one of those secret gems hidden amidst the rich and somewhat too citizenized landscape of sweet Surrey; and it was there, under the quiet unpretending roof, the secluded Parsonage House, sheltered by the simple village church, and overlooking

the sacred repose where the "rede forefathers of the hamlet sleep," in the society of his too indulgent Preceptor, that Frank Alton looked his last on the verdant hills, picturesque scented hedges, rows, beech-enamelled deeply-shaded lanes breathing of love, the summer glory of the home scenery of England, never seen and never imagined in any other land. There, in all the ardour and buoyancy of youth, did he talk of bright anticipations of a career of fortune, of hope, and perhaps of fame, relying too much on a sanguine temperament, little dreaming that the cup of life is too often a poisoned chalice, teeming with sorrow and bitter anguish, or, like the stone of Sisyphus, a never-ending and fruitless toil, with "hope still baffled, still to be renewed." It was in after-times that this sad truth was "graved in his bosom;" but then with a light heart and free footstep he soon trod the smooth deck of the many-peopled vessel, which bore him "falcon like and fast" from the receding shores of his native home.

His path is on the sea; the eternal and changeless ocean dasheth in frothy playfulness around the prow of the stately ship; the broad canvas wooeth the gale; and the vessel, tottering beneath the press of towering sails, sweepeth by the bold headlands of Albion: and turning his last glance from the dark rocky Cornish cliffs, Frank Alton contemplates the gradual sinking of the great orb of light beneath the Atlantic wave, amidst the endless horizon of the waste of waters.

A sea voyage in an Indiaman is too well known to be exceedingly monotonous, and rarely di-

versified by any interesting adventure. The Captain assumes an important air; some half-dozen young girls, fresh from the *bread and butteries*, cluster around him in wonderment, glancing furtively at the youths, whose fate in eastern climes might be linked with their own; and save the diversity of a gale, or a strange sail in sight, the hours pass away heavily enough, only marked by the important business of feeding, which from the bracing sea air becomes a most desirable occupation. Sometimes, indeed, the wretched sameness of existence is varied by some pure attachment between young hearts thrown constantly together; and when passion does indeed assume her fearful sway, it is too often deep and lasting. It is with the young people; their first love, whispered beneath the balmy zephyrs of the tropics, hallowed amidst the phosphoric brightness of the glancing wave, with the pale moon and myriad stars gleaming on the white canvas, that courts the freshening night breeze, and undisturbed, save by the deep-mellowed voice of some sailor responding the "All's well," amidst the low moan of the ocean, the soul of Frank Alton was too full, too poetically refined not to be easily touched by beauty; and there was one fair being, "half woman and half child," who soon obtained the empiery over his sensitive heart. Her extreme beauty was enhanced by her unaffected simplicity and graceful artlessness; and when the purple-capped mountain of the African Cape rose majestically and palpably to view, the deep love vows had been exchanged—the reciprocal utterance of fondness, of faith, and of hope, had

been murmured; and the blue-eyed beautiful Maria leant on the arm of her young and ardent lover, listening with the upturned gaze of a Magdalen to the flowing and romantic language of the dark-haired Alton, who, with glowing enthusiasm, hailed the giant promontory of Africa consecrated to the memory of Vasco di Gama. What a sudden change! the waters assuming a deep green hue, and as the vessel turns round the Lion's Mount, the whole harbour filled with a forest of masts, and enlivened by flocks of sea-gulls floating on the bosom of the wave, or diving beneath its glassy surface to seize their scaly prey; and the Colonial Town, with the scattered old Dutch houses along the shores, and the light boats plying from the Pier in anxious race, all eager to welcome and profit by the new comer after her long sea-beat voyage: add to this, the stirring tumult, shortening sail by sail, and the important orders of the pilot—"Helm a lee!" or "Hard a port!" and the loud command, "Clear away the anchor!"—responded by the shrill whistle of the boatswain, and the tremendous crashing of the chain cable, shaking every timber, while the vessel swings around slowly, and settles with an easy motion on the calm wave.

Frank Alton went ashore with the first boat; and, conceited as most young soldiers are at his age, he took care to display his uniform to the best advantage along the Heir Graat, the envy and admiration of the Colonists; while some of the news-loving old Officers of the regiments quartered in the town begged of him the latest Army List (never to be

returned), being *sweet food* for the minds of these veterans for at least two months; and the only courtesy Frank exacted in return was to be directed to the best stabling proprietor in the town—a certain personage in those days who rejoiced in the name of Tomkins, and let out indifferent horses at large prices to those in need. His stud underwent examination, and Frank pitched upon a brown mare, country-bred by an English horse out of a Cape mare, to ride on the following day with the fox-hounds.

In the meantime, having arranged this important business, he repaired to the Government Gardens to hear the band, and glance his merry eye over the African beauties. After a sea voyage these gardens, in the month of September, the spring season at the Cape, must seem a paradise. The oranges and citrons are mellowing from deep green into golden fruitfulness, and the odour of the pomegranate and the many fragrant plants is borne on the soft air, which smelleth of sweet savour and freshness. What can be more delightful than to be suddenly transported from the “rude cradle of the rocking surge” into a garden blossoming like another Eden, and tipifying the fable of the Hesperides? There might be seen, on the promenade, all the mighty consequence of a Governor, proud of “his brief authority,” surrounded with his sycophantic *toddies*, adulatory to disgust in the presence of their *Gunputty* or *Lord*, insulting to vulgarism to all in his absence. There, too, were military heroes, your regimental swells, fancying that a fine figure, impertinent stare, and

well-cut red livery stamped them with Cæsar or Alexander: while, far more interesting to the new arrivals, were the very pretty brunette Dutch girls, with flashing eyes and ready smiles, well skilled in the science of an ogle.

But far surpassing all in the opinion of Frank was the artless Maria, leaning on the arm of the portly good-natured Captain of the ship, gazing with unaffected delight upon the new world thus suddenly forced upon her admiration. Hast thou, O reader, ever felt the pang of maddening jealousy? None have really, save those who have deeply, fiercely loved in boyhood: the knowledge of woman wears it away; and it is a rage that swayeth not the hackneyed in life. But with Frank Alton, a mere boy, an idealist in love, a romantic creature, who deemed the eye of his beloved should beam not save in his presence, it was a momentary madness when he thought the fair girl of his heart smiled on the crowd who thronged round her peerless form: a sickening came over him; a cold chill, a rigidity crept over his frame, and, pale as a statue, he leant on the arm of a friend, who hurried him from some desperate deed. What folly may not a youth passionately in love commit! And it is a friend indeed who rescues him from an exposure.

That night there was a ball at the Government House, where all of sufficient rank and station came; and among the strange and motley groups Frank Alton might be seen standing apart with folded arms in a mood of contemplativeness unnatural with such a youth. His dark hair clustering around a forehead

smooth, high, and intellectually defined; his restless eye wandering rapidly round the room in vain search of one who was not there; impatience, anxiety, and at length alarm visibly raced athwart his changing brow; and he heeded not, perhaps he never heard, the many welcomes and kind inquiries which the old friends of his father (a Civilian holding high office in the East), many of them at the Cape for the benefit of their health, tendered to him. From his strange behaviour upon that occasion an impression went abroad that Frank Alton was morose, haughty, and supercilious; and which afterwards was singularly injurious to him. Then, however, he had no thought beyond the absent object of his affections; and flinging himself impatiently away from the festive scene, he repaired to the Hotel, and found that the simple fond Maria had resolved not to go without his escort.

It may be easily supposed that such an unequivocal mark of attachment dashed away at once all the maddening jealousies of Frank; and, fondly thanking the beautiful girl with a "long, long kiss," he led her off to the ball. There was a general buzz, when, leaning on the arm of Alton, Maria entered the room. The whisper ran round: "there, there she is.....how very handsome," said one....."So elegant! what a fascinating creature!" said others; while the Staff gentry, presuming on their station, came forward confidently to demand her hand for the dance. "I am engaged," was her reply, "for one dance, and I cannot dance more this evening." The music

of the waltz struck up, a measure almost strange then even in England, and only heard of in the Colonies. Three or four sets commenced an attempt, turning round and round *like marabouts*, but they broke down and joined the spectators, who had gathered in a dense circle round Frank Alton and Maria, the only two in the crowded assembly who could waltz at all. "How graceful!" was the general remark; and, when flushed from the excitement of the dance, Maria stood still, blooming like a young Hebe, there was an almost unrepressed murmur of applause. Frank Alton! that was the happiest night of thy life. A few months more, and the fatal arrow was sped which wounded irretrievably the freshness of thy heart.

The day following that evening never-to-be-forgotten, Frank Alton met the fox-hounds near their kennel at *Stallihbush* (I think to be the name). These hounds had been imported by Lord Charles Somerset, and boasted of all the best blood in England—from the Duke of Beaufort's (certainly the purest breed now going), intermingled with that of all the best Midland county packs, and moreover well-assorted, muscular, active; and more *illigant-looking* animals (as *Paddy* would say) never challenged a note in hedge or covert among the best of England.

These hounds were under the management of Mr. Blair, a veteran and most capital sportsman, and they did him not only infinite credit in the field, but their kennelling was perfect; and on this point (from the absolute necessity of cleanliness being imperatively demanded for the preserva-

tion of life, a serious matter with a valuable hound imported at a heavy charge) I am disposed to give the preference to the kennel system with some Colonial packs I have seen above *many* in England. The Cape hounds in the days of Lord Charles, and under the management of Mr. Blair, were perfect. The principal riders at the time Frank Alton had a day with them were, Mr. Blair, Lord Charles Somerset, a Colonel Dickson of the Bengal Cavalry, and Mr. Towers Smith\*, well known in India as the Osbaldeston of hog-hunters. The principal difficulty in riding at the Cape across country consists in the innumerable mole-holes. One might say that these animals had usurped the surface of the soil, which, extending from Cape Town to the edge of the Desert, is completely perforated by their labours. It is impossible to avoid these sunken shafts; and it frequently occurs in a run that several horses break their legs or dislocate their shoulders; and it requires a practical sort of riding to steer your horse safely through the *Holy Land*. That which some of the old riders recommended to Frank Alton he adopted, sitting well back on the saddle, and taking up the stirrups two holes shorter than usual.

They found their fox in a bed of blooming aloes, and without a moment's linger he faced the immense plain (the dominion of the

lion and the wolf), which extends from the Table Mountain in uninterrupted evenness to the country of the Hottentots and Caffres, interspersed with patches of furze and circles of cultivation round the habitations of the boors, or Dutch farmers. There are no hedges, *fosses*, or *barrieres*, as the Frenchman would say, to stop the hounds, and the pace is therefore tremendous; and if the scent were not often foiled by the track of other animals, or lost amidst the patches of pulverised sand, no fox could possibly stand up for half an hour. That day, however, they found a customer, who shaped himself with singular boldness and success, from sand knoll to moving quicksand, at a killing pace, and after a run of five hours and a half, with several intervening checks, the hounds were whipped off just at the edge of the Desert at the set of sun, twenty-five miles from the find, and upwards of thirty from Cape Town. Out of a field of perhaps forty horsemen there were but three at the close of the work—the late Mr. Shakspeare, Mr. Blair, and Frank Alton; and I have often heard the last say, “I have ridden to some of the best packs in England, but that day with Lord Charles Somerset's hounds in Africa was the severest and in some parts the *fastest* I ever laid a horse down at.”

JAVELIN.

(To be continued.)

#### OBSERVATIONS ON JAVELIN'S “CURSORY REMARKS.”

SIR,  
RESPECTING the stock of Dublin resounds with praises. Sulky, I happen to know only He was last year carrying his one; but of that little horse all owner, not a heavy man (though

\* Late Judge at Moorshedabad.

heavier by an arm before the Battle of Waterloo), in the very front rank with the Kildare hounds; and, though only about fourteen hands three inches high, it was said he had never found a fence too big or a day too long—a rare thing indeed in that country. It is singular that the virtues of that little horse Sulky, and Lord Dartmouth's Menai, as stallions for hunters, should not have been discovered until after their deaths; and more so, that the blood should continue to be unfashionable after such proof.

In enumerating the horses now in this country JAVELIN has, I think, omitted the finest, named Champion, in the possession of the Duke of Leeds. From all I can hear of the two horses, I should say he is superior as a stallion to Harlequin, whose legs are said to be not quite of the right sort. As a runner he was highly estimated, though Harlequin might have beat him had they ever met.

I fully concur in JAVELIN's remarks, that "absolute performance is the only sure test of the pure blood of these horses;" but, knowing that in speed none are to be compared with English horses, I should say, that the blood having been proved, the shape and action, rather than actual superiority amongst themselves in speed, ought to guide the selection of a stallion: at the same time I should as soon think of breeding from an Arab which had not proved his blood by his performance, as from an English horse whose pedigree could not be ascertained.

I do not know why JAVELIN should call Colonel Finch's "*a supposed Mocha Arab*." Surely

his previous statement that the Mocha horses are "a very bad sort, and wretched cheats," and his subsequent one, that this horse "ran very well," are a pretty good contradiction of that supposition. JAVELIN is, probably, correct in stating, that this and the other large horses, which have of late years so generally proved themselves the vanquishers on the Indian Turf, are natives of the Island of Bahreen. If it is a cross, it has certainly succeeded, and these Bahreen horses have proved themselves generally as superior to their progenitors (probably the Montagues and Nedjeddees) as the English horses have.

Being somewhat interested in the Calcutta Welter Stake of 1829, I asked JAVELIN's oracle, Sheik Ibrahim (perhaps his son), "who is to win the Welter?"—"Why (says the Sheik), I am afraid of that horse Muscat: I know his dam: her owner gets 1000 rupees every year for her produce."—The Sheik was not quite right; but Muscat was second, and on a subsequent day beat the winner in a common canter, receiving, however, considerable weight.

I can hardly concur with JAVELIN, that "the glory will depart from our land," if we allow the Russians, &c. to export our best mares. I should say, that the greater the demand, the greater the encouragement to the breeders; and if we glut our Continental neighbours, we shall still have enough, and more than enough, of real good mares for ourselves, though we may lose the monopoly, which your Economists say is so desirable in everything.

My creed about horses is very

similar to what appears to be JAVELIN'S—that the climate, the country, and nurture have as much to do with horses as their sires; and that if our Continental neighbours require a good breed of horses, they must go to the original stock, Arab, and form their breed as we have done ours: it will probably greatly differ both from ours and the Arab; but still they may have a very superior breed of horses. I am fully borne out in my theory by the trials which have been made in India; and I speak on the authority of the Duke of Grafton of

Benegal, who has been making experiments since he was a Cadet (A. D. 1783); that horses bred in India of pure English blood cannot compete with those having a late cross with the Arab, the pure English being invariably weak and weedy.

I have thought that the above observations, as they at all events may promote the consideration of the valuable art of breeding, may not be unacceptable to your readers, though offered by a very inexperienced

TYRO.

London, 11th July, 1833.

## ON THE NATIONAL UTILITY OF YACHT CLUBS.—No. III.

### THE ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB.—No. II.

#### REGATTA, DUBLIN BAY, 1833.

*Commodore*—The Most Noble the MARQUIS OF DONEGAL.

*Vice-Commodore*—Sir ROBERT GORE BOOTH, Bart.

*Honorary Secretaries* { OWEN LLOYD, Lieut.-Colonel.  
WILLIAM HUTCHISON, Esq. R. N.

**T**HIS Regatta was one of the most splendid affairs ever witnessed in this Kingdom; and, although public expectation was excited to a high degree, it went off with more brilliancy and éclat than the most sanguine hopes of the Members could have anticipated.

The *First Day*, Monday, July 1, presented the inhabitants of Dublin with a rich treat seldom offered to them. The arrangements on shore were excellent, and the fine Bay itself was covered with upwards of THREE HUNDRED YACHTS. At eight o'clock the signal gun was fired, from the vessel bearing the Commodore's flag, for the commencement of the race; the first prize being the KENT CUP, presented by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, for Club yachts not exceeding 50 tons. The following started:—

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>   |          | <i>Colours.</i>      |
|-----------------|--------------|------------------|----------|----------------------|
| Adelaide        | 42           | W. Lander, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C. | Blue.                |
| Zephyr          | 42           | J. Watson, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C. | St. George's Cross.  |
| Kate            | 42           | Col. Owen Lloyd. | R.I.Y.C. | Bl. & Yel. diagonal. |
| Dicky Sam       | 20           | J. C. Shaw, Esq. | R.I.Y.C. | Blue Peter.          |

They all started, according to the rules laid down, from moorings in Kingstown Harbour, shaping their course round the Light-ship and a Flag-ship stationed near the Southern Buoy, and thence round the Flag-ship in Kingstown Harbour, leaving all on the larboard hand. Won by Colonel Lloyd's *Kate*, followed by the *Adelaide* and *Zephyr*.

2. A Silver Cup, for all yachts not exceeding 17 tons. The following started at ten o'clock :—

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>     |            | <i>Colours.</i>     |
|-----------------|--------------|--------------------|------------|---------------------|
| Syren           | 15           | F. Hopkins, Esq.   | R.C.Y.C.   | Red.                |
| Ivanhoe         | 11           | W. Troutbeck, Esq. | R.I.Y.C.   | Kt. Temp.'s Cross.  |
| Tippo           | 14           | R. Walker, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C.   | Blue and Red.       |
| Tickler         | 15           | J. Grindrod, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C.   | White and Red.      |
| Falcon          | 15           | A. M'Leish, Esq.   | R.N.Y.C.   | Red, 2 white balls. |
| Clarence        | 15           | R. Sinclair, Esq.  | R.N.Y.C.   | White.              |
| Queen Mab       | 9            | H. Seovell, Esq.   | Dublin.    | Tricolor.           |
| Maria           | 15           | G. Walthew, Esq.   | Dublin.    | White & Bl. Cross.  |
| Mermaid         | 11           | Major O'Shea.      | Kingstown. | Green.              |
| Morning Star    | 14           | R. Williams, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C.   | Union Jack.         |
| Sans Souci      | 11           | H. Leman, Esq.     | Dublin.    | Red & Yel. Border.  |
| Lancer          | 15           | W. H. Rogers, Esq. | R.I.Y.C.   | Red and White.      |

The prize was won by the Syren, followed by the Maria and Tickler.

3. At one o'clock the contest commenced for the KINGSTOWN CHALLENGER CUP, for all yachts (won last year by the Earl of Belfast). The following started :—

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>    |          | <i>Colours.</i>      |
|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|----------|----------------------|
| Kate            | 40           | Colonel Lloyd.    | R.I.Y.C. | Bl. & Yel. diagonal. |
| Zephyr          | 40           | J. Watson, Esq.   | R.I.Y.C. | St. George's Cross.  |
| Dicky Sam       | 20           | J. C. Shaw, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C. | Blue Peter.          |
| Sylph           | 20           | R. Quin, Esq.     | R.C.Y.C. | White.               |
| Zephyr          | 20           | F. Hawkshaw, Esq. | R.C.Y.C. | Red & Wh. Cross.     |
| Adelaide        | 42           | W. Lander, Esq.   | R.I.Y.C. | Blue.                |

Won by the Kate ; the Adelaide arriving second,

4. One Pound Ten Shillings, for two-oared boats, not more than twelve feet on the keel, to be pulled by seamen belonging to yachts ; 15s. to the second boat—contested by twenty-three. Won by the Morning Star's boat.

5. One Pound, for yacht punts, sculled with one oar ; 10s. to the second—contested by thirty-one. Won by the Kate's punt.

6. The Garrison Cup, presented by the Garrison of Dublin, for four-oared gigs—contested by three. Won by the boat of the 52d Regiment.

7. Four-oared boat race, for Revenue Cruisers' jolly boats—contested by six. Won by the Shamrock's boat.

The Members and Yacht owners dined this day at the Club Rooms, Royal Hotel.

#### SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 2.

1. At ten o'clock this morning, the following yachts, belonging to the R. I. Y. C., not exceeding 14 tons, slipped their moorings for the LADIES' CUP :—

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>     |          | <i>Colours.</i>    |
|-----------------|--------------|--------------------|----------|--------------------|
| Ivanhoe         | 11           | W. Troutbeck, Esq. | R.I.Y.C. | Kt. Temp.'s Cross. |
| Morning Star    | 14           | R. Williams, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C. | Union Jack.        |
| Nautilus        | 12           | O. Armstrong, Esq. | R.I.Y.C. | White and Yellow.  |
| Red Gauntlet    | 10           | J. Patterson, Esq. | R.I.Y.C. | Red and Blk. Ball. |
| Tippo           | 14           | R. Walker, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Blue and Red.      |

Won by the Red Gauntlet, followed by the Tippo and Nautilus.

2. The **ANGLESEY CUP**, presented by His Excellency the Marquis of Anglesey, for all yachts belonging to the Royal Irish, Royal Northern, Royal Cork, and Western Yacht Clubs. The yachts to be divided into seven classes; viz. not exceeding 20, 33, 45, 60, 85, and 110 tons, and unlimited; each class having ten minutes' start. The following slipped their moorings for this prize at eleven o'clock:—

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>     |          | <i>Colours.</i>       |
|-----------------|--------------|--------------------|----------|-----------------------|
| Sylph           | 20           | R. Quin, Esq.      | R.C.Y.C. | White.                |
| Zephyr          | 42           | J. Watson, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | St. George's Cross.   |
| Adelaide        | 42           | W. Lander, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Blue.                 |
| Psyche          | 20           | T. Barnes, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Butterfly.            |
| Peri            | 27           | T. Jervis, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Red and White.        |
| Kate            | 42           | Colonel Lloyd.     | R.I.Y.C. | Bl. & Yel. diagonal.  |
| Tickler         | 20           | J. Grindrod, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C. | White and Red.        |
| Tippo           | 14           | R. Walker, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Blue and Red.         |
| Dicky Sam       | 20           | J. C. Shaw, Esq.   | R.I.Y.C. | Blue Peter.           |
| Gypsey          | 25           | J. Cooper, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Wh. & Red Cross.      |
| Zephyr          | 20           | F. Hawkshaw, Esq.  | R.C.Y.C. | Red & Wh. Cross.      |
| Ariel           | 29           | J. M'Cracker, Esq. | R.N.Y.C. | Blue and Yellow.      |
| Falcon          | 15           | A. M'Leish, Esq.   | R.N.Y.C. | Red, & 2 white balls. |
| Hawke           | 30           | J. Scott, Esq.     | R.N.Y.C. | Red & White Ball.     |
| Whim            | 18           | Colonel Cuyler.    | R.N.Y.C. | Red.                  |
| Blonde          | 29           | E. Townsend, Esq.  | R.C.Y.C. | Blue Peter.           |
| Circe           | 29           | B. Verling, Esq.   | R.C.Y.C. | White & Bl. Cross.    |
| Druid           | 44           | J. Congreve, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C. | Wh. & Red diagon.     |
| Emerald         | 29           | T. Lidwell, Esq.   | R.C.Y.C. | Green.                |

Won by the Hawke, followed by the Zephyr, Adelaide, and Peri.

3. Ten pounds, for pilot boats, decked or half-decked, not less than eleven feet in beam, belonging to any Irish port—contested by four. Won by the Bee, 44 tons.

4. Three pounds, for four-oared boats, pulled by fishermen—contested by six. Won by the Silver Lass, of Kingstown.

5. One Pound, for yacht punts, sculled with a pair of oars; 10s. to the second—contested by nineteen. Won by the Red Gauntlet's punt.

6. The Kingstown Rowing Cup, for four-oared gigs—contested by three. Won by the crew of the boat belonging to the 52d Regiment.

7. Four-oared boat race, for Cruisers' boats—contested by five. Won by the Wickham's boat.

### THIRD DAY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 3.

1. The **COUNTY DUBLIN CUP**, for yachts belonging to the Royal Irish, Royal Northern, and Royal Cork Yacht Clubs, not exceeding 30 tons. The following started at eight o'clock:—

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>    |          | <i>Colours.</i>  |
|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|----------|------------------|
| Dicky Sam       | 20           | J. C. Shaw, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C. | Blue Peter.      |
| Gypsey          | 25           | J. Cooper, Esq.   | R.I.Y.C. | Wh. & Red Cross. |
| Tippo           | 14           | R. Walker, Esq.   | R.I.Y.C. | Blue and Red.    |
| Tickler         | 15           | J. Grindrod, Esq. | R.I.Y.C. | White and Red.   |
| Psyche          | 20           | T. Barnes, Esq.   | R.I.Y.C. | Butterfly.       |
| Peri            | 27           | T. Jervis, Esq.   | R.I.Y.C. | Red and White.   |
| Zephyr          | 20           | F. Hawkshaw, Esq. | R.C.Y.C. | Red & Wh. Cross. |

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>     |          | <i>Colours.</i>    |
|-----------------|--------------|--------------------|----------|--------------------|
| Blonde          | 29           | E. Townshend, Esq. | R.C.Y.C. | Blue Peter.        |
| Circe           | 29           | B. Verling, Esq.   | R.C.Y.C. | Wh. & Blue Cross.  |
| Ariel           | 29           | J. M'Cracken, Esq. | R.N.Y.C. | Blue and Yellow.   |
| Hawke           | 30           | J. Scott, Esq.     | R.N.Y.C. | Red, and Wh. Ball. |
| Whim            | 18           | Colonel Cuyler.    | R.N.Y.C. | Red.               |
| Emerald         | 29           | T. Lidwell, Esq.   | R.C.Y.C. | Green.             |

Won by the Circe, followed by the Whim and Peri.

3. The CITY OF DUBLIN CUP, for all yachts belonging to the same Clubs ; a time race, subject to the same conditions as the Anglesey Cup. The following started at one o'clock :—

| <i>Vessels.</i> | <i>Tons.</i> | <i>Owners.</i>     |          | <i>Colours.</i>       |
|-----------------|--------------|--------------------|----------|-----------------------|
| Tippo           | 14           | R. Walker, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Blue and Red.         |
| Kate            | 42           | Colonel Lloyd.     | R.I.Y.C. | Bl. & Yel. diagonal.  |
| Adelaide        | 42           | W. Lander, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Blue.                 |
| Psyche          | 20           | T. Barnes, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Butterfly.            |
| Zephyr          | 42           | J. Watson, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | St. George's Cross.   |
| Peri            | 27           | T. Jervis, Esq.    | R.I.Y.C. | Red and White.        |
| Dicky Sam       | 20           | J. C. Shaw, Esq.   | R.I.Y.C. | Blue Peter.           |
| Whim            | 18           | Colonel Cuyler.    | R.N.Y.C. | Red.                  |
| Ariel           | 29           | J. M'Cracken, Esq. | R.N.Y.C. | Blue and Yellow.      |
| Falcon          | 15           | A. M'Leish, Esq.   | R.N.Y.C. | Red, & 2 white balls. |
| Sylph           | 20           | R. Quin, Esq.      | R.C.Y.C. | White.                |
| Circe           | 29           | B. Verling, Esq.   | R.C.Y.C. | Wh. & Blue Cross.     |
| Druid           | 44           | J. Congreve, Esq.  | R.I.Y.C. | Wh. & Red diagon.     |

Won by the Psyche, followed by the Zephyr and Peri.

3. Sweepstakes of 10s. 6d. per oar, and a Silver Cup added by the Club, for four-armed gigs—contested by two. Won by Mr. Drininga, of Cork.

4. One Pound Ten Shillings, for two-oared boats, not more than 17 feet on the keel; 15s. to the second—contested by twenty-one. Won by the Dream's boat.

5. One Pound, for yacht punts, sculled with a pair of oars; 10s. to the second—contested by eleven. Won by the Mermaid's punt.

6. Race for foar-oared pilots' yawls—contested by four. Won by the Bee's boat.

#### FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, JULY 4.

All the yachts this day sailed in fleet, and manœuvred under the Commodore in Dublin Bay. The yachts of the Royal Irish and Royal Northern Clubs formed the weather division (as they now carry the same flags) under Colonel Lloyd, as Vice-Commodore, in his yacht Kate, 42 tons; composing a line of about sixty yachts. The Royal Cork Yacht Club formed the leeward division, led by Mr. O'Grady, Vice-Commodore, in the yacht Thetis, 36 tons, composing a squadron of about twenty-four yachts. The Marquis of Anglesey in the Pearl, 113 tons, led the centre division, which consisted of all the men of war and revenue cruisers on the station. This manœuvre lasted about three hours; and as all the yachts sailed in line, each about a cable's length from the other, and each division stood off in a different direction, with a good breeze, the effect from the shore was truly splendid and imposing. At the conclusion of this scene the Members returned, and received their friends at a brilliant *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Tickets of invitation were sent to the friends of the Members in different parts of the kingdom, and the gaiety of the festival fully equalled the liberality of the arrangements. The tables were groaning under a

profusion of every delicacy that money could procure: among the wines were the richest Champagne, Burgundy, &c., and nothing was withheld which could at all render it the most splendid display ever seen in Dublin. There were upwards of six hundred guests, including the Lord Lieutenant and his family, and every person of distinction in the vicinity. There were thirty of the largest marquees erected for their reception: those for dancing were boarded, and two military bands and a quadrille band were in attendance. All the Yacht Members wore their full dress coats, and the Military appeared in full uniform. They began to arrive at three P.M., and did not separate till ten o'clock. The dresses of the Ladies were splendid: in truth we cannot find language to describe the beauty of the scene. The ensigns of the R. I. Y. C. were flying in every part of the grounds, the seats being all covered with the signal flags. The Lord Lieutenant proposed the health of the Members of the Club in very flattering terms, and afterwards distributed the prizes.

The gigs of the races were all pulled and steered by Gentlemen, according with the second article of the Rowing Regulations; and one of the crew, at least, was required to be a Member of the Club. The Members of Yacht Clubs coming over to contend for prizes were admitted to the privileges of the Club Rooms at the Royal Hotel, Kingstown, and the Club House, Dublin, on the same conditions as the Members and Honorary Members of the Club.

It only remains for me to add, that in the abbreviations R. N. Y. C. refers to the Royal Northern Yacht Club, containing about sixty yachts, under the Duke of Portland, Commodore; and R. C. Y. C. to the Royal Cork Club, comprising about forty-five yachts, under the Marquis of Thomond, Commodore. They have the same sailing and rowing regulations as the Royal Irish Club, but no time races, nor do they admit Honorary Members, as the latter.

Long may the "Royal Irish Yacht Club" continue to flourish as it now does; and long may its Members live to see many such splendid Regattas as that which is now passed! And with my sincere and heartfelt hopes for the renewed prosperity of the Society, I would conclude my paper with the emphatic prayer of Father Paul for the preservation of Venice, and say to the ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB—

*Eato perpetua!*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MOUNTAINEER.

## A NEW THEORY.

"Fleas are not lobsters, d—n their souls!"

PETER PINDAR'S ODE TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

SIR,  
ARE you a naturalist? Eh! No! A conchologist? No! A fishmonger? No! Then are you like to be "damned," as our friend *Touchstone* says, it being utterly impossible for you to have half the enjoyment that you otherwise might obtain: but I have some hope that amongst your numerous readers I shall

find many who can properly appreciate the following delectable anecdote, and who possess all the needful acquaintance with that portion of natural history to which it relates, to enable them at once to enjoy a degree of happiness, which, from your sheer ignorance, is denied to you. Mind, I don't ask, have you, Sir,

a knowledge of shell-fish? Had I done so, your answer, I know, would have been a direct affirmative. Aye, aye; Sir, a man of your standing, connected as you are with the Sporting Circle, and in the way to enjoy all the good things that are to be found in such abundance in this the first city of the world, could dilate finely, and with the critical acumen of an Epicurean; upon the delicious pickings of the lobster; the powerful stimulants of the cray-fish, the fattening qualities of the crab, the overwhelming luxury of the oyster, and the gossiping and scandal-creating powers of prawns and shrimps: and then, whilst your mind was dwelling upon the reminiscences of your enjoyment of all these good things (for which I hope you have been truly thankful), how sweetly the remembrance of your more youthful experience would come floating on, and memory could trace the gusto with which you had partaken of a treat of wilks, or the time when you had gormandized upon your portion of a pennyworth of perriwinkles divided amongst three.

But to my anecdote.—I was sitting some short time since in the Court of Common Pleas, at Guildhall, wearied with waiting for five days as a witness in a cause where seventeen of us were called to enable the Jury to decide whether work executed by the plaintiff should be paid for according to his charge, 7l. 17s. 6d., or only 5l., which was the amount of value put upon it by the defendant; when there arose considerable merriment amongst the Learned Counsel; the cause for which I found to be, that some

one had whispered to them, that a witness; then in the box (a naturalist, Sir), had entertained the peculiar idea, and given publicity to it, that **PERRIWINKLES WERE YOUNG LOBSTERS!!!** There was something a little ludicrous in this, and therefore I did not much wonder at the chuckling of the Lawyers. Upon inquiry, I found that the opinion of the witness had been, that perriwinkles, by a sort of indescribable Pythagorean power, changed, first into wilks, then into crabs, and lastly into lobsters or cray-fish; but which of the last-mentioned were their final state as fishes, he had not ascertained; nor could he quite satisfy his mind, although he had laboured hard in the cause, and kept them in all their intermediate stages until his olfactory nerves were repeatedly most grossly offended. He had travelled "many weary miles" on the sea-beach in search of specimens to support his hypothesis, and collected some, upon which he would lecture from "early morn till dewy eve," or so long as he could find auditors. He found hermit-crabs in the shells of perriwinkles, and soldier-crabs in shells of wilks; and days, and weeks, and months, and years rolled on, and still his researches had not enabled him *quite* to complete his theory. But everything is uncertain here, and our naturalist found that the hallucinations of his mind upon this his favorite study were of the same perishable quality as his specimens. In his later and most careful researches he had obtained a glorious, and as he thought decisive specimen of the soldier-crab, with his head, shoulders, and

claws protruding from the shell of a wilk—one evidently in that sickly or sleepy state which evinced an approaching change. He watched it with an anxiety that increased as the appearances gave stronger indications of approaching parturition; and at length, unable longer to await the slow operations of our “universal mother, Nature,” like an accoucheur, he determined to assist her; when, lo! and behold! he found that a tenant must have become a prior occupant of the shell after death had determined the fate of the wilk, but before possession had been taken by the crab, for, upon attempting to withdraw that gentleman therefrom,

he found a *centipede* sticking like a leach to his rump!!!

Other naturalists, as well as our friend, and learned antiquaries also, have been equally deceived in their theories, and it is *barely* possible that I also may be mistaken; but I have no doubt, Sir, when you can again find room for my lucubrations, I shall be able to shew to the entire satisfaction of the learned world, and to your readers in particular, that some such circumstance as that which finally carried conviction to the mind of our *naturalist*, and satisfied him of the error of his theory, was the origin of the term BUM-BAILIFF.

Yours, &c.

G.

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### LIVERPOOL (AINTREE) MEETING.

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SIR,  
**T**HE increasing interest and growing importance of this Meeting seduced me to take a journey of something above a hundred miles to witness the interesting disclosures of the Aintree Budget: so having seated myself on the box of His Majesty's mail, and reached the important commercial town of Manchester, that stupendous work THE RAILWAY (the object of intense curiosity to thousands of individuals) wafted me in the short space of one hour and twenty minutes some thirty miles to the beautiful and enrapturing port or town of Liverpool—“*pretty good going*,” as *Tony Lumpkin* said to *Mr. Hardcastle*.

Of all the Provincial Meetings I ever attended, certainly the Aintree stands proudly pre-eminent (scarcely excepting Doncaster): everything is conducted

in that spirited and liberal manner that there is everything to eulogise, and scarcely anything to censure, and it would be a foul stain on the Sporting World were it not liberally supported. The town is itself (as all know who ever visited it) a splendid and noble place, abounding with elegance, novelty, and a thousand charms, and stoic indeed must be the man who on visiting it cannot exclaim, this is indeed

—“A lovely spot

For all that life can ask.”

This course, which is one of the prettiest and best in the country, from necessity is a long way distant, some five or six miles, from the town, and the thousands that bend their way to the scene of action in

“Buggy, Gig, Dog Cart, Carriage, or Tandem,”

to say nothing of the innumera-

ble number of the Lancashire witches and their lads in large carts and wagons, as well as pedestrians of all ranks, make the journey to the course a flight of some difficulty; and this year Dame Fortune, however she might lend her aid to *clean out* any poor unfortunate, he could not reasonably complain of the want of that valuable ingredient "DUST," which was squandered in such profusion that there was sufficient to choke the most voracious or insatiate appetite.

The Grand Stand, the Stabling, the Cockpit, and the commodious Inn, "The Sefton Arms," at the entrance to the course, for the accommodation of the several individuals who go in attendance on the different horses, are all erected on a scale of elegance and convenience unequalled, and mark in every part the trait of a liberal spirit on the part of those who have undertaken their erection.

Some alteration has been made in the course since last year, by making a shorter turn, and consequently a more circular run than the original course, which was prosecuted for the purpose of running upon for the Plates, and thereby indulge the rustics with a *second sight* of the animals, by causing them to go oftener through the crowd in the distance run; but as this alteration was termed, and very justly, the reverse of improvement, the new course was not used, all the races being contested over the old one.

TUESDAY — Commenced the proceedings with most beautiful weather and a great attendance.

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The Produce Stake first shewed up four—Venus, Ratcatcher, Mr. Turner's colt out of Primrose, and the Comptroller, who was held in the greatest esteem at 6 to 4 on him. Prior to starting some little demur arose with regard to Venus (who is now the property of Oates the trainer) being permitted to start; her nominator being so YOUNG in turf matters that he had neglected, from the effects no doubt of his youth and inexperience, to make good some trifling obligations due to different Meetings: however, as it was a Venus that implored permission to sport with the lads, why all exclaimed with the song,

"We can't refuse, we can't refuse,"

and consequently she was brought forth, rode by Tommy Lye, though certainly in violation of Jockey Club rules and Turf law. At the start Mr. Turner's colt exhibited his distaste for the game by bolting from the right path. Garbutt, however, soon brought him straight, though he shewed very soon that he was not able to go the pace, which was certainly nothing extraordinary. Comptroller, instead of inspecting the movements of the lot, as his office would imply, left them, to give all an opportunity of inspecting himself, sailed the foremost of the fleet, and landed uncommonly clever six or seven lengths in front in a canter, carrying in with him George Calloway—Darling *whipping* in Ratcatcher second.

The Croxteth Stake (named after the Park, Lord Sefton's residence), for different ages, a mile and a quarter, brought out six at the start:—

S s

Birdcatcher .....rode by S. Darling.  
 Birmingham.....Hen. Edwards.  
 Caractacus .....S. Templeman.  
 Her Highness .....T. Lye.  
 Physician .....Geo. Nelson.  
 Westport .....John Holmes.

The Birdcatcher was the favored one at 5 to 2 agst him, and Birmingham was also in demand at the same price; while no one looked with pleasure on the Physician (who likes physic?) for less than 8 to 1. Birdcatcher made play with cautious step and moderate pace for the first quarter of a mile, when all began to move at a merry pace, coming down with severe running to the distance in a cluster; and here Her Highness shewed her dignity, or indignity, by coming out in front, with the appearance of a winner, followed by Birmingham; but, *Brummagem-LIKE*, he soon exhibited more *gilt* or *brass* than *sterling metal*, and was soon left to struggle in the rear. When near the stand, Nelson brought up the Physician on the outside, and with very nice discrimination gave each *a pill*, which none of the others could comfortably relish, by putting his horse's head half in front at the post.....by good riding only—Her Highness being second.—Mr. Skipsey has more than once lost his *medical adviser a good fee* through the error of a young head conducting him the wrong road; and I trust that this race will shew him the value, as well as necessity, of an experienced pilot in his future voyages.

The Two-Year-Old Stake, T.Y.C.—Out of sixteen names we got eight sprightly blooming urchins at the scratch, as under:

Theresa..... rode by R. Johnson.  
 Roman .....S. Darling.  
 Cashier .....J. Holmes.  
 Miss Margaret .....Geo. Nelson.

The Count .....S. Templeman.  
 Lord Westminster's colt }  
 'out of Ambuscade ... } Geo. Calloway.  
 Vittoria.. .....Thos. Lye.  
 Mr. Turner's colt out of }  
 Clinton's dam ..... } Jas. Garbatt.

The uncertainty attending the running of young ones very generally tends to make these races a matter of considerable speculation: but here we had a second Childers (that caught and ensnared the affections of all) in Vittoria, who had previously won three different Stakes, at Chester, the Liverpool (Maghull), and Newton Meetings, and each time defeated easy great fields. The race shewed she merited that favour which her former exploits had gained for her. The whole, after getting a good start, came pretty close together to the distance, but as soon as many began to claim the aid of legs and arms to support them under the conflict, Vittoria came away without directions, and with very evident ease won by two lengths—The Cashier (who if he don't *pay* better may soon be *bankrupt*) and Miss Margaret running in very close for second; the rest anywhere, or nowhere, tailed behind. The winner is a pretty, strong, useful, littleish filly; and although some may think my opinion of her rather too enthusiastic, or censure me for being so candid, I cannot refrain from saying I consider her the best two-year I ever saw, if she is not the best in the world. Eclipse and Childers have long borne matchless fame, but they lived in other days; and if this mare is fortunate enough to retain her running and health, it is not improbable but the historian will have to register the records of another rival to their transcendent abilities. Such a two-

year-old running successively, and ALWAYS DEFEATING EASY great fields, and fields too of horses that can win against others, is but rarely met with.

The Maiden Plate followed, and closed the day's feast—being won at two heats with some difficulty by Mr. Ellis's b. c. by Figaro out of Lady Fulford, 3 yrs, rode by Dodgson, beating Minia-ture (*a very bad likeness of a race horse*) and two others of so-so characters. Lye was weighed to ride Satan, but the four not relishing the company of his Infernal Majesty, they protested against their *virgin purity* being contaminated by his presence; and as it was clearly proved he had won a forty-pound *plus* at Catterick, in accordance to the Jockey Club Rules, which distinctly declare that a maiden horse is a horse that never won, he was declared disqualified to come to the start.

WEDNESDAY—Blooming weather. This day brought an immense attendance to witness the race for the Cup. The Stand presented the most animated appearance, being literally crowded, while the groups and clusters of the most beautiful and lovely females, whose sparkling eyes and peerless charms shed around such lustre, tended not a little to enrich the scene. And who could not be tempted to exclaim—

“As long as this world hath such elo-  
quent eyes  
Which around me this moment en-  
raptured I see,  
They may talk as they will of their orbs  
in the skies,  
But this earth is the planet for you,  
love, and me!”

The Foal Stake was the first appointment of the day, for three-year-olds, once round—

The Comptroller making his second appearance, with Sir Thos. Stanley's chesnut colt by Waxy Pope out of a Rubens mare; but as the latter came to the post lame, and more fit for nursing than racing, why Comptroller had no trouble further than making his own running, and at the end won so far that HE WALKED IN—rode by Calloway. What should induce Sir Thomas to bring a lame horse out to race, I leave for others to explain; but certain it is he would have been much better in the stable.

For the Sefton Stake, for fillies, one mile, Eve, although she do not possess much superiority, was too *tempting* to induce three others engaged to meet her, consequently she walked over.

The great object of attraction to the lads and lasses, THE TRADESMEN'S GOLD CUP, was next exhibited, and drew eight at the start as under—all hoping to gain the glittering prize, and, what was better, its golden con-  
tents:

|                           |                       |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Cantab, 7st. 2lb.         | rode by R. Heseltine. |
| Chancellor, 8st. 8lb.     | .....Geo. Edwards.    |
| David, 7st. 13lb.         | .....S. Darling.      |
| Lady Stafford, 7st. 12lb. | ....G. Calloway.      |
| Mowbray Hill, 7st. 8lb.   | ....T. Lye.           |
| Pickpocket, 8st. 12lb.    | .....R. Johnson.      |
| Physician, 8st. 7lb.      | .....Hen. Edwards.    |
| Primendorf, 7st. 9lb.     | .....J. Dodgson.      |
| Vyvian, 7st. 12lb.        | .....Templeman.       |

The Chancellor was the courted favorite at the price of 3 to 1; 5 to 1 agst Lady Stafford, the same agst Pickpocket, 6 to 1 agst Mowbray Hill, and 7 to 1 agst David. After drawing up to the start, they had a false go, but no bad consequences resulted, and at a second trial all got well off—Cantab (*a rum 'un*) making play to the winning turn, where Chancellor called him to order for a short time. Primendorf then shot

out, and led at a good pace to past the bridge up to the T. Y. C. start, where all went together, and came at severe running to the distance, where Physician, Lady Stafford, David, Chancellor, and Mowbray Hill shewed prominent in good file, and, all but Chancellor, hard at work. Geo. Edwards then gave his horse his head, came from them, and *gained an award or decree* of victory by half a length cleverly, David being declared second and entitled to his stake.

Many folks repent or regret after having put their property to the decision of the Chancellor's wisdom; but I fancy this proved a *special case*, of GREAT ADVANTAGE to the numerous class who speculated upon his extraordinary abilities—at least none who did so looked *chap-fallen*.

A Handicap Stake of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., once round and a distance, only two relished their weight or companions.—Mowbray Hill, carrying 7st. 5lb. and the odds 5 to 1 on him, jock'd by Lye, had all his own way, and won easy, beating Miss Lytham, 6st. 10lb.

The Selling Stake of five sovs. each, with 25 added, once round and a distance, closed the day's diversion, and produced half a dozen supplicants, all crying, "who'll buy?"—"who'll buy?" Algiers, rode by Wright, a lad in Scott's stable, won it cleverly, beating Pestilence (who'd train such a horrible thing?), who ran in second, and four others of blemished fame behind.

THURSDAY—Blooming, baking-hot weather, and a good muster.

A Handicap T. Y. C. was the first dish in our bill of fare. The Lancashire sportsmen seem very

*handy* at these sort of *caps*; and, what is better, they appear to *fit*. Four appeared—Falconbridge 8st. 7lb., Pluralist 9st., Sensitive 7st. 5lb., and Kitty Fisher 7st.—Being a short fly it produced a pretty race until near the end, when Falconbridge, who was the favorite at even, shewed a *soft spot*, which Sensitive was sensible enough to take advantage of, and by that means won cleverly; rode by Lye.

The next Stake was one of great interest and importance—THE ST. LEGER, of 25 sovs. each, and, what was better, 100 sovs. added—Doncaster St. Leger weights and distance—18 subscribers, of which the

"Following eight  
Show'd fight."

|                                                         |                       |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Alecto filly .....                                      | rode by T. Nicholson. |
| The Mystery (Mr. Powell's filly out of Miss Fanny ..... | Geo. Nelson.          |
| La Grace .....                                          | S. Templeman.         |
| Eve .....                                               | R. Heseltine.         |
| Allegro .....                                           | Thos. Lye.            |
| Jack Fawcett .....                                      | S. Darling.           |
| Sister to Maria .....                                   | R. Johnson.           |
| The Comptroller .....                                   | Geo. Calloway.        |

The Comptroller was the most favored one of the party, being backed at 5 to 2: 3 to 1 was laid agst Jack Fawcett, 7 to 2 agst The Mystery, and 6 to 1 agst Alecto.—The Mystery and Sister to Maria being a little amorous and ungovernable, caused a false start, but after they got well off, The Comptroller (his third appearance, and consequently after the third night on the muzzle) took the lead to the straight run past the winning turn, where Allegro came *sprightly* forward, and *gaily led the dance* to round the T. Y. C. turn. The whole then came close to each other, and commenced stronger running up to the distance, where The

Comptroller, The Mystery, and Jack Fawcett shewed forward; but Jack soon defeated them, and appeared winning cleverly, when Nicholson, who had stayed behind, brought up the Alecto filly on the outside, and made his rush, but without a chance of winning, for he was too late; Jack consequently won by half a length. Had Nicholson come out sooner, and measured his distance with nicer discrimination, he must have been the winner, or very near it. The whole lot, however, is only moderate, and will not do for the other St. Leger "wot is to be run" on the 17th of September next.

The history of the travels and adventures of the Alecto mare might form an amusing volume. She went to Epsom, ran for the Oaks, was travelled back to London, where she was shipped on board a packet, or trader, then sailed on

"the wide unbounded sea"

for three nights and three days, landed at Stockton-on-Tees, travelled to Hambleton, the training ground, thence to Liverpool, and at the close of the Meeting was sent by the railway wagon to soil at the residence of her owner in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Why, there is as much variety in her travels as is to be found in "the amusing Adventures of a Shilling!"

The race for the Liverpool St. Leger presented one evil which I should rejoice much to see remedied. Jack Fawcett, The Mystery, and the Comptroller, were each ridden in exactly the same colour (a yellow jacket and black cap): such a practice makes it difficult for those who are unacquainted with the horses to ac-

curately know anything of the race, and even those who know them well, when they are at a distance, are left entirely at a conjecture: beside, might not the judge easily commit an unpleasant error, for which truly he could not be censured? It is very desirable that Noblemen and Gentlemen would make a positive distinction in their colours from all others, as is the practice at Newmarket.

A Sweepstakes of five sovs. with 30 added, for all ages, once round and a distance, brought forward Puss, Falconbridge Satan, and Sensitive. Not one of the lot was able to keep pace with the *Devil's dance*, so he flew away with the Stake cleverly, carrying Heseltine on his back.

His Most Gracious Majesty's Guineas for all ages, two mile heats, ended the day's sport, and induced four to shew—Contest (rode by Darling); the Lady Fulford colt, 3 yrs old (Dodgson); Hope—once La Fille Malle Gardée—(R. Johnson); and Satan (T. Lye).—The event brought four heats, and although the *devil's luck* carried it, the devil got more by it than *his due*. The first heat it was very evident Satan could have won far and wide with uncommon ease; but as the conditions of the Stake said, you must win twice to take the money, and he having run and won the race just preceding, Lye, anxious to save Satan as much as possible, drew the line so very fine, that the Judge declared he lost by half a head from Lady Fulford's colt, while he himself was fancying he had won by a full neck—another forcible proof of how little jockeys themselves can judge (as many pre-

tend to do) of close events, which they themselves ride. Indeed generally they have plenty to do to keep the ship in full sail, without attempting to form any judgment of which is a head. The second heat Contest and Satan collared each other at the distance, and after a stout tug ended in a dead heat—shewing eminent proof of the young one's game qualities and the old one's softness. The third heat Satan won, from Contest giving in when near home, by near a length; and the last heat he won by about a head only, Contest again running him in.

'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, that a young fine horse (the picture of what his sire was in the days of his youth) should be so used.—To run five times, each two miles, successively, without any event intervening, is really too much, and is sufficient of itself to sacrifice his goodness, at least for one year to come. His game properties are truly admirable; and I must say I never before ever saw a young one shew so good a heart. After each heat the horse held up his head, pricked his ears, and came up to the scale with an unconquered spirit: indeed he must be as hard as adamant to sustain what he did. However, although he is so TRUE, he certainly is not fleet; for Contest, which was the best of his companions, shewed himself a thorough bad, soft horse, which tolerable speed would have floored with little difficulty. At the close of the heat Satan was bled and every attention paid to him, and the next morning appeared in good health; but it will be well if such severe exertion do not tell on his constitution in

future days. Some offers were made to purchase him, but his owner refused to sell.—He is now gone to Lancaster.

FRIDAY—Lovely weather, and great attendance. Westport, 7st. 9lb., rode by Holmes, first, won the Lancashire Stake, once round and a distance, with uncommon ease, from The Prince, 7st. 8lb.—*not the Prince of flyers*:—two to one on the winner.

The Stanley Stake, for all ages, the T. Y. C., gave us half a dozen at the post as under:—

|                              |                     |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| Constance .....              | rode by S. Darling. |
| Alecto filly (3 yrs old) ... | Nicholson.          |
| The Mystery .....            | G. Nelson.          |
| Magus .....                  | W. Wright.          |
| Miss Margaret .....          | Thomas Lye.         |
| Lady Moore Carew .....       | J. Holmes.          |

Constance was the pet at 5 to 2 agst her; 3 to 1 agst Alecto, and 7 to 2 agst Miss Margaret. The whole fleet came well together up to the Stand, and ended one of the prettiest sights ever witnessed, Miss Margaret, Magus, and Constance going in nearly in a line; the former winning only by half a neck; Magus gaining the Judge's second notice—the race giving a second proof of the superior qualifications of Vittoria, who beat the winner so easy for the Two-year-old Stake on Tuesday.

The Stand Cup (a very pretty article) was next shewn—two miles and a half. Consul was the fancied one, and backed at 5 to 2 on him. Only one (the Physician) ventured to meet him, and in the way of making a race was of no use whatever, for Consul won very easy, rode, or steered, for he wanted no riding, by Geo. Edwards—Scott's stable proving again invincible. They only had four horses at the Meeting—viz.

Algiers, Westport, The Chancellor, and Consul—and all went away winners, with both Gold Cups in the booty.

The Farmers' Plate ended this most excellent Meeting, and was carried off at two heats with some difficulty by Mr. Houldsworth's

David, jock'd by Darling, beating Bullet, who received the entrance money, and two others,

I now pull up, and subscribe myself, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER,

Liverpool, July 6, 1833,

## A CHAPTER OF PROPHECIES FOR GOODWOOD.

"Probable conjectures many times turn themselves into prophecies."

LORD BACON.

SIR,

UNLOOKED for and astounding as the results of the late Epsom Meeting (the Oaks race in particular) most unquestionably were to the multitude\*, I am far from agreeing with those disappointed and defeated wise-acres, who exclaim in dudgeon, that henceforward public running can afford no clue to speculation, and that turf events are under the sole dominion of chance and rascality. That both one and the other have not a little to do with them, I am perfectly ready to admit: the experience of years, nevertheless, convinces me every day still more and more, that, looking at all the uncertainties of the turf, and taking all the feverish prejudices of private trials into account, it is on *public performance* that we must place the strongest reliance, and that, eight times out of ten, a calculation made soberly, and without bias or partiality on it, will turn out to be correct. I am

aware that a wide field for discussion here presents itself, on which did I enter, I should trespass perhaps too largely on your pages: I may say nevertheless—indeed I am bound to do so to explain my words—that by a calculation made on public performance, I mean one embracing far other and deeper considerations than the mere winning or losing a race or two, and that the mistake generally committed, is that of examining the matter both partially and *superficially*. A mere reference to the records of Mr. Weatherby's broad sheet, unassisted and unstrengthened by corroborating testimony that the events came off as they should have done, will instruct us but little in the mysteries of the public running, for—say the forthcoming great race at Doncaster: it is far from being sufficient for the purpose to find that such or such horses were alone placed or mentioned; and we

\* Notwithstanding all that has been said about Mr. Sadler's want of confidence in his horse, I happen to *know*, that, putting Glaucus out of the question, he considered the event, two days before the race came off, just as safe as if it was over. Chifney and Robinson too must have had a pretty good opinion of Sir Mark's mare, or they would not, I presume, have been so urgent with the worthy Baronet to send her up, which, so worthless did he consider her, he at one time positively refused to do, and even at last I have reason to believe that he travelled her in the string from another stable, not choosing to be at the expense of sending his own people.

may thank our stars on the portentous Wednesday, should we have backed a favorite or two on such grounds alone, if none of our cash arrays itself in marching order towards the hoards of either the High Priest of St. James's or the Senator of St. Stephen's. To deduce sound and reasonable grounds on which to proceed from public performance, we must at least take the following circumstances into our dispassionate, but lynx-eyed, consideration:—the mere facts and results of the race or races; the manner and time in which they were run; their length, and the state of the turf at the time of running; the *weights* (a most important article, and one that cannot too strictly be borne in mind); the opposing field or fields; their number; their respect in qualifications, performances, and *peculiarities*, the whole of which must be closely looked at; the *condition* on the day or days of performance; and, though last, not least, the jockeys and trainers, with a vigilant eye to the peculiar system of the one and the riding of the other. This is but an imperfect list of the points that must be examined before any sound calculation can be made from public performance. Were they *alone*, however, attended to, it will be seen that the task of thus weighing and estimating the chances of a race (and otherwise I maintain it is impossible for them to be fairly weighed and estimated), can scarcely be accomplished, as "the Dougal creature" says of securing Rob Roy, "without some *wee* trouble;" and that also, before it can be accomplished, there must be private information, as well as public observation. Let

me not here be misunderstood. I mean to say, though it is unnecessary to say it, that to obtain an accurate knowledge of the circumstances I have pointed out as essential to be known, it is indispensable to have a few "friends at Court," and to creep a little into the secrets of the various stables. Let the "private information," however, thus obtained be on every occasion subjected to the most rigid scrutiny and test of previous public running; look at the favorable or *very unfavorable* report of a trial with the utmost jealousy and suspicion, if unconfirmed by former events: in one word, if what you hear in the stable can scarcely be reconciled by ordinary occurrences with what you have witnessed on the course, treat the information as either proceeding from infatuation, ignorance, or something worse. Without here entering, however, more deeply into the subject—for since taking up my pen I find I have so much to say on it, that, with your permission I shall make it the theme of a future letter—let me apply myself without further loss of time to the main intent of this communication; which is neither more nor less than to endeavour to throw a little light on some of the events about to come off at Goodwood, from a careful consideration of the public running, &c. of the various horses engaged in them. If my predictions respecting the the two first days' sport are found correct, my readers will perhaps feel inclined to back my opinion respecting *the Cup* and the Racing Stakes.

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And first, as to that highly sporting race on the Tuesday—

THE DRAWING-ROOM STAKES, 25 sovs. each, &c. &c.—We have here, it appears, no fewer than *thirty-three* horses named, out of which, however, not more than four or five are in the betting, and not more than ten or eleven are likely to come to the post. Of these the most deservedly prominent are, Revenge, who ran so well and who could have been trained to have run so much better for the Derby; and his old opponent Young Rapid, whom he defeated as a two-year-old at Ascot, and who both before and since has in *his* turn distinguished himself as a winner more than once. These two are at this moment placed in the betting as the Judge placed them in their race, there not being more than about a point between them; and though the odds are perhaps too small against each, their relative station is much as it should be. But will it be believed that after the thousand and one instances of dearly-bought experience in such matters, so shortly after the exhibition and exposure of the vamped-up private “flyers” of the Derby—can it be believed, I ask, that an entirely dark and unknown horse, of most questionable pedigree too (Tim by Middleton), has absolutely the decided call of the market, and finds fools to back him at the absurd price of three to one? Oh! the folly, the insane folly of the “mob of Gentlemen” who bet! Some charm, like that of the serpent, must surely be attached to the tongue of a Newmarket trainer! Tim, at 20 to 1, *backed stily by his party*, might be thought dangerous to stand against, but at his

present price—why a blind man must see through it! Trepidation—almost the only other horse mentioned—is also far from where he should be, being but half a point behind Young Rapid, with plenty of people, it seems, to back him. His running as a two-year-old was decidedly good (having beaten Dangerous—then amiss—and many others); but this year he has not been out in public, and his station in the odds, instead of being 9 to 2, should be somewhere about 12 to 1. I should not be surprised to see him run a fair horse, but I confess I cannot fancy him as the winner of the race. Not to dwell, however, too long on this event—as it will have come off by the time the MAGAZINE is in your subscribers’ hands—from public running, and other circumstances, I pronounce that the race will lie between Revenge, Young Rapid, and Imbar, Brother to Echo. Those who are interested in it will have done well if they have borne in mind that this last horse, well in front throughout, *was close at the finish upon the heels of Revenge in the Derby*; and that in a differently-run race, as from its length the Drawing-Room Stakes must be, the chances assuredly are that he may be still more forward. The Sister to Frederick ran a goodish mare for the Oaks; but I should doubt her getting the distance *with the weight*, though at six stone one I am satisfied she will be very forward for the Goodwood Stakes. Even granting that she was brought to the post all right, Sir Mark Wood’s mare Vespa, with 8lb. extra for winning the Oaks, could scarcely, I think, be seen in front.

## THE GOODWOOD STAKES.

Of this race also I shall, for a similar reason, say only a few words; but I am satisfied in my own mind they will be the words of tolerably correct prediction. Lady Fly, *I think*, will here be the heroine of the day, though she will have to meet a field of good horses, amongst which there are not a few most favorably weighted. Pounce, if not already too much battered about the country, will undoubtedly, at 7st. 8lb., run a very forward horse; ditto, in my humble opinion, both Wassailer and Red Rover; and let those who are inclined to profit by past events remember that two years ago the Duke of Richmond won these Stakes with a mare deservedly less thought of, and with eleven pounds more upon her back than his Oaks mare of this year, Baleine, *by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam*. The weight will stop Gallopade; and Windcliffe, though at this moment *preached* up to be first favorite, has but weak pretensions, in my opinion, to his position.

Mr. Forth's Marpessa will make short work of the Hundred Sovereigns Sweepstakes, if indeed she does not walk over. I should much like, however, to see her meet the far-famed Weeper *well*: if she did not take the conceit out of this conqueror of the mighty Glaucus, I am much mistaken.—Let me here remind my readers that one of the most racing-like animals ever seen—Own Brother to Marpessa—is now in Sir Mark Wood's stables, and in next year's Derby.

Come we now to the great Lion of the Meeting,

## THE MIGHTY CUP:

and as for this race my words will be in time, I shall of course be more diffuse.

We have here also an overwhelming favorite in the person of Sir Mark Wood's very celebrated mare Camarine; and, looking at both the quantity and quality of her performances, there can be no doubt that she must be considered as a most highly superior animal. She has the advantage too of being extremely favorably in for weight, having, after all her high exploits, alone to carry the 4lb. extra for winning the Ascot Cup in 1832. Her gross load, therefore, after the allowance to mares of 5lb., will be 9st. 8lb.—a load that must certainly be considered light, after the 10st. 10lb. clapped upon her by the handicapper for the Goodwood Stakes, to meet—had she accepted—the same horses, many of them at least, which she will have to meet in the Cup at Cup weights, over the same identical course. All this is much in her favour, and she has good right to be a rattling favorite: *the field*, nevertheless, say I, in such a race as the one I am speaking of, more especially the very good one that will here be opposed to her. Beiram is also weighted favorably, and beyond all doubt is a most dangerous customer. Remember *the doubt as to where he was* last year for this Cup against old Priam, &c. &c., after a severe race as winner of the Drawing-Room on the Tuesday; and remember he has been bottled up expressly for this occasion. Individually I had rather have him than anything else in the race: if Camarine *does* beat

him, she may depend on it it will not be without the greatest share of trouble she has yet had to take; and most earnestly do I advise all who may chance to read my scribbling to make him a winner in their books. If Lady Fly starts, as I should think she would, for the Goodwood Stakes the day previous, her chance for the Cup, if not quite out, will at least be greatly reduced. She also ran an exceedingly good mare in this race last year; and if the little conceited thing that was on her had chosen to have obeyed his orders, it would have been a still nearer thing than it was. She carried also, I should say, two pounds more than she should have done; and this, coupled with her jockey's doing just what he was told to avoid, in all probability lost her the race. She is a very nice mare, and, as I have already said, a prime favorite of mine, if she runs for the Goodwood. Gallopade is unquestionably a fine imposing horse, and has run well in the North, where last year he won several Gold Cups, and amongst them the one at Doncaster, for which he will have to carry extra weight. I can scarcely understand the weights for this said Goodwood Cup, so confusedly are the articles worded; but *I suppose* he will also have an additional load put on him (5lb.) for defeating that wooden article Dirce for the Eclipse Foot at Ascot; and in this case I must say I think he will be hardly treated. He might as well be made to carry extra weight for defeating a donkey; and in case *both* loads are clapped upon him, he will have to give CAMARINE (*both be-*

*ing of the same year*) NINE POUNDS—a difference of weight, in my opinion, that is manifestly unjust. As I before hinted, too, I think he has been harshly dealt by in the weights for the Goodwood Stakes: let him run, however, in which he will, he will prove himself a game and honest horse, though I must say candidly that I do not expect to see him placed in either the one race or the other. Are we to have a second edition this year of dark old Jocko in the person of that honest, though aged bit of stuff, Liston? or is one of the three-year-olds to drop as it were from the clouds, and after the old ones have tired themselves with fighting, run away with the splendid trophy? What places are Catalonian, and Revenge, and Imbar to occupy? With regard to the two last mentioned horses, a tale will doubtless be told in the running for the Drawing-Room Stakes on Tuesday; and should either of them be fortunate enough to win, or even run a very close second, Beiram's performance for last year will be doubtless borne in mind, and there will be a change, and a decided one, in the betting for the Cup. Thinking as I do of them, I cannot persuade myself but that the immense advantages they have as three-year-olds in the weights must tell decidedly in their favour; and here Imbar will have the call over Revenge by a difference of *five pounds*. Catalonian will also be at the same weight with Imbar, and, if brought right to the post, it will be an interesting race between the two. Had Catalonian not made such *very severe* running at Ep-

son, he might have been still more forward than he was; and we all remember he was not beat such an extremely long distance from home. Generally speaking, I am quite of the Yorkshire opinion as to *old horses* being the most to be relied on for Cups; but at Goodwood the allowance for maiden three-year-olds is so enormous, that it almost makes one nervous to stand *heavy* against a young one that has proved himself to be pretty decent. By way of instance, only look at Gallopade (if he carries extra weight in both instances), five years old, at 10st. 3lb.; and Sister to Frederick, fourth for the Oaks this year, at 6st. 8lb.! I think before next year there will be some alteration in the articles for this great Stake; I am satisfied there might be an improvement. I have little more to say about the Cup, than that I should suppose Windcliffe will not start, being so much more favorably weighted for the Goodwood Stakes, and that I am at a loss to know what of his performances can entitle him to be a favorite for either. Let me conclude by again advising my readers *to back the field*.

The only other event on which I have now to offer an observation or two, is that of the

#### RACING STAKES,

50 sovs. each, on the last day, Friday.—Here we have the winner of the Derby at eight, and Glaucus at three pounds extra; the one for his Epsom exploit, the other for winning the Prendergast, to meet (as the best of the lot) Young Rapid and Mar-

pessa, the supposed kill-devil Trepidation, and the at one time so much talked of Bravo. This, I venture to predict, will make a sporting race, though the result will in all probability be what few at this moment either expect or could give credence to. Mark my words, Gentlemen Sportsmen, if she is well on the day, these said Racing Stakes stand an uncommonly good chance of going into Mr. Forth's pocket by the help of that sweet and good mare Marpessa. Look at the way in which she won the Nursery Stakes at Newmarket; and the way also in which the booby who steered her threw away her chance for the Clearwell! The weight on Dangerous, I think, must tell; there is no question, however, but that he is a very superior nag; and if either Marpessa or Young Rapid can floor him, there will be another rattling favorite for the Leger. If Young Rapid puts his nose in first for the Drawing-Room, he will also have 6lb. in addition to carry. Barring this, I think he will make a good race with Mr. Forth; but in the event of his having this little extra feather, his chance, I fear, is greatly weakened. Three parts and more of the mighty promise held out of Trepidation, must of course be laid to the account of his having last year defeated Dangerous; but so, I beg leave to remind his admirers, did Glaucus, and it was notorious that Sadler's horse was amiss on every occasion when he started. The race, in my opinion, will lie between the latter, Marpessa, and Young Rapid; and, as the old Latin adage tells us, *in medio tutissimus ibis*, my advice

and recommendation is to back the mare which I have thus placed in the middle,

Trusting that you will allow me again to address you after these weighty events have been

decided, and wishing you a first-rate *book* on each and every occasion of them, I beg leave to subscribe myself your constant reader,

BUREOT.

Petworth, 15th July, 1833.

### THE LATE NEVILLE KING, ESQ.

" Oh ! thus will we mourn, and his memory's light,  
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them ;  
For Worth shall look fairer, and Truth more bright,  
When we think how he lived but to love them !"—MOORE.

SIR,

**H**OW hard is our fate !..... Death has again robbed us of another worthy, who for many years has stood amid the engaging pleasures of the Turf (like the sturdy oaks of the forest), "the just pride and glory of the Field"—one who steered through the now too much neglected path of strict integrity without ever once being known to bolt or stumble from that course which led to honorable fame—that man was the late COLONEL KING, of Ashby House, Lincolnshire, who the stern Messenger called away from us on Wednesday, June the 19th, 1833, at his lodgings in Fish Street, Hull, which apartments he had occupied when residing at Hull occasionally for the space of above fifty years.

The late Colonel King (who was Colonel of the Third Lincoln Militia) has been for a great number of years a warm supporter of the Turf, and made his first appearance as owner of Race-horses in the year 1794 with a horse called Warwick ; but as an account of the different horses he brought forth on the turf may

prove interesting to your sporting readers, you are here furnished with a list, arranged in the priority of the period in which each appeared :—

1794. ch. c. Warwick (foaled in 1790—first Lord Grosvenor's), by Pot-80's out of Hardwicke's dam by King Herod—Bajazet, Regulus, &c.

1805. gr. horse, Heale\* (foaled in 1799), by Delpini, dam by Garrick out of Benningbrough's dam by Herod.

1810. b. f. Lucilla\* (foaled in 1807), by Old Driver out of Heale's dam by Garrick.

1811. ch. c. Bully, by Beaster, dam by Coriander out of Remnant by Trumpator.

1813. ch. c. Brother (foaled in 1809), by Sancho, her dam by Mercury out of Wren by Woodpecker.

ch. c. Spangle (foaled in 1810), by Sancho out of Brother's dam.

1814. gr. c. Kingston (foaled in 1811), first called St. Angelo, by Young Selim out of Maniac by Shuttle, her first produce.

1815. b. c. Fulford (foaled in 1812), by Orville out of Maniac.

1816. b. f. Placid (foaled in 1813), by Staveley out of Easy by Hambletonian.

1818. br. c. Master Beverley (foaled in 1815), by Cerberus or Black Trophonius, dam by Ormond.

\* Neither Heale nor Lucilla's pedigree have ever been inserted in the General Stud Book, though Mr. Jackson's Remnant is inserted, who is out of the same mare.

1821. b. f. Lunatic (foaled in 1818), by Prime Minister out of Maniac by Shuttle.
1821. b. f. Miss Fulford (foaled in 1819), by Walton out of Maniac.
1823. br. c. Great Tom of Lincoln (foaled in 1820), by Fulford out of The Doubt, by Stamford; grandam (Sister to Hyacinthus) by Coriander.
1825. ch. f. Ultima (foaled in 1822), by Bourbon out of Elba (Sister to St. Helena) by Stripling; grandam Maniac by Shuttle.
1827. br. f. Bessy Bedlam (foaled in 1825), by Filho da Puta out of Lunatic by Prime Minister.
1828. br. f. Emerald, afterwards BETTY MARTIN (foaled in 1825), by Blacklock, dam by Filho da Puta; grandam by Smolensko.
1828. ch. c. Madcap (foaled in 1826), by Tramp or Blacklock, out of Lady Fulford by Walton; grandam Maniac by Shuttle.
1830. gr. f. Gallopade (foaled in 1828), by Catton out of Camillina by Camillus.
1831. b. f. Frantic (foaled in 1828), by Champignon out of Maniac by Shuttle.
1832. b. c. Fanatic (foaled in 1829), Brother to Bessy Bedlam.
1833. b. f. Tigress (foaled in 1830), by Brutendorf, dam by Comus.

WARWICK, the first horse the worthy Colonel started on the turf, was bred by the Earl of Grosvenor, and brought forth in public as his Lordship's property at 3 yrs old; but his conduct proving what may truly be termed indifferent, he was drafted from his Lordship's collection, and became the Colonel's property, for whom he won at Warwick, in 1794, two Stakes amounting to 170gs.; but to gain him that sum he had to make no less than five essays.

HESSLE, from six starts, won him three prizes, though her talents were but on a par with the ability of a cocktail.

LUOILLA proved a winner;

though *plating*, and that with but a very thin coat, was her *forte*.

BULLY never boasted more worth to him than to the tune of a hundred, gained at two instalments from nine appearances.

BROTHER, though better than many brothers, gave him but one hundred and fifty, picked up or found at Grimsby and Lincoln; and Spangle, a scion of the same family, gained two fifties.

KINGSTON from ten starts won .....what?—*nothing*!

Thus we see that the early career of our worthy Sportsman was anything but tempting and enticing; yet the true thoroughblood of a genuine Sportsman proved pre-eminent in his nature and his conduct, and he boldly followed up the game with the hope of bagging a full booty ere long.

The next horse which comes under our notice as his property is FULFORD. He was purchased of the late Alderman Ellis, of Fulford (from which place the horse took his name), near York, of whom the late Colonel King had bought Kingston. Alderman Ellis was the owner of that celebrated Shuttle mare called MANIAC; and the catalogue I have given will shew, that from this valuable mare the Colonel hereafter drew almost exclusively the whole of those horses which he subsequently brought on the Turf. Indeed her breeding was so excellent, that every judge of pedigree must have coveted a cross of such valuable streams as flowed within her—Shuttle (blood, that so long as breeding is regarded by the turfman, will be envied), combined with the true old Beningbrough cross—not to be excelled;

and I should not wonder if the future progeny, judiciously crossed, do not bring forth more superior horses than even the old mare herself produced: and when it is considered the great number of foals she bred, no one will say, looking at Fulford, St. Helena, The Alderman, Bedlamite, and others, that, as a brood mare, she was not excellent.

Fulford proved a valuable horse to our deceased Sportsman, although he could not be classed as a first-rate one. In the St. Leger he got a place—the third—and in the four years which the Colonel trained him he won no less than seventeen prizes, amounting to 1161l. 5s., besides the Gold Cup at Doncaster in the year 1817, and beating a very considerable number of fair horses; among which were, Dinmont, Everlasting, Parlinton, Bustler, Little Thomas, Doctor Russell, Hurricane, Sir Bellingham, Shepherd, Silenus, Dewdrop, Traveller, Murat, &c. &c.

PLACID, for two years' training, only placed a solitary fifty in the Colonel's purse.

MASTER BEVERLEY boasted not of superior claims: plates were chiefly the object of his strife, in which cause he carried his master four, each worth fifty.

LUNATIC was certainly more fortunate than good. At three years old she managed to carry off two prizes, and then bade farewell to "victorious wreaths."

MISS FULFORD and GREAT TOM OF LINCOLN—neither of these ever won.

ULTIMA brought forth a little better account than her immediate predecessors, for she won five different Stakes, and beat, amongst others, Brownlock, the

winner of several King's Hundreds, and Mr. Gascoigne's well-known mare Elizabeth.

BESSY BEDLAM brings us to the proudest era in the sporting life of our worthy Colonel. If ever man set his heart, his mind, his soul upon the fleetness of his steed, it was the Colonel on his Bessy, and her performances undoubtedly warranted him in forming very sanguine hopes upon her abilities. At two years old she entered the field four times, and each time left it an honorable victor, having defeated that *flyer* Velocipede, amongst numerous others. On her re-appearance at three years old she again twice carried "victory triumphant" in her train, until stored-by for the Doncaster Leger; and then cruel hearts and baser minds robbed, plundered, and deprived the worthy Sportsman of all his hopes. The circumstance is too well known to require comment; and I leave the consciences (if such they have) of those who thus foully contaminated their hands in the diabolical act to punish (for such it must do) their black offences. After this ill usage she did not shew so superior as her younger feats gave promise of—perhaps from her running leaving her, as is not unfrequently the case with mares.

Of the remainder of his stud—Betty Martin, Madcap, Gallopade, Frantic, Fanatic, and Tigris—they were all among the heard-of-beaten ones, and brought forth but very *sparc gleanings*.

From the details now given of the performances of our Sportsman's stud, we see that for a period of time fast approaching to half a century he has been a sup-

porter of our national sport; and it must be confessed that few men have followed it for so long a time, with enjoying so little of its gratifying results, while few men have drunk the bitter cup of defeat so unceasing and repeatedly as he sustained. Out of his whole string, only two (Fulford and Bessy Bedlam) can be said to have brought much above the cost of those heavy expenses which horses in training of necessity incur; and several, it is seen, never produced a shilling into the pocket of the worthy Colonel: still, like the inimitable Mathews's character, whose motto was "*never give up*," he ardently courted the Goddess in pursuit of the sole object of his ambition—"the *pride of winning*"—which, it must be confessed, he was eminently worthy of enjoying. He was, as all know, one of that honorable class who supported his country's sports in a national point of view, to give a stimulus to excellence in the breed of our horses; and, consequently, HIS GAIN WAS EVER MORE IN THE VICTORY THAN THE PRIZE.

I believe he kept no breeding establishment—all his stud were purchased of others. His horses were always sent to public stables; and his trainers and jockeys, during the number of years that he supported the Turf, were certainly numerous.

Fulford ran his career under the superintendence of the late well-known character, Old Sykes, who claimed our Sportsman as a master for some years, having also under his management, Master Beverley, Placid, Lunatic, and Miss Fulford. Great Tom of Lincoln was placed under the care of old John Shepherd, the

rider, who then kept training stables at Norton, near Malton.—Ultima and Bessy Bedlam claimed Job Marson, of White Wall Corner, near Malton, as their preceptor, until the explosion or exposure of the Bessy Bedlam tragedy (performed in 1828), when the Colonel, immediately after the St. Leger race, removed them from his possession at the Doncaster Meeting, and placed them under the management of Perrin.

In the year 1831 the Colonel again removed his horses to the stables of Watmough, at Caistor, near Grimsby, Lincolnshire; and last year, on the decease of Lord Scarbrough, King, his late Lordship's trainer, was appointed to the office, which post he held at the period of the Colonel's death.

Among his several riders, we recount the names of B. Norton, Thomas Shepherd, Jackson, Lye, Gray, Garbutt, Nicholson, Nelson, and Frank Boyce: however, with the exception of Jackson and Lye, scarcely any of them can be said to have possessed any tie to the service, being only engaged on the moment as opportunity or convenience afforded.

When we turn our notice from his sporting to his domestic life, it must be universally acknowledged, that, in whatever light we view him, he presented the picture of an estimable, worthy, and upright character—the patron of every rational sport and diversion—the warm supporter of every charitable and benevolent object: indeed he carried with him the love and respect of all classes; and the poor and indigent found in him a generous and feeling heart, which never refused them aid and support in the hour of need. One object of his bounty (as I have

been informed), a female, whom it was the will of Providence to reduce from comfortable circumstances to a state of distress, and to whom our generous sportsman had afforded seasonable assistance, in gratitude to his charitable aid, presented him with a hearth rug, the work of her own hands, whereon was a portrait of his favorite mare, Bessy Bedlam. This token of gratitude was much esteemed by him, and shewn only to his intimate friends.

In person and manners he was a noble specimen of the ancient English Gentleman. He was generally attired, something like the *Squire Western School*, in doe-skin breeches. His house retained all the hospitality of olden days. His heart ever throbbed with that pure integrity on which neither calumny nor artifice can

ever cast a stain : indeed it may be said he was

“ Form’d for each dear delight by man  
enjoy’d—  
For love, for friendship, and each social tie.

When we are doomed to lose from our ranks men like him—and, alas ! we have recently lost not a few—the true friend to the Turf cannot but deeply regret that

“ Such things are.”

Let us hope, however, that the bright radiance which is yet left around their names will stimulate others to pursue their brilliant example. Of our Sportsman we will say no more than **FAREWELL**.

While others thy monument vainly may  
rear,  
Adorning thy tomb with the trophies of  
art :

We’ll think of thy virtue, thy worth, with  
a tear,  
And hallow thy memory deep in our  
heart.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Our valued Correspondent, since writing the above, has favored us with the following Eulogy to the Memory of this highly-distinguished Gentleman :

To the Memory of  
NEVILLE,

Who, though not descended from Royal Posterity, was born a  
KING.

Though he neither swayed a Sceptre nor governed a Kingdom,

Yet for some years he held undisturbed possession of  
WARWICK, KINGSTON, HESSLE, and FULFORD,

And was also  
MASTER of BEVERLEY,

From which he drew  
Some portion of Revenue,

Though he never oppressed the Public by exacting Imposts.

In an eminent degree he possessed a kind and affectionate disposition,  
Yet his

Tender heart and sensitive feelings permitted him for some time to keep

A LUNATIC and a FRANTIC

(For the sport and game of the Public),

VOL. VII.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 40.

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As well as to obtain possession of  
 BEDLAM'S BESS,  
 Each of whom was permitted to exhibit their fantastic freaks  
 To the gaze of the Multitude  
 For Lucre and Renown.  
 Abounding with acts of  
 Philanthropy,  
 He formed an Asylum for the reception of the  
 Daughters and Grand Daughters of a  
 MANIAC,  
 To whom he was much attached.  
 His Liberality of Mind  
 Shewed no partiality or distinction to sects or persons ;  
 For amongst its inmates might be found the Offspring of  
 A PRIME MINISTER, a BOURBON, and a TRAMP.  
 The objects of his favour were both various and singular :  
 At one time he supported  
 A BULLY,  
 Whose *boasting* propensities  
 Contributed in a small degree to his profit.  
 He had also  
 A MISS\*  
 As well as  
 BETTY MARTIN  
 In keeping,  
 Without offending the feelings of the Virtuous  
 Or incurring the Slander of the Censorious and Malignant.  
 At another period of his life, he adopted  
 A MADCAP,  
 Whose wild vagaries and extravagant education cost him considerable  
 Sums of Money.  
 He betrayed no partiality for  
 Wild Beasts,  
 Yet at his death he possessed  
 A TIGRESS,  
 Which he had trained to be perfectly *harmless*.  
 His manly *straight-forward* spirit was ever opposed to the science of  
*Ringin' Changes*,  
 Yet he was once induced to purchase  
 GREAT TOM OF LINCOLN,  
 But as this wondrous Bell had long been cracked,  
 The article proved to him worse than  
 "Sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

\* Miss Fulford, by Walton out of Maniac.

With all his seeming eccentricities, the breath of Calumny was not able  
(throughout his long life)

To sully the  
Brilliancy of his Reputation.

He preserved his good Name, unspotted, to the end of his life :

And it may be honestly said of him, that he lived

HONoured AND RESPECTED,

that he died

SINCERELY REGRETTEd

On the 19th day of June 1833, in the eighty-first year of his age,

Leaving an Example to posterity

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

Ebor, July 6th, 1833.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

### THE SPORTSMAN'S SUMMER—BY *DASHWOOD*.

Fishing in the Tyne (East Lothian) and its Tributaries—Recollections of Marmion—the Patriot Andrew Fletcher at Salton—Scene on Salton Water and in Salton Haugh—General Recommendation of the Rod and Trout-fishing—the Stream at Carshalton, and the Balham-Hill Cook-maid—Exertion required in Trout-fishing—Pike-fishing—the Isis—the Road, &c.

SIR,

**L**ET me now beg my readers to accompany me for a moment to the wimpling waters of the Tyne, and his tributary trout-peopled rills of silver, now half hid and hurrying beneath the canopy of beech and oak wood—now brawling forth over gravel and granite in one broad transparent sheet, diversified and broken by myriads of little tinkling cascades and infant cataracts. In good sooth that man is not to be envied who cannot awhile forget the cry of the fox-hound, and here find not only amusement, but enjoyment. Do you visit these “banks and braes” as a mere fisherman only? Down to the humblest “bit burnie” that

winds its silvery thread along the haugh, every “water”\* is literally alive with its starred and speckled denizens; no rest or respite for either hook or pirl; and before half the day’s streams are fished†, the murderous hackle has filled your creel, and loaded the shoulders of the bare-footed white-pated little varlet you have laid hold of to assist you: or, blending a little romance and love of nature with your relish for sport, can you, whilst in keen pursuit of it, enter delightedly also into the recollections of other days which the scene suggests? From pool and plain to the purple heath and the grey cairn of the hill-top, every footstep is on

\* By no means an uncommon appellation of a stream in Scotland. Thus, “Salton water,” “Arniston water,” “Roslin water,” “ALLAN WATER,” &c. &c.

† I am afraid to mention the number of fish that I once saw Lord Robert Kerr take out of one of these small rills in the course of an hour or two. Suffice it to say, that they completely filled his by no means small portable pannier,

ground made classic by Scotland's most illustrious Poet, or hallowed by the memory of her unforgettable "Patriot\*." The "greensward" road† of the "Lord of Fontenaye" lies beneath the canopy of yonder "forest-glade" of pine and oak; and imagination paints, and tradition confirms the knoll that rises in its centre, as "the little woodland plain" that witnessed the pageant of "The Lion King," and the proud greeting by his poet-herald of King James to Marmion. It were difficult methinks to thread the glades and dingles of Salton or Humble Wood without re-peopleing their green alleys with the lofty pomp of that procession, and conjuring up the "demi-volte" of Eustace, and the graver bearing of Blount, and "The Lindesay," and the Palmer, and the falcon-crested Knight himself, and thence carrying on the noble tale to the old halls of Holyrood, and the red and blood-stained field of Flodden!

Follow now the course of the little stream, till, where at a sharp and sudden turn it eddies fiercely against the rock, and, dashing down a small cascade of granite, flows in a deeper and more silent pool below a smooth and well-trimmed alley, screened by the over-hanging canopy of forest trees, which flourish on the bank above, and decked towards the water's margin by many an old

holly-bush and ivy-covered trunk. Though in some points dissimilar, and even more romantic, to an *Oxford-man*, it speaks at once of the eddying Cherwell, and the haunted walks of Magdalen, which, once trodden, must be remembered through existence. And, meet spot for such holy lesson, *here was it*, unpent in cabinet or city, with the free breeze around them, and the free waters gushing below, that the venerable Burnet‡ taught his pupil—the illustrious Fletcher—the future "Patriot"—the glorious path to his immortal name! Oh! often amidst the fens of his honorable exile must the slumbers of Scotland's statesman and benefactor have brought back to him that green alley; and, in the sluggish murmurs of "the dull and dank canals" of Holland§, must his dreams have heard the rippling of his own translucent rill! On our road too to this more than classic spot we passed below his ancient and time-honored hall, whose towers now renovated—not with the sicklied taste so unhappily predominant, but in the spirit that should mark the descendant of such a man—still look loftily down on the giant ash and elm that fringe the banks of Salton Water, and glance proudly, like a Monarch on his throne, over the wide-spread scene of plains and woodlands that still do service to the name.

\* Fletcher of Salton.

† See Marmion, 4th Canto, Section 4th, &c.

"The greensward way was smooth and good,  
Through Humble's and through Salton's wood," &c. &c.

‡ Sir Robert Fletcher on his death-bed bequeathed the education of his son, the future "Patriot," to Bishop Burnet, then the Minister of Salton parish: how the Preceptor acquitted himself of the task may be best seen in the noble sentiments and splendid career of the pupil.

§ The Patriot was for a length of time compelled to seek refuge in Holland, and it was here that the Earl of Argyle held the well-known conferences with him and Mr. Baillie, of Jervis Wood.

The scene around us is indeed well worthy of an artist's pencil, and it is with fear and trembling that I approach it; yet who could be silent that has once loitered along that lovely haugh, and remembers all its precipitous and shrub-clad banks—its hanging plantation crowned by the little tower above, as if in mockery of the gigantic walls that frown over the opposing brae; the clear and winding trout-stream, with its old fantastic bridge below the huge and intertwining boughs of beeches, coeval perhaps with Argyle and Monmouth; the white walls of the mill beyond, at the foot of the dark and dusky bank of firs; and the trim hedgerows and fertile fields that carry the eye far onwards to the mighty wood made immortal by the last Minstrel of Scotland's Lyre! I repeat it, that man is little to be envied, who, with rod in hand and creel on back, can think the day too tedious amidst such scenery. Would to God I could recal one tithe of the happy hours of spring and summer that I have spent among its enchantments!

And do I then narrow this enjoyment to the banks of Tyne and his tributaries? Far, far indeed from it. I once more repeat, I little envy the man who from May to October could yawn for fox-hounds by the side of any stream that flows from Tay to Tweed, from Tweed to Thames. True, the air may not be peopled with such localities and recollections; but to every rill that gurgles, to every river that pursues its mightier course, to every hill that swells, and every plain that bears fertility on its surface, is attached a history and an interest sufficient to engage the mind and

awake the sympathies of a reflecting being: and whether it be on the wild and rocky banks of the foaming Spey, or by the more sluggish current of the "thirty-armed" Trent, amidst the fastnesses of the Highland Muirs, or on the "laughing meads" of once merry England—again and again I say, I pity the individual who cannot find amusement and enjoyment with his rod in his hand, and his remembrances in his heart. Just Heavens! were it only the Carshalton mill-stream, with nothing more picturesque for the eye than the Patent Steam Washing Company's receiving-house; nothing more romantic for the ear than the arcadian strains of the passing cockney-carters; nothing more engaging to the imagination or the memory than some old story of a Balham-hill cook-maid, who in endeavoring to dispose (finally) of her "birth-strangled babe," slipped (by accident, believe me), bundle and all, into that black muddy-looking hole beneath the willows, where the water-rat has just hid himself, and perhaps now forms part and parcel of each bloated fish that is in the basket—I say even *here*, and with *such* ingredients, I could compound a Lethean draught for at least Surrey-hunting.

I have instanced the Tyne, for I love its waters, and my happiest hours were passed within hearing of their murmurs; and I have more particularly alluded to *trout* fishing, as it may be enjoyed as a light and elegant amusement, or followed as a serious and engrossing sport. It may be either the pastime of the poet, composing a stanza to "his mistress's eyebrow" on the smooth banks of

the Lowland streamlet ; or be the accompaniment, amidst the tumbling waters of the Teith, to the fierce day-dreams and aspiring projects of Ambition or Revolution ! Followed as a sport alone, let my readers believe me when I tell them, that there is ample scope for the exertion of both mind and body, though I am well aware that many, who have never seen a trout in their existence, save in a fishmonger's shop, choose to sneer at it as an effeminate pastime, and consider perhaps that it requires no more trouble to fill a creel than to bob for gudgeons out of a punt below the Star and Garter Inn at Richmond. I should like now, by way of punishment, to plant one of these yawning town-idlers—a fellow who perhaps keeps his couple or three horses, and trots up and down the lanes after—aye, an indefinitely long way *after*—the fox-hounds in winter, and thereby thinks himself privileged to under-rate every other sport in the calendar—himself all the while possessing not the most remote conception of what fox-hunting *really* is—I should like, I say, to plant one of these gentry up to his middle in the surging eddies of the Teith, and deliver over to him rod and line with a three-pound Highland patriarch just safely struck, and make it the condition of his dinner that he lands the noble fellow like a fisherman. My friend would find plenty to occupy his thoughts, take my word for it, without recurring to either fox-hounds or fox-hunting. Halloo ! my little Nimrod, you will never land him that way—keep him tight, man, keep him tight ; give him line, but feel his mouth every

inch of it : nay, don't be afraid to stir, man, you won't be drowned, I'll answer for it. There, mind he does not foul you round that old tangled oak-root : well done ; now let him have his run along the pool ; why, hold up ! could you not see that great fragment of rock before you ? Well ! never heed, a fox-hunter must not care about a broken shin or two : but how's this ? you have let the reel loose in your tumble, and will make a bungle of it after all. Steady now, steady, my man, as you value your dinner : 'tis lucky it's all plain sailing, for a hundred yards further amongst those roots and rocks, and you would be a broken man to a certainty. Wind up now as gingerly and tenderly as you would pick a pocket ; he will have waited in that hole below the stump—mind that pointed stone ; there you have him again : what a rush ! by Jove there is plenty of mischief in him yet ; easy, easy with him, and keep a tight line. What pulling, faint and tired at last ? Well, wind up short, but don't leave his mouth for a second : that's it ; draw him steadily now towards the shallows ; shorter yet ; and lift his head and give him a taste of Highland air. Softly now till I come behind him with the landing-net ; and there at last he lies on the glittering gravel to your immortal honour, and to the utter silencing of your surmises as to the *effeminacy* of trout-fishing ! What ! jaded and worn out with killing a single fish ? Well, take a hearty kiss of true Highland nectar, and as the lengthening shadows are beginning to fall, and you have fairly earned your dinner, we'll away in quest of it to those head-quar-

ters of hospitality and good fellowship, the merry roof-tree of Boquhan. What a day's exploit to write an account of to your friends at ——!! Bate them not a single inch of it, and say, though last, by no means least, "I flushed my maiden hook AT THE BASE OF THE HIGHLAND HILLS AND IN THE COUNTRY OF ROB ROY.

It is not, of course, my intention to write a treatise or dissertation on the varieties of angling; yet I must, notwithstanding, be allowed to mention another branch of the diversion, which the most determined fox-hunter in existence may well permit himself to engage in without much fear of sullyng his reputation. I allude to *Pike-fishing*; and whether it be on the all-glorious lakes of the Highlands, or amidst the tamer scenery of some Southland river—on the deep and dark-blue Loch Lomond, or by the willowed banks of the reedy Isis, there is here again an ample field for his best energies, nor need he blush to be caught rod in hand. South of Berwick bridge, indeed—where I might almost say, that to us Sassenahs both the salmon and the trout are alike unknown—it is the very fox-hunting of the sport: and (eheu!) years ago I have more than once made the killing a ten-pounder before breakfast the prelude to a good run with "the Duke" or "Sir Thomas\*," and should have been puzzled to decide, when putting on my night-cap, to which event of the day to give the preference. You should enter, gentle reader, a little into my love and enthu-

siasm for this Princely diversion, were it still in my power, as it once was, to invite you *home* to enjoy some of the very best jack-fishing in the county of Oxford. "When pike meets pike," however, says the proverb, then comes the tug of war; and all my poor little *pikes*, alas! were long ago swallowed up at a mouthful by a ravenous *shark* of the law, into whose jaws, some day, may God send a hook, and give his "client" the gentle guidance of the line! As it is, therefore, I can only paint to you somewhat of the reception you should have met with, had you done me the honour of visiting ——, before the smooth-faced thief alluded to deemed it expedient to embezzle my fortune. I would have met you with a hearty shake of the hand at the white swing-gate at the head of the old avenue of elms, and my rooks should in *their* way have repeated their master's welcome to you on our road to his long, low "house," whose white walls were all but hidden beneath the straggling festoons of clustering ivy, with a dressed bank of turf and roses in front, and in the rear a sloping meadow down to the gravel of the water's edge. We would have enjoyed our quiet bottle, and drank success to the noble cause of fox-hunting, and prosperity to the *Sporting Magazine* (to be sure, both causes are nearly the same, and therefore there is no need to drink them separately) —I say, we would have enjoyed our quiet bottle for the *first* evening in the dark-panneled little breakfast parlour, hung round

\* The Duke of Beaufort and the late Sir Thomas Mostyn.

with sporting prints, and looking out upon the rookery; and you should have visited my hunters in their boxes, and seen my pointers in their kennel (I never kept *hounds* in Oxfordshire); and with half a jug of Glenlivet toddy below your belt, you should have retreated early to your comfortable bed in the Blue-room, and dreamt of stream and plain, till roused to the certainty "of waking bliss," long before the sun was above the horizon, by my deaf and dumb fisherman\*, Mr. Barnes, *in propria persona*.

And now away to the margin of the classic Isis. The first sunbeams are just tinting the tops of the Wantage Downs, and are rolling before them the sheeted and fleecy mist from the expanse of plain below. Not a breath is on the stirless leaf; not a ripple on the motionless and slumbering streams of the placid river, that seems to reek, as it were, beneath their influence, as we noiselessly and cautiously wind our dewy way along its banks, to gain the well-known bed of reeds at the mouth of the wide ditch from the Pigeon-house pond, and still silent as death (or Barnes himself) drop the gudgeon, as mutely as falls the flake of snow on earth, in the deep pool midway between the water-lilies and yonder mass of matted weed. If there is a jack left in the river, this must have been his hotel for the night; and see—down goes the float—but, not to keep you, *oh lector benevole!* in suspense, we will

suppose the morning to be some hour or two older, and that you have landed handsomely your brace of fish, each, we will say, taking six or seven pounds in the scales to balance him. Let us now make a bold cast for the deeps at the foot of Drake's Close, where Mr. Barnes intimates by a private signal that he *knows* the actual Monarch of the River holds his court. And, by Jupiter, the dumb man was in the secret. Down once more goes the float, and once more "the line whistles through the rings;" and after an obstinate fight of half an hour, along stream and shallow, disturbing the whole river half way to Wallingford Bridge, up at last does the monster turn his side like a dying whale†, and it remains only for

"Your watchful eye and cautious hand  
To lead the wasted strength to land"

of the seventeen pound tyrant of pool and eddy! Away home, then, to DASHWOOD's homely hospitality, till the westering sun again call you forth to do battle against the river's humbler denizens, the roach and barbel.

In some such fashion as this, most courteous reader, would I have entertained you, without fear of your becoming emasculated, had you honored me with your company. All that I can now do is, to wish you may find both a heartier welcome and better sport than what I could once have afforded you.

Enough, however, at all events at present, of the *fin*, and let us seek

\* One of the best fishermen, the best shots, the most able (untaught) mechanics, and decidedly the most sagacious and ingenious person of his class, that in the course of thirty-six years' experience I have been fortunate enough to encounter.

† See the account of the last fight between Hudson and Cannon, as recorded in the *Sporting Magazine* for November 1824.

some other amusement wherewith to wile away the summer; repeating only, that he who sneers at the angle either prates like an ass about a subject of which he is totally ignorant, or has a mind whose natural powers of expansion are about equal to those of an iron horse-shoe!

Adieu, then, a long adieu to the Wittenham Hills\*, and let us "busk and brune" from the quiet luxuries of rod and stream, to the "hum of men," and the bustling scenes of the busy Race-course, whether at Newmarket or in "the provinces." I thoroughly contemn and despise the man whose blood does not rush more fervidly and passionately through his veins at the most distant glimpse of the magnificent RACER. But how get we to this arena of excitement, this Pandemonium of evil passions—as certain people choose to call it, who want only the *power* to become themselves the bane and curse of the Turf? By THE ROAD—THE ROAD, gentle reader!—THE ROAD, with all its varieties and ten thousand attractions and fascinations, which alone could make a summer—aye, a life-time—pass with pleasure. I am, of course, alluding to the beautiful science of coachmanship, with a thorough taste and love for which, if a man be once imbued, he need not fear that a single hour of the twelve-month can ever hang heavy on his hands. From Alpha to Omega—from the first rattle of the bars

as they are swung upon the pole-hook in the London yard, down to the crash with which they salute the pavement at their journey's end they, to me—at least, discourse most eloquent music throughout; and whether it was by the side of Jack Peer or old Billy Williams in the South, or in the worshipful company of their amphibious† brethren north of York, I never gave up my reins in my existence without regret that my day's work was at an end. Madly and rapturously fond of hunting as I acknowledge myself to be, The Road has ever been with me a pursuit of most intense enjoyment; and, were I asked to name the happiest summer of my life, I should pick out the one during which I chose to horse and drive (almost regularly) one of the best light coaches of the day.—In my next paper I shall enter more at large on this favorite topic, and instance also some of the luxuries attendant (more particularly in London) *on a private team*—at once one of the most rapturous and rational sources of enjoyment it is within the compass of riches to procure or purchase; and which I shall use as the means of conveying my readers to the race-course, the cricket-ground, and many other scenes, amongst which a summer may be made to glide imperceptibly away.

DASHWOOD.

July, 1833.

(To be continued.)

\* Many of my readers will, doubtless, remember two small hills, with a grove of trees on each, seen first in the distance from Nuffield Common, beyond Nettlebed, on the Henley road to Oxford. It is at their base that the scene of pike-fishing is laid.

† Amphibious, inasmuch as they are, or were, both coachmen and horse-keepers—looking after the teams they drove, and working, of course, *only one stage*, for which the usual fee in the North was *sixpence*!

## THE DERBY AND OAKS STAKES FOR 1834.

**T**HE leading horses in these Great Stakes having come into the market, we give a correct List of the Nominations, as they now stand, alphabetically arranged for the convenience of reference.

## THE DERBY.

**THURSDAY.**—The Second Year of a Renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and half (to be run on the New Course, if ready).—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stake, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional Police Officers.—Stakes to be made as usual—124 subs.

His Majesty named Lord Orford's c. by Waterloo out of Posthuma.

His Majesty named Lord Orford's c. by St. Patrick out of Angelica by Rubens.

Mr. Angerstein named Lord Orford's c. by St. Patrick out of Stays.

Mr. Angerstein named Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Rutland, by Sultan out of Belvoirina.

Mr. Batson's c. by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Manfred out of Bracelet.

Lord Berners's br. c. by Merlin out of Black Daphne.

Mr. Bristow named Mr. Haffenden's br. c. Old Bill, by Waxy Pope out of Zoe.

Mr. Bulkeley's b. f. Gretna Lass, Sister to Bustle, by Whalebone out of The Odd Trick.

Mr. Burgess named c. by Bizarre out of Abigail's dam.

Lord Burlington's b. c. by Bizarre out of Mouse.

Mr. Champion named Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Dice, by Lottery out of Harpham Lass.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. by Pollio, dam by Clinker out of Zoe's dam.

Mr. L. Charlton named Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Gracchus, by Emilius out of Mangel Wurzel.

Lord Chesterfield's c. Honeymoon, by Reveller out of Piquet.

Lord Chesterfield's c. Alexis, by Leviathan out of Olga's dam.

Lord Chesterfield's c. Neddums, by Leviathan out of Kittums' dam.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. by Partisan out of Scheme.

Mr. W. Chifney's br. c. by St. Patrick out of Emiliana's dam.

Mr. W. Chifney's gr. f. Sister to Marcus.

Mr. Coates named b. c. by Skiff, dam by Benningbrough out of Blacklock's dam.

Lord Conyngham's br. c. by Royal Oak out of Parma by Dick Andrews.

Mr. Cookes's gr. c. Viator, by Stumps out of Katherine.

Mr. Cookes' ch. c. Bentley, by Buzzard out of Miss Wentworth.

Mr. Cooper named Harum Scarum, by Bedlamite out of Fille de Joie.

Lord Derby named Mr. Phillimore's b. c. by Reveller out of Jack Junk's dam.

Mr. G. Edwards named b. c. Intriguer, by Reveller out of Scandal.

Lord Egremont's b. c. by Whalebone out of Rectory.

Lord Egremont's b. c. by Whalebone out of Harpalice.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan out of Terapia's dam.

Lord Exeter's Brother to Spencer.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Redgauntlet out of Ada.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. Sister to Galata.

Mr. Forth's ch. c. by Middleton, dam by Tramp out of Prue.

Mr. Forth named ch. c. Porto-bello, by Bobadil out of Palmyra by Sorcerer.

Mr. Goodwin named Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Lady Neville by Orville.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. by St. Patrick out of Turquoise.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Olympic, by Reveller out of Whizgig.

Duke of Grafton named Mr. Greville's Zethus.

Duke of Grafton named Mr. Cosby's b. c. Stradbally, by Waterloo or Reveller, out of Spermaceti by Whalebone.

Sir S. Graham named Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. by Handanich Arabian out of Bravura.

Mr. Grant's b. c. by Whalebone, or Little John, out of Lamia.

Mr. Grant's b. c. Unicorn, by Emilius out of Seamew.

Mr. Grant named Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Pigeon, by Reveller out of Wings.

Mr. Gratwicke named b. f. by Androgeus out of Tranby's dam.

Mr. Martyn Gray named b. c. Guadaloupe, by Velocipede out of Speck by Tramp.

Mr. Martyn Gray named b. c. by Reveller, dam (foaled in 1825) by Whalebone out of Varnish.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Dick, by Lamplighter out of Blue Stockings.

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. by Velocipede out of Norna.

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. by Velocipede, dam by Orville out of Mirth.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. Bon Ton, Brother to Fashion, by Phantom.

Mr. Henry named b. c. by Blacklock out of Sister to Coulon.

Mr. Henry named Mr. Ridsdale's Vidocq.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Regulus, by Emilius.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Darius, by Reveller.

Mr. Hunter's c. by Gustavus out of Young Pipylina.

Mr. Hunter's ch. c. Morotto, by Gustavus out of Marrowfat (foaled in 1823) by Orville out of Pea-blossom.

Lord Jersey's br. c. Musquito, by Emilius out of Butterfly.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. by Sultan out of Trampoline.

Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Godolphin out of Sister to Cobweb.

Lord Langford's b. c. Fadladeen, by Zealot out of Roué's dam.

Lord Lichfield's c. by Sligo out of Frederica.

Lord Lichfield's Whitefoot, Brother to Terry Alt.

Lord Lichfield's c. by Sligo out of Ina.

Lord Lowther's c. by Partisan out of Fawn.

Lord Lowther's c. by Reveller out of Trictrac.

Lord Lowther's c. by Emilius, dam (foaled in 1824) by Wanderer out of Caroline.

Lord Lowther named ch. c. by Merlin out of Corinne.

Mr. Mills's c. by Lapdog out of Fancy by Moses out of Favorite.

Mr. Mills's b. c. by Lapdog out of Effie Deans.

Mr. Molony named b. c. by Tigris, dam Picton's dam by Dick Andrews out of Eleanor.

Mr. Mostyn named Duke of Richmond's c. by Whalebone out of Dream.

Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Longwaist out of Dulcamara (Souvenir's dam).

Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Longwaist out of Lacerta (Marvel's dam).

Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Longwaist out of Doll Tearsheet (Linkboy's dam).

Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Longwaist out of Brown Duchess (Toso's dam).

Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Muley out of Rosanne.

Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Muley out of Bequest by Election out of Legacy by Beningbrough.

Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Muley out of Clare by Marmion out of Harpalice (the dam of Dryad).

Mr. Payne named c. by Emilius out of Bee-in-a-bonnet.

Col. Peel's Brother to Young Rapid.

Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. by Fungus out of Pet's dam.

Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Resolute, by Fungus out of Ruby's dam.

Duke of Richmond named Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla by Sorcerer

- Mr. Riddale named b. c. Brother to Belzoni.  
 Mr. Riddale's b. c. Valiant by Velocipede out of Charity.  
 Mr. Riddale's b. c. Guardian, Brother to Trustee.  
 Mr. Riddale's gr. c. Botanist, by Lottery out of Flora by Camillus.  
 Mr. Roberts's Brother to Cloudealey.  
 Mr. Roberts named Mr. Nevill's ch. f. Amado, by Sultan out of Mandadine.  
 Mr. Rush's br. c. by Whalebone out of Romp.  
 Duke of Rutland named c. by Bizarre out of Young Barossa.  
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Defence out of Lady Stumps by Tramp.  
 Mr. J. Scott's ch. c. Constant, by Blacklock out of Frailty by Filho.  
 Mr. Shard named Mr. Gardner's br. c. by Whalebone out of Luna by Wanderer.  
 Mr. Sowerby's gr. c. Malcolm, by Dunsinane out of Orion's dam by Hedley.  
 Mr. Sowerby's br. c. Peep-o'-day Boy, by Stainborough out of Kitty Flanagan by Orville.  
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer named Mr. Sadler's ch. t. by Defence, dam by Whalebone, grandam by Partisan out of Wowski.  
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer named b. c. Royal William, by Royal Oak out of Princess Royal by Middleton.  
 Lord Tavistock named Lord Worcester's c. by Stainborough out of Haymaker's dam.  
 Mr. Thomas named ch. c. Noodle, by Bedlamite out of Simbad's dam.  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Merlin out of Surprise.  
 Mr. Trelawney named b. c. by Blacklock out of Worthless by Walton out of Althidora.  
 Mr. A. Vansittart named Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Blucher, grandam by Camillus—Gabriel—Potto's.  
 Lord Verulam's c. by Reveller out of Tredrille.  
 Lord Verulam's f. by Mameluke out of Varennes.  
 Mr. G. Walker's ch. c. Alaric, by Velocipede out of Miss Chrachami.  
 Mr. G. Walker's br. c. Delirium, by Filho da Puta out of Lunatic.  
 Mr. G. Walker's b. c. Ostade, by Partisan out of Landscape.  
 Mr. G. Walker's ch. or ro. c. Rhodanus, by Partisan out of Rivulet.  
 Lord Warwick named Mr. Greville's Hernani.  
 Mr. West's b. c. by Reveller out of Charming Molly by Rubens.  
 Mr. Wilson named ch. c. by Velocipede out of Granby's dam.  
 Mr. Wilson named Mr. Sadler's b. c. by Defence, dam by Selim out of Euryone.  
 Lord Wilton named Duke of Richmond's c. by Helenus out of Arbis.  
 Sir M. Wood named ch. c. Brother to Suffolk Punch.  
 Sir M. Wood's br. c. by Reveller out of Louisa by Orville out of Quadrille.  
 Mr. T. J. Wood named Mr. F. Richardson's c. by Lottery out of Mrs. Clarke by Marmion—Sir Peter—Florisel.  
 Mr. Wreford's c. Freedom, by Sherwood out of Escape.  
 Mr. Wreford's c. Warrener by Sir Huldibrand out of Stare.  
 Mr. Wreford's br. f. Myrina, by Whalebone out of Pastiche (Miss Bedaley's dam).  
 Mr. E. Yates's c. Ince, by Bedlamite out of Eunny.  
 Mr. Wilder has two subscriptions, but did not name.

*Advertisements*

### THE OAKS.

FRIDAY.—Second Year of a Renewal of the Oaks Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—all other conditions as for the Derby—97 subs.

- His Majesty named Lord Orford's ch. f. by Emilius out of Bethel.  
 His Majesty named Lord Orford's b. f. by St. Patrick out of Selma.  
 Mr. Angerstein named ch. f. by Sultan out of Prudence.

- Mr. Angersteim named ch. f. by Enilius out of Problem.
- Mr. W. Armitage's b. f. Adriana, by Comus out of Young Petuaria.
- Mr. Batson named b. f. by Whalebone, dam by Frolic (Benedict's dam).
- Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by Monarch out of Gadabout.
- Lord Berners's ch. f. by Lamplighter out of Camarine's dam.
- Mr. F. Bond named Mr. J. Smith's br. f. Zillah, by Jerry out of Snowball.
- Mr. G. Bulkeley's Gretna Lass, Sister to Bustle, by Whalebone out of The Odd Trick.
- Lord Burlington's b. f. by Partisan out of Espagnolle.
- Mr. Champion's b. f. by Mameluke out of Waltz.
- Mr. L. Charlton's br. f. by Pollio out of Valve.
- Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. by Pollio out of Gossip.
- Lord Chesterfield's La Bayadere, by Leviathan out of Dahlia.
- Lord Chesterfield named b. f. Blue Bell, by Mr. Tomes's Duplicate out of Bassettlaw's dam.
- Lord Chesterfield's f. Constance, by Leviathan out of Octaviana.
- Mr. Chifney's Sister to Marcos.
- Mr. Cookes named br. f. by Jerry out of Remembrancer by Sir Solomon.
- Mr. Cookes named b. f. by Young Phantom out of Jenny Mills's dam.
- Mr. Cooper's f. by Whalebone out of Electress.
- Lord Derby named Lord Orford's f. by St. Patrick out of Spavina.
- Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone out of Vitarage.
- Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Little John out of Thalestris.
- Lord Egremont's b. f. by Skim out of Caroline.
- Lord Exeter's ch. f. Sister to Galata.
- Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Sultan out of Marinella.
- Lord Exeter's b. f. by Partisan out of Augusta's dam.
- Mr. Gardnor named b. f. by Peter Lely out of Fadladinida.
- Mr. Gardnor's ch. f. Genevieve, by Mameluke out of Amy by Brigliadere.
- Mr. Goddard's br. f. by Bobadil out of Christabel by Woful.
- Duke of Grafton's b. f. by St. Patrick out of Dervise's dam.
- Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by St. Patrick out of Tentina.
- Sir S. Graham's b. f. by Waterloo out of Sister to Aaron by Election.
- Mr. Grant's b. f. by Whalebone out of Fatima.
- Mr. Grant's b. f. by Little John or Gaberlunzie, out of Phantasima by Phantom out of Maid of the Mill.
- Mr. Gratwicke named Sister to Echo.
- Mr. Martyn Gray's b. f. by Whalebone out of Hazardess.
- Gen. Grosvenor named Mr. Grant's b. f. by Mameluke or Tazzare, out of Linda.
- Mr. Haffenden's b. f. Sister to Count Robinson.
- Mr. Haffenden's b. or br. f. Trumpery, by Waxy Pope out of Bella Donna.
- Sir G. Heathcote named Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. Needle, by Stainborough out of Pin-cushion.
- Mr. Henry's b. f. by Partisan out of Gavotte.
- Mr. Hodgson named br. f. by Tarrare, her dam by Woful out of Harriet's dam by Selim.
- Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Georgian, by Buzzard.
- Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Festival, by Reveller out of Tiara.
- Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Sultan out of Cobweb.
- Lord Langford's br. f. Summer-hill, by Whalebone out of Perl.
- Lord Lichfield named Lord Warwick's f. by Filho da Puta out of Double Entendre.
- Lord Lichfield named Mr. Burgess's f. by Mameluke out of Whimper by Woful.
- Lord Lowther's f. by Partisan out of Namine.

- Lord Lowther's f. by Partisan out of Bugle's dam.  
 Lord Lowther named Lord Sligo's b. f. Famine, by Humphrey Clinker out of Fang's dam.  
 Lord Lowther's f. named ch. f. by Godolphin out of Sister to Cobweb.  
 Mr. Nevill's ch. f. Amado, by Sultan out of Mandadine.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Muley out of Longwaist's dam.  
 Mr. Nowell's br. f. by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews (Mufti's dam).  
 Mr. Nowell's br. f. by Muley out of Young Caprice by Waxy out of Caprice by Walton.  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Longwaist out of Johanna Southcote (Variation's dam).  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Longwaist out of Lucinda by Haphazard (Doncaster's dam).  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Longwaist out of Miss Witch by Sorcerer (Joan of Arc's dam).  
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Longwaist out of Young Duchess by Walton out of Brown Duchess (Toso's dam).  
 Mr. Pettit named b. f. by Whalebone out of Aladina by Aladdin, Son of Giles.  
 Duke of Richmond's f. Gullistan, by Whalebone out of Gulnare.  
 Duke of Richmond's f. Chica, by Helenus out of Dandizette.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Celeste, by Lottery out of Columbine.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Harmonia, by Lottery out of Ridotto.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Lolotte, by Lottery out of Lunacy.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Miss Giles, by Lottery out of St. Giles's dam.  
 Mr. Rous named Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. Jane by Middleton out of Panthea by Blacklock or Comus.  
 Mr. Rush named Mr. Wigram's ch. f. by Nigel or Moses, dam by Orville, grandam by Walton out of Spindle.  
 Mr. Shard's b. f. Mask, by Phantom out of Caleb's dam.  
 Mr. Sowerby's b. f. by Stainborough, dam by Pioneer out of Sorcery.  
 Mr. Sowerby named b. f. by Partisan out of Careful by Orville or Walton.  
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. by Sultan out of Emma by Orville.  
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer named Mr. Mott's br. f. Sister to The Fairy, by Emilius out of The Witch by Soothsayer.  
 Lord Stradbroke's f. by Partisan out of Sultana.  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Emilius out of Sal.  
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Merlin out of Madelina.  
 Mr. Thornhill named f. by Emilius out of Mustard.  
 Mr. Thornhill named Chantarelle, by Helenus out of Mushroom.  
 Mr. T. Thornhill's ch. f. by Emilius out of Scarpa.  
 Mr. Vansittart's br. f. by Lottery, dam by Abjer out of Slight.  
 Mr. Vansittart named Lord Lynedoch's b. f. by Sultan out of Maria by Waterloo.  
 Lord Verulam's f. by Mameluke out of Varennea.  
 Mr. G. Walker's b. f. Cotillon, by Partisan out of Quadrille.  
 Mr. G. Walker's f. Velocity, by Blacklock, dam by Juniper.  
 Mr. G. Walker's ch. f. by Whisker out of Gibside Fairy by by Hermes.  
 Mr. West named Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Defence out of Lady Stumps by Tramp.  
 Sir M. Wood's ch. f. by Reveller out of Leila.  
 Mr. Wreford named Myrina, by Whalebone out of Pasithea.  
 Mr. Wreford named Dawn, by Luzborough out of Gamelia.  
 Mr. E. Yates's Margaret, by Edmund out of Medora.  
 Mr. Maberly, who has three subscriptions, and Mr. Wilder, omitted to name.

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The Nominations for the DERBY 1835 have closed with 133, and for the OAKS with 100 subscribers—a greater number than ever before entered.—We shall give the List in due season.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET *Second October Meeting 1833.*—Monday: The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each, T. M. M.

Ld Chesterfield's Colwick, 5 yrs, 9st. 3lb.
Mr. Hunter's Rouncival, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.
D. of Rutland's Hawker, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.
Mr. W. Chifney's Connoisseur, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb.
Mr. Mills's Kate, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.
Mr. Greville's Whale, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.
Ld Verulam's Basto, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.
D. of Grafton's Egyptus, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb.

Houghton Meeting 1833.—Tuesday: Lord Lichfield's Minster, 8st. 1lb. agst Mr. Cosby's Copper Captain, 7st. 12lb., A. F., 150, h. ft.—Wednesday: Mr. Henry's Split-Post, 8st. 7lb. agst Gen. Grosvenor's c. by Stainborough out of Twatty, 8st. 2lb., from the Starting-post of the last mile and a distance of B. C. to the Duke's Stand, 200, h. ft.

Warwick 1833.—First Day: Lord Lichfield's Gab, 5 yrs, 9st. 7lb. agst Sir J. Gerard's Billinge, 2 yrs, 6st. 7lb., T. Y. C., 300, h. ft.

Stockbridge 1834.—Mr. Ongley's Donnington agst Mr. Dunkley's The Curate, 8st. 7lb. each, two miles, 500, 150 ft.

Egham 1833.—The following are the Nominations for the Cup:—

Col. Salwey names Liston, aged.
Col. Challoner names Donegani, 6 yrs.
Mr. S. Shakerley names Lady Fly, 4 yrs.
Mr. Denison names ch. f. by Brother to Interpreter, dam by Blucher out of Fanny by Toby, 3 yrs.
Mr. Theobald's Expectation, by Merlin out of Black Daphne, 5 yrs.
Mr. Cosby's Copper Captain, 4 yrs.
Mr. Gardner's br. c. by Emilius out of Black Daphne, 3 yrs.
Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. Damascus, 4 yrs.

Newmarket July Meeting, as usual; was confined to three days; and on the first, for the "Second Year of a Renewal of the July Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds, colts 8st. 6lb. and fillies 8st. 4lb.—New T. Y. C. 31 subs." fourteen appeared at the post, as follows:—

Mr. Stonehewer's b. f. Zulima, by Sultan.
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Dublin,

Lord Jersey's c. Mosquito, by Emilius.
Colonel Peel's b. c. Harum Scarum.
Lord Orford's c. by St. Patrick out of Stays,
Sir M. Wood's br. c. by Reveller—Louisa.
Lord Chesterfield's La Bayadere.
Lord Lowther's c. by Partisan out of Fawn.
Mr. Ridsdale's Vidocq.
Mr. Sowerby's gr. c. Malcolm,
Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla.

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan out of Dahlia's dam.
Mr. S. Day's b. f. by Emilius out of Mustard.
Duke of Rutland's b. c. by St. Patrick, dam by Orville.

The number of false starts exceeded all former precedent, causing a delay of one hour and twenty-two minutes. When they did get off, Emma, Louisa, Stays, and Dervise took the front rank, the others pretty well up. They maintained their places to the corner of the Plantations, when Emma (jock'd by E. Pavis) took a decided lead, Dervise, Louisa, and Stays, all together, and close at her haunches. At the finish the struggle was rather severe, Emma heading Dervise cleverly by half a length, Louisa a good third, and Stays not half a length behind. The least said about the others the better—they were nowhere.—The value of the Stakes 1210l.—the winner in the Oaks:—4 to 1 agst Stays, 5 to 1 agst Dervise, 7 to 1 agst Louisa, 10 to 1 agst Emma.

The following are the entries for these Stakes for 1834:—

Duke of Grafton's Brother to Octave.
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. by Emilius out of Legend.
Sir M. Wood's ch. c. by Camel out of Aspasia.
Sir M. Wood's ch. c. by Partisan out of Scratch.
Colonel Peel's br. c. by Filho da Puta out of Young Rhoda.
Col. Peel names Gen. Yates's b. f. by Cain out of Penury, Sister to Pelican.
Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Buzzard out of Clansman's dam.
Lord Exeter's f. Sister to Spencer.
Lord Exeter's c. by Redgauntlet out of Miss Cantley.
Lord Exeter's f. Sister to Cactus.
Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Catalani, by Skiff, dam by Sancho (Catalonian's dam).
Mr. Henry's ch. f. by St. Hubert (by Williamson's Ditto out of Mockbird's

dam), dam by Woful, grandam by Rubens out of Tippettywichee.
 Sir S. Graham names b. f. by Sultan out of Emma by Orville,
 Mr. Wilson's b. f. by Tramp out of Riddotto.
 Mr. Pettit's b. c. Ibrahim by Emilius, dam Pera by Sultan out of Advance.
 Mr. Pettit's b. f. by Benedict out of Bravura.
 Mr. W. P. Isaacson's b. c. The Brigand, by Emilius out of Sontag by Woful.
 Lord Tavistock's c. by Royal Oak out of Lynessa.
 Mr. R. Wilson's b. c. by Figaro, dam by Woful out of Phantem by Hambletonian.
 Lord Orford's ch. c. by St. Patrick out of Mulebird.
 Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Whisker out of Shoveler.
 Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. by Whisker out of Pigmy.
 Mr. Hunter's b. f. Sister to Forester, by Gustavus.
 Mr. R. Prince's ch. a. by St. Patrick, dam by Master Henry, grandam by Precipitate, great grandam by Spectre—the mare bought of Mr. B. Smith.
 Lord Chesterfield's Comet, by Emilius out of Octaviana.
 Lord Chesterfield's c. Claremont, by Partisan, dam by Williamson's Ditto, grandam by Trumpator out of Countess by Sir Peter.
 Mr. Greatrex's b. f. by Camel out of Martha by Merlin.
 Mr. Riddale's b. c. by Tramp out of Columbine by Cervantes.
 Mr. Riddale's gr. f. Gypsiana, by Tramp, dam by Cervantes out of Marciana.
 Gen. Grosvenor's Constantia, by Camel out of Miss Craven's dam.

The Chesterfield Stakes, on the Wednesday in this Meeting, have closed with 26 Subscribers.

Scott has sold Connaisseur, by Chateau Margaux out of Frailty by Filho da Puta, to Mr. Chifney for 1400l. Connaisseur ran second to Dangerous for the Derby. It is understood that he will continue under Scott's superintendence till the Leger.

The *Journal des Haras* publishes the following letter, of the 13th ult., from Lengyeltothy in Hungary:—
 "The sale of the famous stud of Baron de Vechtig is now over. It lasted three days, and was attended by an immense number of amateurs from all parts of Europe. Among them were remarked Count de Hardeck, Inspector-General of Studs in

Austria, charged with purchasing horses for the Austrian cavalry; M. de Coetdihuel, an officer of the French studs; the Directors of all the studs in Germany; and a great many Englishmen of distinction. There was a strong competition of bidders for the celebrated stallion El Bedari. To the great disappointment of the Hungarian Noblemen, it was knocked down to M. de Coetdihuel, who bought it for the French Government. El Bedari is a bay, and his stock are generally bay. The latter are employed as stallions in all the studs of Hungary and Germany. This beautiful animal is valued so much that the inhabitants objected to its departure; and it was only under the protection of a picket of Hussars that M. de Coetdihuel could lead it away, in conjunction with Vadue, another stallion, and Fidari, Warda, Hansdanie, Monachi-Zae, and Cohell, beautiful mares, also purchased for the French Government. Count de Bardeck bought, at a very high price, for the studs of the Emperor of Austria, a foal of El Bedari out of Cohell."

STUD SALES.

On Wednesday the 10th of July the following Yearlings, the property of Capt. Grant, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall at Newmarket:—

Bay colt, by Emilius out of Seamus (own Brother to St. Nicholas):—200gs.
 Bay colt, by Partisan out of Duckling by Phantom—Orville, &c.:—100gs.

Lord Lowther's Yearlings.

Colt by Partisan out of Scratch, to Sir M. Wood:—150gs.
 Colt by Partisan out of Flounce, to Col. Pigot:—100gs.
 Colt by Phantom, dam by Partisan, to Mr. Cooper:—22gs.
 Colt by Patron out of a Selim mare, to Mr. Stevenson:—70gs.
 Filly by Merlin out of Faun, to Mr. Howe:—61gs.

At the Bileston Annual Stud Sale, on the 11th of July, the following were disposed of:—

Two Year Olds.

Brown filly, by Stainborough, dam by Smolensko out of Comical's dam by Skyscraper (Dragon), Fidget's dam by Matchem:—50gs.
 Bay filly, by Wrangler, dam by Tirelias:—50gs.

Pearlings.

Bay filly, by Filho, or Albany, dam by Walton (Caccia Piatti's dam), grandam by Shuttle (Delpini), Tuberosa by Herod:—85gs.

Bay Filly, by Filho out of Isabella by Comus; in the Scrub Stakes 1835, 100 sovs. each, and the Filly Stakes, 50 sovs. each, h. ft. Craven Meeting 1835:—83gs.

Ches. filly, by The Duke, by Comus out of a Williamson's Ditto mare, her dam Antelope by Sorcerer (Anvil), Lily of the Valley by Eclipse:—50gs.

Foals.

Brown colt, by Bedlamite out of Kitty Flanagan by Orville, her dam by Stamford out of the Belle Fille, by Weasel (Young Marske), Amaranthus, &c.:—50gs.

Bay colt, by Wrangler out of The Shuttle Mare, the dam of Suffolk Punch:—50gs.

Brown colt, by Bedlamite out of Twatty:—64gs.

Bay colt, by Wrangler, dam by Rubens (bred in 1827) out of Miss Platoff by Remembrancer; grandam by Overton out of Gratitude's dam by Walnut (Ruler), Piracantha by Matchem:—50gs.

Ches. filly, by Bedlamite out of Gavette by Election—Coquette by Dick Andrews—Vanity by Buzzard out of Dabchick by Pot80's—Drab by Highflyer—Hebe by Chrysolite—Proserpine, Sister to Eclipse:—44gs.

Ches. filly, by Bedlamite out of Xarifa by Moses:—50gs.

THE MOORS, &c.

Doctors differ—some say there is a middling, not a plentiful, hatch on the aggregate; and that, though the lower hills are fairly covered, some of the higher are very thin. No *real* opinion can yet be given: the thing is impossible. Perhaps the weather was too cold in spring, as grouse hatch so much earlier than partridge. One thing, however, is *certain*—partridge will be on the aggregate a better hatch than they have been for some time.

CRICKET.

On the 1st and 2d of July a match was played at Lord's between eight Gentlemen of England with Wenman, Pilch, and Cobbett, and eleven players of Sussex. There was some of the finest play witnessed on this ground for years, particularly on the second day, when the batting of Lena-

way and Morley on the part of Sussex was most excellent. The bowling on the side of England was first-rate, and their batting keeping pace with it, they gained 76 majority in the first innings—the score being, Sussex 31, England 107. In the second, Sussex scored 101, and England 60, leaving the latter victorious by 35 runs.

On the following Monday (the 8th) the “crack match” of the season was played at the Marylebone ground between 16 Gentlemen against 11 players, the former consisting of Sir F. Bathurst, H. Jenner, N. Felix, A. Mynn, R. Kynaston, W. Ward, H. Norman, W. Strahan, H. Wodehouse, P. H. Dyke, C. Romilly, E. C. Ellis, D. Clonbrook, J. Smith, W. Mynn, and C. Harenc, Esqrs.—and the latter of Henry and Thomas Beagley (Hants), Broadbridge and Lillywhite (Sussex), Hayward (Cambridge), Caldecourt and Cobbett (Lord's), Marsden (Sheffield), Mills and Wenman (Kent), and Pilch (Norfolk). The wickets were not pitched till 3 p.m., when the Gentlemen went in, and played admirably, but through the capital bowling of Lillywhite and Broadbridge, combined with the wicket-keeping of Wenman, the Gentlemen's last wicket was put down at seven o'clock, after having scored 42. At eight when the players left off, they had gained 13 runs—four wickets down. The field-keeping was exceedingly good on the part of the players; and Caldecourt gained four runs off his first hit. The bowling of Sir F. H. Bathurst, on the part of the Gentlemen, was excellent, and much admired; notwithstanding which the players at the end of their first innings on the second day marked 106. On resuming their bats the Gentlemen scored 76, making a total of 118, and leaving their opponents 12 to tie. Of these were, 3 byes, 3 wide balls, H. Beagley 3 (bowled by A. Mynn), and Caldecourt 2, the players winning with nine wickets to go down.

On the 15th eleven of the Marylebone Club and ground played eleven left-handed hitters of England; but it was a hollow thing on the part of the latter, who won by 149 runs—the

score on Tuesday evening standing thus :—

<i>Marylebone.</i>	<i>Left-handed.</i>	
First innings..... 52	199	
Second innings... 77	79	
	<hr/>	
	129	278

It is utterly impossible to give even the results of the different matches throughout the country: we are obliged therefore to confine ourselves to those of peculiar skill, than which none excited more interest and anxiety than the single-wicket match between those celebrated players, Fuller Pilch of Norfolk, and Marsden of Yorkshire, which was played on the 18th at the Norwich ground. From the well-known excellence of the competitors—both ranking among the first cricketers in England—it was conjectured that the match would last many days, but, as will be seen, it was unexpectedly decided in one. Marsden has come out in the last few years as a most extraordinary left-handed hitter, and it will be remembered got upwards of two hundred runs against the Nottingham Club in a match a few years ago. Since then he has come much more into public play, has gained great reputation among cricketers, and stood forward as the challenger of any man in England at single-wicket. Nor is Pilch of a celebrity less great, both as a batsman and bowler, possessing great energy, with cool determined courage and commensurate activity. The umpires were J. Dark and Caldecourt, both of Marylebone, who, having chosen the ground, proceeded to toss for innings; it was won for Marsden, which was considered much in his favour. At 12 o'clock the two competitors were at their wickets, and only a minute or two elapsed before the first ball was delivered. A breathless silence prevailed. Marsden played the ball, but was unable to obtain a run; neither was he more successful in the second and third balls; but on fourth he made an excellent hit, and got three runs. Twenty more balls were given in succession without a run; from the twenty-fourth ball Marsden made one run, from the twenty-fifth one run, and from the twenty-sixth two runs. Ten more

balls followed without a score; and in playing forward at the thirty-seventh ball, which proved to be one of those deceptive shooting balls against which there is no calculating, Marsden missed his hit, and his wicket fell—having held his bat 36 minutes, and in 41 balls made 33 hits, and scored 7. The odds, from this unexpected termination of the first innings now took a strong turn in favour of Pilch, Marsden having previously been the favorite at three to two, with few takers.—After the lapse of about half an hour, very requisite for the renovation of strength to both men after such exertion during a very hot morning, Pilch took the bat. Marsden at first adopted his own peculiar under-handed mode of delivery, which has been pronounced to possess a swiftness most terrific to the batter. This style Pilch met by steady play, and in his first hit avowed his confidence by the cool manner in which he made his run: indeed, all through the match he played with as much ease and as little embarrassment as if he was engaged only in a practice game. After Pilch had obtained a few notches, Marsden changed his mode of bowling to the modern throwing style: this had even less effect than the other; for Pilch having once caught sight of the ball, he hit away admirably, and had made up a score of 74 runs (110 hits) from 128 balls at the time dinner was announced, when any odds were offered in his favour. On time being called, Pilch went in again, and added three to his former score, when a ball turned off his leg on to the wicket—having scored in all 77 to Marsden's 7. Marsden went in upon the forlorn hope, having a tremendous uphill game to play. Pilch bowled 7 balls to him, all of which he (Marsden) met with his bat, but without scoring a notch, and by his playing forward at the eighth ball, which rose from his bat, it found a very safe repository in the hands of Pilch, before his opponent had made a single run upon his second innings; Pilch thus winning his match in one hand by 70 runs.—The concourse of spectators was very numerous, and

the Norwichers were not a little proud of the success of their countryman, particularly as his antagonist was worth beating. Pilch's batting and bowling were beautiful throughout, and the result of the match has raised him to the highest point of excellence as a cricketer.

On the following day a match of double-wicket was played between the backers of Pilch and the backers of Marsden: the result of the first innings was, for Marsden's side 78, Pilch's 161. Pilch scored 87 notches from his own bat. The decision of this match is deferred till a future time.

AQUATIC.

Numerous Regattas and Matches have taken place on "the bosom of Old Father Thames," but none of sufficient importance to demand a detailed account.

The British Yacht Club Above-bridge Match, for a Silver Cup and Cover, was sailed for July 22. Four vessels had entered, but the Caroline (Mr. I. Pillon), of 6 tons, was withdrawn. The distance to be sailed was, as usual, to start from Blackfriars-bridge, to go round a boat moored off Wandsworth Meadows, and back to Westminster-bridge. Soon after five o'clock the following vessels were stationed by the acting Commodore of the day (Mr. R. C. Bucknall), Col. De Rous sailing his boat in the match:

Vessels.	Tons.	Owners.
Daphne.....	7	J. Nelson.
Mab.....	4	Hon. Col. De Rous.
Vestris.....	8	J. Weston.

The morning had been very inauspicious, the rain descending in torrents; but just previous to the start the rain cleared off, and a stiff breeze sprang up. At the signal the boats got under weigh, and the Mab went out beautifully, the Daphne being next up. The wind blew nearly half a gale, and the Vestris was close reefed, the first boat also having a reef in. They proceeded in this order through Westminster Bridge, the Vestris still being unable to play, and receiving the wash very severely. In Chelsea Reach the Daphne came close up and headed the Mab beautifully; and the Vestris, having shaken a reef out, gained the

head place, leaving the once leading boat astern of all. In this order they rounded the boat at Wandsworth at near high water, the Daphne leading the way down before wind. The sailing was splendid, and was a great treat to the numerous Amateurs who accompanied the Match. On the arrival of the leading yacht off Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, the Vestris overhauled her, and took the first place, which she maintained to the end, making her appearance first at Westminster a cable's length a-head of the Daphne, with the Mab close up.

The Above-bridge Cup will be sailed for by the Royal Thames Yacht Club on the 5th of August, for which seven vessels are entered; and the funds of the Society being in a prosperous state, it has been decided that a second Cup, value 50 guineas, be sailed for Below-bridge on the 24th.

The Clarence Above-bridge Match for the Cup is announced for the 6th of August.

ARCHERY.

Archery Meetings are now in the zenith of their glory, and we hail them with much gratification, not only from the recreation they afford, but from the kindly feeling they keep alive amongst the neighbouring Gentry. It is delightful also, at the conclusion of the sports, to witness the gay Dianas with their Beaux enjoy the pleasure of the dance, with which most of these Societies close their day's amusement. All is joy and hilarity — Pleasure is the presiding Deity, and Mirth and Good-humour her attendant Genii.

The second meeting of the Vale district of the West Berks Archery Club took place at Sparsholt House on the 4th of July, the company consisting of 120 of the Nobility and Gentry of the neighbourhood. The first Ladies' prize, the arrow, for the greatest number of hits, was awarded to Miss Nelson, and the second to Miss Atkins, for the best gold: the first Gentlemen's prize and transferable belt, to Mr. Attwood; the second, to Mr. Escott, for number of hits; and the Stranger's prize to Mr. Moore.

The first meeting of the Melksham

Foresters was held on the 9th. Miss Hale and Miss Merewether were close competitors for the Ladies' prize, both of whom displayed great skill and knowledge of the science of archery; but Miss Hale was the successful candidate. The Gentleman's prize was also well contested between Mr. H. Merewether and Mr. Estcott—the latter being the winner.

The Harlow Bush Archers held their first meeting for the season on the 9th, and with a full attendance of beauty and fashion. Shooting commenced at two o'clock, when the prizes were contended for with considerable skill. At five a cold collation was served up, of which all partook. Soon after the arrows were again in requisition, and the sports continued till near nine, when tea, coffee, ices, and the choicest fruits were in abundance. The Ladies then retired to the ball-room, where dancing was kept up till near twelve, when the company departed highly gratified with the amusements of the day.

A most beautiful scene was presented on the 10th by the meeting of the Selwood Foresters, at that unrivalled place Stourhead, whose munificent owner, Sir R. C. Hoare, by thus liberally allowing the use of his grounds, at once encourages good fellowship and the practice of an elegant art. Whoever witnessed the skill, taste, and hilarity there exhibited, must have wished to possess the power thus to promote them. The skies were propitious to the sylvan sport, and after a severe contest the first prizes were bestowed on Miss Talbot and Mrs. Doveton; the second on Miss Eleanor Hobhouse and Mrs. C. Plucknet. After a superb collation a spirited contention ensued for the prizes bestowed by the Countess of Cork, which were finally won by Miss E. Hobhouse and Mrs. Medlycott. Amongst the company, which amounted to nearly two hundred, were the families of Thynne, Seymour, Murray, Paget, Talbot, Hobhouse, Bayntun, Wyndham, Wrottesley, Selwyn, Portman, Powell, Hoare, Benett, Wickham, Napier, Medlycott, Seymour, Leir, Grove, Goodden, Clerk, Bailward, &c.

The first meeting of the South Saxon Archers for the season took place in Coneyborough Park on the 10th, which was fully attended by the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry. The following prizes were won, viz.—for the first of numbers a note case, by Mr. C. H. Borrer. The Ladies Prize for the first of numbers, a Souvenir, was won by Miss Trebeck; the two prizes for the gold, a tablet, by Mr. Thomas; a glove case, by the lady of Captain Shiffner.

On the 11th a numerous and elegant party of the Archers of the Abbey (Bury St. Edmund's) assembled in the Abbey-grounds for a trial of skill in their pleasing recreation, when the first Ladies Prize was won by Miss Jane Ray, and the second by Miss Wilkinson; the first Gentleman's Prize, by the Rev. T. E. Rogers, and the second by the Rev. W. Colville. In the interval of rest from the sport a party of nearly 50 partook of a collation in the Abbot's Refectory; and to the lively imagination the gay assemblage afforded a striking contrast to the scene when monk and cowl and wassail-bowl were there, or when the Archbishop moved the spirit of the Barons by the recital of the Great Charter. Amongst the company assembled were, General Grosvenor and his Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Waddington, Mr. Eaton and family, Mr. Alix and family, Mr. Scott, &c. The weather was fine, and the day passed off with great *eclat*.

On Thursday the 11th the annual general meeting of the Sherwood Archers was held at Southwell.—The attendance was considerably more numerous than on the first occasion, and several of the visitors were members of other Archery Societies. Mrs. Handley was elected Lady Patroness of the day, and Lieut.-Col. Wildman was chosen President. The shooting at four pair of targets commenced at one o'clock in the afternoon, and was kept up with great spirit till four, when the company adjourned to the cricket-house and an adjoining tent to partake of a most excellent dinner. One hundred and three persons sat down to the well-arranged repast, and did ample justice to the fare. At half-

past five the bugle sounded, the company repaired to the field of exercise, and shooting was resumed till seven, when the victors were declared and the prizes awarded. The band of the Sherwood Rangers was in attendance throughout the whole day, and added considerably to the amusements and harmony of the scene.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Voracity of the Hawk.—All naturalists agree that the hawk possesses a voracity superior to all other birds of prey. Their food principally consists of small birds, and they rarely take their prey on the ground, but pounce upon it from aloft in a directly perpendicular descent as it flies through the air, bear it downwards by the united impulse of the strength and rapidity of their attack, and, striking their talons into its flesh, carry it off in triumph to the place of their retreat.—The following extraordinary instance of their voracity has been communicated to us by a friend. “William Wright, keeper to John Houlton, Esq. Great Hallingbury, Essex, (says our Correspondent,) had watched two hawks building their nest. Some time afterwards he discovered some eggs in it: he waited till they were hatched, and took his opportunity, on Saturday last (June 29), of sending his brother up the tree to make the young ones cry out. The old hen came hovering over the nest, which the keeper shot, the old cock bird escaping. In the nest he found *thirty* small birds of different species, all mutilated, but not dead: amongst them were larks, tom-tits, nightingales, young thrushes, robins, sparrows, &c. all of which he took away. On the Monday following his brother again climbed the tree, and made the young ones cry out again, when the old cock came, which the keeper shot; and in the nest were *ten* other small birds, all alive, but unable to escape. These, with five young hawks, the keeper took away. This I know to be a fact, because I was with the keeper on Tuesday last (July 2), and he had the birds in his pocket.”

The Nightingale.—Although the nightingale is common in this country,

it never visits the northern part of our Island, and is but seldom seen in the western counties of Devonshire and Cornwall. It leaves us in the month of August, and makes its regular return in the beginning of April. It is a solitary bird, and never unites in flocks, like many of the smaller birds, but hides itself in the thickest parts of the bushes, and sings generally in the night: its strain is melancholy. Though this is the general characteristic of this delightful and enchanting songster, opinions vary as to the nature of its note. In a letter from the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox to his friend Sir Charles Grey, that eminent Statesman writes as follows:—

“Dear Grey—In defence of my opinion about the nightingale, I find Chaucer, who, of all poets, seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a merry note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true he does not call it anywhere merry, as Chaucer does; but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply that it has a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us; but even he says, lamenting Itys, and the comparison of her to Electra, is rather as to the perseverance by day and night than as to sorrow. At all events, a tragic poet is not half so good authority in this question as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the *Odyssey* where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale; but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness and watchfulness that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the *Odyssey*, you will certainly find it, and I am sure you will be paid for your hunt whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the *Flower and Leaf*, p. 99. The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus is in his Epigrams, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word *merry* to the goldfinch in the *Flower and Leaf*, in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read the description of the

nightingale there—it is quite delightful. I am afraid I like these researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, &c., as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.—Yours affectionately,
C. J. Fox."

Again: the Rev. Mr. Bowles, in a note relating to this bird, in his "History of the Antiquities of Laocock," mentions the following singular fact:—"Of the character of the song of the nightingale (the Rev. Gent. says), Mr. Coleridge has spoken of it as being lively and not melancholy.

"But neither Coleridge, nor any Ornithologist, to my knowledge have remarked what I have no hesitation in saying will be found a fact:—the nightingale has no note of its own, except in commencing its rich and varied song, the first short whistle, and succeeding jug—jug—as if to prepare itself for its elaborate and rich song. It invariably opens, or, I should say, *PRELUDES* its song only with these two its native notes.

"It then distinctly, and literally as a *MOCKING-BIRD*, pours out, with richer, louder, and more mellow tones, the identical notes, in rapid succession, of other singing birds—from the notes of the thrush, the blackbird, the yellow-hammer, the lark, the red-breast, the wren, &c. until it is tired. This I know from those who can instantly pronounce, from the song which they hear, what bird sings.

"Another remarkable fact may be mentioned. The nightingale never sings without a twig upon which it can rest its breast whilst it sings, as if to assist it in exerting all its powers: and for this reason it always lays a twig across its nest, for the purpose of teaching its young to resort to the same assistance in their future song.

"Whilst I am on the subject, I may remark another curious fact. The bull-finch naturally has only one note, and that dull. To sing, it must have the regular instruction of art and then it learns its varied song in cottagers' houses. It may be taught the perfect scale of eight notes, with the half and the whole notes, and

modulate exactly any tunes, or bits of tunes, its music-master teaches."

Respecting the time of its arrival in this country there is also a variance in the opinion of our best Ornithologists. Its *regular* return is certainly in the beginning of April, but it has appeared at a much earlier period, as will be seen from the following extract of a letter from Cowper, the Poet, to his friend John Johnson, Esq. dated March 11, 1792:—"You talk of primroses that you pulled on Candlemas Day (February 2), but what think you of me, who *heard a nightingale on New Year's Day!* Perhaps I am the *only man* in England who can boast of such good fortune."—To this we can add, that a nightingale was heard in a copse at Wellingham, near Lewes, Sussex, on Friday, December 21st, 1821.

Instinct.—Horsemen on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which play before and behind them, sweeping around and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet.—*White's Selborne.*

On Wednesday morning, June 26th, after the late storm, a bird rarely known to leave the sea-beach was found on some ploughed land belonging to Mr. Wright, of Castle Sowerby, in Cumberland, being at least twenty miles from any sea. Though the ploughman thought he had found the only bird of the kind in the creation, it would have been recognized, by those visiting the eastern or western shores, by its plumage and its crimson bill and feet, as the sea-swallow or common tern (*sterna hirundo*). Though lifeless, it was in perfect preservation; and such a circumstance can only be accounted for by supposing that it had been forced away by the hurricane, and struck by the electric fluid in the atmosphere.

THE ANGLER'S GUIDE.

In our March Number we made honorable mention of the eighth very elegant edition of *Salter's Angler's Guide*, and we have now before us the *fourth* abridged edition for the use of Young Anglers; which, though

published at a low figure, contains all that is necessary to initiate the piscatory Tyro into the mysteries of the "gentle craft." An Appendix is added, in which directions are given for making all kinds of ground-bait, the management of tackle, &c. together with observations on pond-fishing, the weather, &c.—It is embellished with thirty-three cuts, and is a work of real practical information on the art of taking fish.

COCKING.

A main of cocks was fought during the Liverpool races in the Cock-pit at the Race Course, between the Earl of Derby (Potter feeder), and General Yates (Hines feeder), for 10gs. a battle, 500gs. the main—23 mains, 7 byes

POTTER.	M. B.	HINES.	M. B.
Tuesday.....	4 2	1 0
Wednesday	3 1	3 1
Thursday	2 2	4 0
Friday	4 1	2 0
	<hr/> 13 6		<hr/> 10 1

SPORTING OBITUARY.

That well-known Gentleman-rider, Mr. Samuel Griffiths, died at Walton, near Liverpool, on Saturday morning, July 6th, 1833. The cause of this Gentleman's decease, we lament to say, was an accident—he had been attending the Liverpool Aintree Meeting, and on returning from the course in a gig with two other gentlemen on the evening of the last day (Friday), when near the village Church of Walton, they came in contact with a cart, from the concussion of which Mr. Griffiths was thrown out and seriously injured by his head falling on the curbstone of the foot-path. He was instantly conveyed to the Bull Inn, close by, where medical attention and every assistance were afforded him, but which, we regret to add, proved unavailing, for he expired on the following morning at two o'clock. Mr. Griffiths was well known on the Turf, not only as a Gentleman-rider, but as the Clerk of the Liverpool (Maghull) Course. In features, height, and person he so closely resembled Mr. Henry Edwards, the well-known rider, that some scores of amusing incidents of persons (who

were perfect strangers to him) commencing conversations with him under the strongest impressions that they were addressing Edwards, might be recounted in testimony of the close identity of the two. Indeed on the very day which was destined to be his last he was good humoredly relating to us a circumstance of such an error which had just occurred. He was then in blooming health and spirits.....alas!

"Youth, hope, emotions of the heart—ye all are now no more." A. H.

At the Fosse Leon Stud, near Bordeaux, the stallion Milton.—This well-known horse, a bay, foaled in 1818, bred by the Duke of Grafton, was got by Waxy (a son of Pot8o's) out of Miltonia by Patriot; grandam Miss Muston by King Fergus (son of Eclipse); great grandam Columbine by Espersykes—Babraham Blank—Topsy by Starling—Switch by the Lonsdale Arabian—Cyprus Arabian—Crab's dam.—In 1816, Milton won six prizes amounting to 1425 guineas; in 1817, one hundred guineas; in 1818, two hundred and seventy-five guineas. Milton was successively the property of the Duke of Grafton, of the late A. Shakspeare, Esq. and of Col. Udny.

PUGILISM.

The Assizes for the County of Hertford commenced on the 10th of July, and the Grand Jury having found a true bill against Burke as principal, and against Spring, Ward, Curtis, and Gaynor as principals in the second degree—the parties named in the Coroner's Inquisition for the manslaughter of Simon Byrne—Burke and Curtis were put to the bar on the following day, the other three not answering to their names when called on to plead to the indictment against them. The substance of the evidence on which the verdict was founded has already been given: but Mr. Kingsford, the surgeon who attended the deceased, and afterwards made the post-mortem examination, having expressed his decided opinion that the several external bruises had no corresponding internal injuries; that the death of the deceased was attributable rather to the exertion he underwent and to general excitement than to

the blows received ; and that the blows were, in his judgment, not the cause of death either in whole or in part, the Learned Judge (Sir James Park) stopped the case, "the prisoners being only responsible for the consequences of the blows and violence." They were accordingly acquitted.—The result was immediately communicated to Spring, Gaynor, and Ward, who soon after rendered, and being put to the bar, and no evidence being offered against them, they were pronounced "Not Guilty," and the whole five were discharged.

The match between Preston and Young Dutch Sam is finally off till the termination of the period for which the latter is bound to keep the peace ; and the stakes have been returned to the backers of the men.

A "congratulatory dinner" was held at Tom Spring's *Castle* on the 18th, when the *choice spirits* mustered strong, keeping the *game alive* till the little hours warned the *staid* ones it was time to look after the *hen and chickens*. During the "crowing of chanticleer" a match was proposed for 500l. a-side between the Deaf-'un and Sam, to come off within a month

after the 11th June 1834, and 5l. was deposited on each part in the hands of Tom Spring — within a hundred miles of the Village. We state the fact, and though both men seem to fancy a trial, whether it will "come to anything" remains to be proved—the morning and evening song do not always agree.

RACES FOR AUGUST.

York	6
Shrewsbury	6
Pottery	6
Worcester	6
Brighton	7
Salisbury	7
Walsall	9
Wolverhampton	12
Huntingdon	13
Oxford	13
Exeter	14
Lewes.....	14
Burton-on-Trent.....	20
Blandford	21
Leominster	21
Plymouth, &c.....	21
Pontefract	21
Newport Pagnel	22
Stockton.....	22
Egham	27
Stourbridge	27
Yarmouth	27
Aberystwyth.....	28
Northampton	28
Weymouth	28

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S, JULY 26.

The room was yesterday very fully attended, drawn together by the approaching Goodwood Races ; but as the Meeting will have nearly closed by the day of our publication, the state of the betting on the various events will have become useless.

No alteration of the slightest importance has taken place on the DERBY ; and on the OAKS nothing has been done.

ST. LEGER.—5 to 1 agst Muley Moloch (taken), 6 to 1 agst Belshazzar, 8 to 1 agst Rockingham (taken), 12 to 1 agst Mussulman, 13 to 1 agst Connoisseur, 17 to 1 agst Anne, 20 to 1 agst The Mole (taken), 22 to 1 agst Jack Faucet, 25 to 1 agst Trepidation, 25 to 1 agst Tim.—Rockingham and the Mole were backed to a large sum by influential spectators.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Desultory Remarks, by AN OLD FRIEND," with several other Articles, came too late for insertion.

"X Y Z," who inquires why Tim is disqualified for the Goodwood Drawing Room Stakes, is informed, that he is entered as "by Middleton, dam by Merlin out of Seamew," and as there are two Merlin mares out of Seamew, the designation is not sufficient according with the 17th Law of the Jockey Club.

STUD begs his best respects to JAVELIN, and will have much pleasure, through the medium of a friend in Ireland, in communicating the information he wishes respecting the Cole Arabian—provided he is not forestalled.

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MR. THOMAS BROWN.

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Embellished with

I. PORTRAIT OF MR. THOMAS BROWN, OF LEWES, ON HIS CELEBRATED GREY MARE OLD KATE.—II. GROUSE.

MR. THOMAS BROWN.

Engraved by H. F. COOK from a Portrait by G. H. LAPORTE.

THE subject of this plate, Mr. THOMAS BROWN, was born at Royston, in Hertfordshire, on the 6th of September 1753, and, although now in his 80th year, he follows the hounds over the South Downs with the same joyous hilarity, and rides nearly as well, as he did sixty years ago, to the astonishment of those who join in the cheering sport. He hunted the last season with the East Sussex, and, as his business requires, frequently rides fifty or sixty miles a-day. He enjoys excellent health—no doubt imputable to

early rising, regular living, and great abstemiousness; and in the present year he attended Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot races.

"When the first dawn of reason beam'd
o'er his mind,"

he shewed a devoted attachment to horses, and at a very early age was employed by Mr. Adams, training groom to the late Mr. Ladbroke and several other Gentlemen. At fourteen years old (in 1767) he left his native town for Lewes in Sussex, and was engaged by Sir Ferdinando Poole

as hunting and training groom. He lived with the worthy Baronet upwards of thirty-five years, and always attended him in the field. At this time Lord Bateman was Master of the Royal Stag-hounds, then kennelled at Barrow Hedges, near Chesterton, and hunted by Kenward and Johnstone; and Sir Ferdinando and Tom were constant in their attendance. The Baronet also hunted several seasons with Mr. Mellish's Subscription Stag-hounds at Saffron Walden, when Dawes was the huntsman, and two of his sons whippers.

For thirteen seasons Tom accompanied Sir Ferdinando to Lord Palmerston's in Hampshire, and hunted with the New Forest Subscription pack, farmed by Mr. Jennings, and afterwards by Mr. Gilbert. They then met, as Somervile has it,

"Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day."
How different the system now pursued! Major Topham remarks on this passage, that "the stars retiring from the blush of day" are now only seen by those hunters who are going to bed, to rise at noon the next day.

His late Majesty George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, had a very clever pack of harriers hunting the South Downs. His Royal Highness, who was extremely attached to Sir Ferdinando, having complained to him that they could not save the hares, as the hounds ran in to and ate them, the Baronet said it was owing to the Prince not having any one who had nerve enough to ride down the hills; adding, that he could remedy the evil. Tom's abilities were accordingly put in requisition, with directions not to let the hounds get

too far a-head; and as he was a good rider, well mounted, and only eight stone, he easily accomplished his task, and saved the hares. This naturally brought him into Royal favour, and whenever His Royal Highness took the field with Sir Ferdinando, which he frequently did when visiting the Baronet, Tom was sure to obtain notice from the Prince, who ever after held him in remembrance.

On one occasion, after His Royal Highness ascended the throne, and of course many, many years after Sir Ferdinando's death, when passing up the course at Ascot with his brilliant *cortege*, His Majesty called to him from the carriage, and most kindly inquired after the veteran's health. Two years afterwards, on Egham race-course, His Majesty called Tom to him, and after expressing his pleasure on seeing him look so well, alluded to the race about to take place, and said, "I shall beat you to-day, Tom."—"Yes, your Majesty," replied Mr. B., "I am of the same opinion: your Majesty has done it once, and can again. I wanted my Gentleman not to name, but he said he would have a start."—"I am glad of it," said the King, "as it makes sport."—There were only two horses in the race, Maria and Tom Thumb, and His Majesty's anticipations were realised. This was the last time Mr. Brown had the honour of speaking with his Sovereign.

When Mr. Brown was stud-groom to Sir Ferdinando, he bred Waxy, winner of the Derby in 1793, and many other good horses; among which were, Staring Tom by Latham's Snap, a wonderful little horse to run four-mile heats; and Satellite, by

Eclipse, out of Tom's dam, a very good Plate-horse.

Mr. Robson, of Newmarket, who trained for as many Noblemen and Gentlemen as any one individual ever did, lived for nine years with Sir Ferdinando Poole at the same time with Mr. Brown, and ever treated him in the most friendly manner: and now, whenever the veteran visits Newmarket, he is always received by that Gentleman with the most cordial welcome and kindly feeling.

On the death of Sir Ferdinando, Mr. Brown took the Stables at Lewes, and commenced public trainer, having a ground as good as any in England. He still resides in that healthful town, and enjoys a green old age, respected and esteemed by all who have the pleasure to know him.

Mr. Brown has trained for the following Noblemen and Gentlemen:—

His late Majesty, when Prince of Wales.
H. R. H. the Duke of York.

Captain Bacon.

Major Baldwin.

W. Beirelt, Esq.

Lord Bentinck.

A. F. Berkeley, Esq.

B. Bond, Esq.

Major Bouverie.

Captain Bulwer.

S. Burgess, Esq.

Earl of Burlington.

Sir C. Burrell.

Sir W. Burrell.

Earl of Chichester (late).

Colonel Churchill.

Mr. Clerk.

Duke of Cleveland when Lord Darnley.

The Hon. B. Craven.

Mr. Cottrell.

T. Cross, Esq.

The Hon. W. W. Dawson.

Mr. Dickinson.

— Durand, Esq.

Earl of Egremont.

Sir F. Evelyn.

Marquis of Exeter.

Mr. E. Farrel.

W. Field, Esq.

Lord J. Fitzroy.

Lord H. Fitzroy.

The Hon. W. Gage.

J. Gates, Esq.

General Gower.

Duke of Grafton.

Sir B. Graham.

The Hon. C. C. Greville.

Earl Grosvenor.

General Grosvenor.

Captain Haffenden.

T. T. Hodges, Esq.

Mr. Hodgson.

The Hon. H. Howorth.

J. Jarman, Esq.

Earl of Jersey.

T. R. Kemp, Esq.

Colonel Lambton.

W. Mabbet, Esq.

W. Mallett, Esq.

Mr. Mattam.

F. Miles, Esq.

J. Miles, Esq.

Major Milner.

Colonel Merland.

Mr. New.

J. Newnham, Esq.

Mr. Palmer.

Lord Palmerston.

Sir J. Paul.

J. C. Pelham, Esq.

Mr. Payne.

J. Payne, Esq.

Sir H. Pool.

Sir Ferdinando Poole.

W. W. Poyntz, Esq.

Lord Ranelagh.

Duke of Richmond.

R. Ridsdale, Esq.

Captain Rous.

Duke of Rutland.

Lord Sackville.

H. Scott, Esq.

W. Scott Stonehewer, Esq.

Mr. Shackel.

Sir J. Shelley.

Sir G. Shiffner.

Lord C. Somerset.

Lord Southampton.

L. P. Story, Esq.

Earl of Stradbroke.

Duke of St. Alban's.

Marquis of Tavistock.

F. T. Thurle, Esq.

J. Theobald, Esq.

Mr. Thomas.

Captain Treucher.

J. Viney, Esq.

Major Vyse.

R. W. Walker, Esq.

Sir G. Webster.

Mr. West.

Captain Wheatley.

G. C. Witherden, Esq.

E. Wickham, Esq.

Major Wilson, owner of Juniper, sire of

Camarine. Mr. Brown trained him for

Major Wilson, and won the King's

Plate at Ascot.—Wm. Arnall rode him.

Among other horses too numerous to particularise, the following good ones have been in Mr. Brown's stable :—

Alfred.
 Allegro.
 Antar.
 Augusta, winner of the Oaks 1821.
 Barbarossa.
 Bizarre.
 Bob Booty.
 Bronze, winner of the Oaks 1806.
 Cambric.
 Cardinal Beaufort, winner of the Derby 1805.
 Caroline, winner of the Oaks 1820.
 Centaur.
 Chateau Margaux.
 Dandizette.
 Enterprise.
 Expectation.
 Glenartney.
 Haphazard.
 Hector.
 Ivanhoe.
 Jack Andrews.
 John Bull, winner of the Derby 1792.
 Juniper (sire of Camarine).
 Lap-Dog, winner of the Derby 1826.
 Little John.
 Mameluke, winner of the Derby 1827.
 Maresfield.

Marksman.—This celebrated horse, foaled in 1808, started 75 times, and, according with the statement of an Old Turfman, won forty-one Plates. He continued not only to *run* but to *win* at the age of eighteen, having in 1826, at three heats, won 50l. at Ashford. He became the property of Mr. Brown in 1815.

Masquerade.
 Merrygoround.
 Meteora, winner of the Oaks 1806.
 Middlethorpe.
 Morgan Rattler.
 Orville, winner of the St. Leger 1802.
 Oxygen, winner of the Oaks 1831.
 Pavilion.
 Plover.
 Ranter.
 Reading.
 Redgauntlet.

Robin Hood.—This horse covered for several seasons at Mr. Brown's stables ; whose judgment in selecting such an animal has been proved by the superior and useful stock which that part of the county can now boast.

Rugantino.
 Sancho, winner of the St. Leger 1804.
 Scorpion.
 Sir David.
 Sir Launcelot.
 Skim.
 Stumps.

Swap.
 Teddy the Grinder.
 Varna.
 Vandyke.
 Walton.
 Wanderer.
 Wildboy.
 Waxy, winner of the Derby 1793.
 Young Hambletonian.
 Zodiac.

Mr. Brown has also mounted on horses that he has trained the following jockeys :—

Arnall.	Goodisson.
Buckle, sen.	Macdonald.
Buckle, jun.	Mann.
F. Boyce.	Pavis.
Chapple.	J. Robinson.
Clift.	T. Robinson.
Connolly.	J. Rogers.
J. Day.	Tant.
Dockeray.	Wakefield.
H. Edwards.	Wheatley.
C. Edwards.	Whitehouse.
G. Edwards.	

Among his numerous and distinguished Patrons, Mr. Brown has ever found the Earl of Egremont his warm friend and generous benefactor. The grey mare (Old Kate) on which he is mounted is thorough-bred—by St. Andero out of Queen Bee by Honeycomb—and was the gift of that truly Noble man and firm supporter of the Turf. She was an undeniable good one, and frequently carried her master 50, 60, 70, and sometimes 80 miles a-day. But this was not the only instance of his Lordship's bounty. He presented him with another grey mare, by Young Gohanna, which Mr. Brown called by the appropriate name of "Gift." She was a good country nag, and at 3 yrs won the first three times she came out—at Canterbury, a Sweepstakes, valued at 220l., four miles ; the next day, 50l., four-mile heats ; and in the following week 75l.—She was also a winner of many other Stakes. The gift

of the venerable Earl, however, to his brother Octogenarian, though duly appreciated, is the least valued tribute from exalted rank to private worth. Lord Egremont's condescension, beneficence, and uniform kindness come home to the heart: he seldom or ever

visits Lewes without calling on the subject of our Memoir, and ever kindly interests himself in his welfare and happiness.

“ His title, Sir,
Lends him no grace he does not pay it
back.”

SOME REMARKS BY “ J. B. G.” IN REPLY TO NEPTUNE.

IT is, I assure you, Mr. Editor, with considerable regret that I find an occasion has arisen which compels me to enter the lists with your very able Correspondent NEPTUNE; but as I am at total variance with him as to the reasons he assigns in your last Number for the non-purchase of the Water Witch yacht by Government (which I know to be incorrect); and as I also consider that his remarks reflect a little on the conduct of her Commander during the cruise last summer with the Squadron under Sir Pulteney Malcolm, I feel bound to say a word or two, though I highly approve in general of the opinions which he expresses. In doing this, I beg to disclaim even the slightest animosity to your truly valuable Contributor, and I trust he will in justice acknowledge that he has been led to entertain an erroneous impression in what he has said.....Let us get to sea, however, without more ado, lest I trespass too unconscionably on your pages.

On the return of the Water Witch last summer from her cruise with the Experimental Squadron, the reports of the various trials, as given from the flagship, were printed and published, and I now send you annexed an extract from them, by which you will see that NEPTUNE is quite in error when he states that

she was not included in them: and as to the assertion that the Water Witch refused to obey the signals to tack, and thereby gained an advantage in her reaches, it would surely be a sufficient reply, were I to state the name of her Commander, who having placed himself under the orders of the Admiral, was not likely, I should think, on such an occasion to give cause of complaint to his opponents. Be this, however, as it may, I beg flatly to deny the imputation: *it is well known* that on many occasions the Water Witch was ordered, *and obeyed her orders*, to tack when it was highly disadvantageous to her (individually) to do so, as regarded her interest when opposed to the contending vessel. It was necessary, however, till the Admiral should be able to inform himself of each ship's capacity in going to windward, and consequently the signal was made to tack when each vessel *crossed the line of bearing laid down* without any regard to the particular ship; and this was clearly shewn (and to the misfortune of the Water Witch) on the last tack she was ordered to make, at the end of an eight hours' trial off the Land's End, in presence of the Board of Admiralty in the Lightning steamer, to which vessel Sir P. Malcolm shifted his flag from the Donegal for the occasion. This

tack was made in nearly a calm, when the opposing vessel had come up two points, and had been beaten by the *Water Witch*, for the previous seven hours most signally: and the better to convince NEPTUNE of the strictness with which all the Admiral's signals were observed, the *Water Witch* obeyed *instantly* the signal to tack, into the jaws of the *Vernon*, which, had she been making the best of her own way, she would hardly have done, and gone into a head swell in a very light wind!

I have, therefore, some little ground for saying that there was no failure in complying with the Admiral's signals on board the *Water Witch*; and, moreover her Commander has always spoken favorably of the impartiality and kindness shewn to him, and those with him, by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who reported this splendid vessel as *being perfect of her class*, carrying her guns higher out of the water than the *Trinculo* 18-gun brig (then in company), with complete stowage for crew, stores, water, and provisions.

Although the *Water Witch* was not taken into the King's Service, it is clear that the reason given by NEPTUNE was not the correct one; and even if it had, it would at best have been but a lame one. NEPTUNE must surely, however, have *savoir* enough (at least I will give him credit for it) to guess the real cause of the Admiralty's refusal of the liberal offer* made by Lord Belfast, and particularly, so when vessels of that class were wanted to capture the slave-schooners on the coast of Africa, and when the ten-gun brigs were undergoing the absurd process of *cutting down* to enable them to be called *improved*.

NEPTUNE cannot have forgotten that the Duke of Portland's yacht, built by Captain Symonds (of the same class as the *Water Witch*), was purchased during the Surveyorship of Sir Robert Seppings; and, *me judice*, it can hardly require spectacles to discover why Lord Belfast's superior vessel, built by Mr. Joseph White, was not taken into the Service, when the Duke of Portland's builder had become Sir Robert Seppings's successor!!!

NEPTUNE may also draw a further inference from the usual and ancient practice in all our naval yards of putting aside all the good models taken from our enemies. He will possibly recollect that noble vessel the *Sans Pareil* is a sheer hulk at Plymouth; and that that beautiful and unequalled sailer, the American brigantine privateer *Prince de Neufchatel*, captured between three frigates one morning at day-break, was broken up in Deptford Dock-yard.

It is hoped, however, that our present Naval Administration will always entertain far more liberal sentiments, and lend their best assistance in giving that encouragement to men of science in naval architecture, which the last Government afforded to Captain Symonds, when they purchased the *Pantaloon*, and permitted him to build the *Columbine* corvette.

I am sorry to be obliged also to differ with your valuable and amusing Correspondent in his opinion of the race between the *Alarm* and *Louisa* two years since off the Ower's Light, where he attributes the superiority of the latter to a want of management in the former.

Having, with several others, witnessed the starting of these

* All second thoughts, I hear, would now come too late, as his Lordship has determined (however tempted) on no account to part with his vessel.

two vessels from the Buoy of the Royal George at Spithead (and a bad start it was for the Louisa), I pronounce that it was evident, till they stood out to sea and passed the Nab Light, that the Alarm had the decided advantage of the Louisa; but from the moment they entered the Channel head swell, the latter gradually gained, and maintained her position a-head throughout the long day, thereby completely justifying the expectation of her Noble owner as to the superiority of his cutter in a sea way, and proving to him that so long as the course of the King's Cup was confined inside the Isle of Wight the Louisa had little chance, unless with strong winds.

I perfectly agree with NEPTUNE, and join with him in his meed of praise to Lord Belfast for his spirited conduct in building such fine vessels; and no less do I agree with him in his praises of those of Mr. Weld, which he says are all so perfect that they have never (like most others) required to be lengthened.

Some coats, however, will bear

letting out, whilst in others no spare cloth is left inside wherewith to accomplish that operation; and it must be borne in mind that the breadth of Mr. Weld's vessels would not permit of any additional length; and that he was obliged to build the stupendous Alarm, in order to compete with Lord Belfast's Louisa, after the latter vessel had been lengthened. Whether then is it the most advisable plan to enable yourself to add six feet to your vessel, and beat your opponent, or be compelled to go to the expense of building an entirely new ship?

In conclusion, I trust that NEPTUNE's removal of himself 200 miles from the scene of action will not be the means of depriving your columns of his very able and most interesting contributions: and as to these observations which I have made, I hope sincerely, indeed I am certain, that he will take them as they are meant by me—in good part, and in an earnest desire to set him right where I think he is wrong.

J. B. G.

Cowes, August 12, 1833.

REPORT

From the Flag-ship of Sir Pulteney Malcolm of the Trial of the Royal Yacht Club Brig Water Witch, 331 tons, mounting eight 18-pound carronades and two long sixes, with the Squadron under his command on the coast of Ireland.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1832.—Wind West, fine Royal breeze, under whole top-sails, top-gallant-sails, jib and driver, and in a trial of four hours and a half the Water Witch weathered on

The Castor	One Mile and a Half.
Prince of Wales	Two Miles and a Quarter.
Trinculo	Three Miles and a Half.
Donegal	Five Miles and a Quarter.
Nimrod.....	Five Miles and a Quarter.

AUGUST 15.—In this trial of one hour, with a fresh breeze and considerable head sea, Donegal's rate of sailing four knots and a half, under double-reefed topsails, top-gallant sails, driver, and fore-top-stay-sail—the Water Witch weathered on the Squadron in the following proportions in one hour. On

The Donegal	Two Miles and a Quarter.
Castor	Two Miles.
Prince of Wales.....	A Quarter of a Mile.

The Trinculo did not hold her way with the Donegal.

N. B. The Water Witch for the chief part of the hour did not set her mainsail or top-gallant-sail.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

THERE never was a season, perhaps, in which reports and opinions have fluctuated more than this present one, nor is it yet possible to ascertain, except in a few instances, what the actual state of the Moor Game is ; though, from all that can be learned, and thence inferred, if it prove an average season it will be the outside, thence disappointing the hopes of many who were led to place too much confidence in the reports which were current, and always are more or less, at the commencement, or more speaking after it, of the general hatch. The persons who set these reports, usually favorable, afloat, are the gun-makers and innkeepers in the first instance, who hang out these "sprats to catch mackarel," and, as long as they secure their customers, care little what game they make of them, as they are nearly sure (to a certain extent) of a fresh flight every season. And these were not behind-hand this year ; so that the Papers teemed with cheering intelligence. The first authentic account to be had of the shepherds, who being daily on the hills, and all in charge to protect the chief, can form the truest opinion. But these are frequently in error : it is the interest mostly that there should be a good breed, and their wishes prompt them to say the most of it. Moreover there is a natural tendency in the Highlander to say what he likes, that, if they happen to see a few tolerable broods, they report accordingly : and it has been the case this year in places where it has turned out the reverse. It would doubtless be pleasant and desirable to the Proprietors and Reader if an authentic and sufficiently full account could appear in the September Number : but the immense distance, and distances which occur between the Moors themselves, render the thing impossible ; and it is better to know the truth, even through a little procrastination, than to be deceived by a parcel of fictions, however well they might appear in print.

It is said that more strangers, others as well as sportsmen, have visited Perthshire this season than for many previous—a pleasing omen, could it be relied on, and that the good people of these Islands could find out that they might enjoy their summer ramble and spend their money as well in these Islands as on the Continent, &c.

The principal shooting-grounds are thus occupied :—Logie Almond, Colonel Gordon of Castle Huntly ; Birnam, Major Murray Thriessland of Fingask ; Grant, Hon. G. K. Murray ; South Glenquaich, J. Condie and W. Peddie, Esqrs. ; Kinnaird, John Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour Castle ; Kynachan, Sir Francis Sykes ; Glenelg, Sir John Hope of Pinkies ; Badnaveast, Sir George Warrender ; Stronphadrick, Hay of Letham ; Glenbruar Lodge, H. W. Meredith, Esq. ; Spittal of Glenelg, W. Bailey, Esq. and party (from Ireland) ; Lochgarry, Sir W. Pym ; Cat Lodge, T. Towers ; Connachan, J. Moray, Esq. ; Glasschorry, J. Keay, Esq. and party ; Nellan, A. Ferguson, Esq. ; Mount Alexander, Lord Mexborough ; Invergowrie, Capt. Callander of Preston Hall ; Shiehallion on Strowan Estate, Lord Grantly ; Perth, — Walker, Esq. ; Dalwhinnie, T. Neville, Esq. and party (from Ireland) ; Braemar, Lord Kinnaird ; Braemar, Sir Harry Goodricke ; Phoness, Hon. Mr. Thornton ; Brechin Castle, Capt. Wemyss of Wemyss ; Lord Willoughby, at Drummond Castle, where are Lord Molyneux, Mr. Heathcoat, &c. &c. ; Lord Bredalbanc, at Taymouth ; Lord Balgray, at Inneryeldy Lodge in Glenlednaig ; Mr. Campbell, at Monzie Castle ; Sir Peter Murray, &c. &c. at Ochertyre House.

The shooting on the first day on the moors of Birnam and South Glenquaich was as good as on most years. The birds on Lord Bredalbanc's estates generally, and Lord Balgray's also, are small ; and on the moors of Monzie and Ochertyre they have turned out but indifferently.—So much at present, but it must be deferred to the next month to give anything like an accurate, much less a detailed account. Q.

August 17, 1833.

As appropriate to the Season, we give a plate of GROUSE, engraved by GREIG from an exquisite Drawing by NEWTON FIELDING.

CROYSLE.

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ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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TORBAY REGATTA.

THE Torbay Regatta, at all times one of the most interesting and beautiful festivals in the South of England, took place on Friday, August 2, and was certainly the most splendid ever witnessed there—the attendance of yachts being far greater than on any preceding year, and the company on shore being more numerous than on any former occasion.

On Thursday evening, at six o'clock, their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria arrived in the Emerald Yacht in tow of the Government steamer Messenger. As soon as the Royal party appeared in sight of the town, the Royal Standard was hoisted on the Pier-head, and a salute fired from the batteries on the surrounding heights, as well as from the numerous yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron assembled in the Roads for the celebration of the Regatta. At seven o'clock the same evening, a deputation from the inhabitants of Torquay waited on their Royal Highnesses at Poulton's Royal Hotel, consisting of the following:—The Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, Sir Lawrence Vaughan Palk, Bart., Major-General Sir George Adams, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Dashwood, Captain Sir W. H. Mulcaster, Henry George Cary, Esq. (one of the Lords of the Manor), Rear-Admiral Shields, Rev. Robert Gee, Rev. J. M'Emery, Dr. Denmark (Physician of the Fleet), Dr. Scully, Rev. R. B. Paul, W. Kitson, Esq., Joseph Garrow,

Esq., John Coventry, Esq., Aubrey Bezzi, Esq., R. Welby, Esq., W. Clark, Esq., H. Cartwright, Esq., Messrs. Beasley, Harvey, Wyatt, Cockings, Stark, Cowell, Hall, Lear, and Braham. The address of the inhabitants was very ably read and presented by Henry George Cary, Esq. and was a most appropriate composition, alluding in very elegant terms to the memorable landing of William the Third in Torbay, and expressing the pleasure it afforded them to see the Princess among them on that day, celebrated, as it was, as the anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick, and hallowed by the remembrance of Nelson and the Nile. The reply of the Duchess of Kent was most happily expressed, and interesting to every Englishman from the national and patriotic feelings which it exhibited:—

“GENTLEMEN,

“I cannot express to you how gratified the Princess and myself are with the cordial reception which the loyalty of the inhabitants of Torquay to the King has led them to give us, as Members of His Majesty's family.

“On this particular day, I feel myself called on to observe that the Princess, communicating as she does with all classes of society, is deeply conscious of the sacred importance of the trust which may be eventually committed to her charge, and fully impressed with the conviction, that to be the Constitutional Sovereign of a free people, is the

most exalted object of human ambition.

"I regret that our stay at this charming spot will not allow us to participate in the National Recreation you allude to; but it has ever been my pride to lead the Princess to regard with warm feelings all the recollections which belong to this day in re-

lation to the Naval Service of the country."

On the following morning their Royal Highnesses embarked for Plymouth under a Royal salute from the heights and the yachts.

The Regatta commenced by the class of Torbay Fishing-boats for a Purse 15 sovs. The following contended for this prize:

<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Owners.</i>	<i>Colours.</i>
Caroline	8	J. Lear,	Blue, gaff end.
Ann	6	J. Coombes,	Red, do.
Maria Louisa	6	W. Stabb,	Blue Peter, do.
Fairy	4	T. Lear,	Red and White, do.
Ellen	6	M. Bowden,	White, do.
Paul Pry	8	T. Hammick,	Red and White.
Elizabeth	4	E. Burnell,	Yellow.

It was a beautiful race; they had the breeze throughout the course, and after a sharp contest the Ellen was declared the victor.

The next class started for a Purse of 15l. :—

<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Owners.</i>	<i>Colours.</i>
Old King Cole	10	W. Dawson, Esq.	Blue, White Cross.
Queen Mab	11	F. Stretton, Esq. R.W.Y.C.	Blue, White Stripe.
La Belle Gabrielle	11	H. Dayne, Esq.	Red.
Ianthe	10	Capt. Rich,	Blue.
Water Witch	5	J. G. Lumaden, Esq.	White.
Belle Sauvage	5	Capt. Godfrey,	Yellow.

A prettier race than this last was never seen; the whole class, like the former, had the benefit of the morning breeze, and the Belle Sauvage bore off the palm in gallant style.

The Gold Challenge Cup, value 100gs. was won by the Alarm cutter, 193 tons, Joseph Weld, Esq. from the Gossamer, Eyre Coote, Esq. without contest.

The Ladies' Silver Cup, value 40l. was contested by the following yachts :—

<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Owners.</i>	<i>Colours.</i>
Vampyre	49	T. George, Esq.	Blue and Yellow.
Julia	42	G. Farnell, Esq.	Quart. Blue, White.
Medora	47	G. Hopkins, Esq.	White, Blue Cross.
Zephyr	36	W. H. Beach, Esq.	Blue.
Will o' the Wisp	34	H. Robinson, Esq.	Blue, White, Red.
Gossamer	72	E. Coote, Esq.	Red.
Druid	44	J. Congreve, Esq.	Blue, White Stripe.

They started in fine style, under a light breeze from the South-East, when it fell so calm that none of them were able to round the station boat, so that the match

was deferred until the following day, when the prize was again contested, and decided as follows :—

The Medora completed the

course of 19 miles in 2h. 10m. 30s.; Druid, 2h. 12m. 10s.; Julia, in 2h. 13m. 57s.; the Medora was consequently the winner; and, although the other competitors of the preceding day had with-

drawn, a more admirable race was never witnessed.

The Tradesmen's Cup, value 20L., was also decided on Saturday, between the following yachts:—

<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Owners.</i>	<i>Colours.</i>
Lotus	15	E. Janverin, Esq.	Black & White Cross.
Rantipole	18	J. Wright, Esq.	Blue Peter.
Pearl	15	G. Marsden, Esq. R.W.Y.C.	Red and White.
Will o' the Wisp	17	G. Greenhill, Esq.	White, Red Cross,
Red Rover	12	Capt. Burrows,	Blue.
Anne	22	J. Hare, Esq.	White.
Pet	14	Capt. Corry,	Yellow Star.
Cherub	14	J. Holt, Esq.	Red Cross,

This prize was won by the Pet, which completed her distance in 2h. 31m. 30s.; Red Rover, 2h. 31m. 43s.; Rantipole, 2h. 32m. 13s.; the Anne, which had carried away her top-mast, and the other four followed in a few minutes, having made one of the best matches of the two days.

The Rowing Matches were contested by four-oared gigs from Dartmouth and Torquay, and being particularly good, they afforded excellent sport.

The cannon on the Beacon and Warren Hills saluted repeatedly during the race; and Torbay, magnificent as it always is, presented on both days a most animated appearance. In short, from the Thursday to the Sunday, the bay, enlivened by the presence of a great and unusual number of vessels and pleasure boats of every size and rig, and graced by a fleet of the most elegant models in the world, displayed a scene of indescribable beauty.

The Cups were truly splendid, and elicited the highest commendations of all who saw them. The designs were perfectly unique and novel, and reflect the highest credit on the gold-

smith by whom they were furnished.

The ball at Poulton's Royal Hotel on the evening of the first day was unusually crowded, and attended by all the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood.

On Tuesday the 6th, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria again returned to Torquay, where preparations had been made for their reception on a very extensive scale. They were received under Royal salutes, and landed amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants. On the following day they proceeded by land to Swanage, escorted by a detachment of the South Devon Yeomanry Cavalry, their Royal Highnesses repeatedly intimating to Major Warwick Tonkin, K.C.M. the Commandant of the Troop, the gratification they had felt at their reception at Torquay, and their admiration of that part of the county of Devon.

In conclusion, I beg very cordially to congratulate the Members of the Torbay Regatta Club on the uniform success which attends their exertions in that great National cause in which they are engaged. While they continue their efforts in that spirit of har-

mony which has hitherto distinguished the aquatic festivals of their noble and memorable Bay, they are sure of triumph; and it is the very highest praise which we can offer, when we say, that they have ever endeavored to make the Regattas of Torquay emulate, in the splendour of their

details, the magnificent and enchanting scenery of the district in which they are celebrated; and, while they establish the dignity and increase the attractions of the town, they cannot fail to render TORQUAY the most delightful watering-place in Britain.

MOUNTAINEER.

ORELIO, AND THE ARABIAN BLOOD.

SIR,
MY attention has this day been called to a letter from a Sporting friend, JAVELIN, in your July Number, "on the breed of Arabian horses;" in which he casually refers to "Orelia" as a Bahreinee. This horse is now serving as a stallion in England, and it is of importance that no doubt should be entertained of his blood. He was not bred at Bahrein, but was presented when a foal to the Sheik of that Island. After his great success as a racer and as a stallion at Madras, it was determined to send him to England; but previous to incurring the risk and expense of such an undertaking every possible inquiry was made at Bahrein as to his pedigree and breed, and he was satisfactorily ascertained to be of one of the best races of Nijd. His unusual size (15 hands and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch) is solely ascribed to the generous feeding and care taken of him from the time he was a sucker.

I perfectly agree with JAVELIN that "the only sure test of pure blood is actual performance;" and where was the horse to be found that could compete with Orelia in speed, in stoutness, and the power to carry weight long distances, for the four seasons he was on the Turf?

Whoever obtained a good Ara-

bian mare unless some curse or stain was on the breed? asks JAVELIN: your readers are well aware of the attachment of the Arabs to their mares, and that they ascribe most of the merits or worth of the produce to the dam. I do know one instance of a fine mare of the *true caste* (Furhah) being purchased at Bussorah from Sheik Hussein Nujm, one of the Sheiks of Nijd: but money would not have tempted him to part with this pride of the Desert, had he not been fully persuaded that the curse of barrenness was on her. This was honestly avowed; but, subsequently to her arrival in India, she produced Fitz-Orelia, and was then sent to England, where she has had a filly by Whisker, and a colt by Actæon, and is now stunted to Augustus. If JAVELIN should chance to travel towards Bedford he may have an opportunity of seeing this mare, "Furhah," as well as Orelia, and some of their produce, in all of which he will certainly trace the characteristics of the Arabian blood.

Having been in India when Sulky, Pet, and Harlequin were running, I was always persuaded by their performances that they were of genuine blood.

MALEK,

London, August 5, 1862.

DUBLIN GARRISON RACES.

SIR,

THE weather was most propitious yesterday for the races in the Phoenix Park, and a vast assemblage of persons thronged to the Fifteen Acres to witness the day's sport. Seldom has been seen so crowded a meeting. The course, however, was very unfavorable for viewing the sport. The starting-post was near the Tank, at the rear of the Secretary's Lodge, the course extending along round the verge of the wood to the Royal Hibernian School, the winning-post being near the road crossing the Acres. If, instead of being oblong, it had been circular, the public would have had a chance of seeing the running to some advantage. The Marquis of Anglesea and the Ladies Paget, Lords A. and G. Paget, the Earl of Howth, Lord F. Paulet, Major-General Sir E. Blakeney, Colonel Milman of the Guards, Colonel Cuyler, and numerous other Officers of the Garrison, Mademoiselle Taglioni, &c., were on the ground. The band of the Hussars were stationed near the winning-post, and played during the day. The course for about a hundred yards was roped in, and fenced by both horse and foot soldiers. It was a subject of very general complaint, the unnecessary roughness with which these soldiers treated the people. Remonstrance, without violence, would probably have been attended with better effect.

The first race was for a Hunter's Stakes for horses not thorough-bred, 3 sovs., P. P., with 50 sovs. added—heats, a mile and a half, with one four-foot hurdle leap in each heat—12st. each, se-

Saturday, July 27, 1833.

cond horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes, &c. came off as follows:—

Mr. Herbert's ch. m. Duvernay,		
6 yrs (Mr. Knox)	1	1
Capt. Belville's b. g. Laurel, aged,		
(Owner)	2	0
Mr. Tennison's b. g. Tom Tit,		
aged (Mr. Caldwell).....	3	0
Mr. Thompson's b. m. Maniac,		
aged (Owner).....	4	0
Major White's b. g. Fox-hunter,		
7 yrs (Mr. Evans).....	5	dis.

Duvernay won cleverly in the first heat; the rider's stirrup broke after passing the winning-post. In the second Fox-hunter fell, but his rider escaped unhurt.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, P. P., for thorough-bred horses—60l. added—12st. each—Two-mile heats—second horse to receive 15l.

Mr. Scott's br. h. Mount Eagle,		
aged	1	1
Mr. Galway's b. h. Fitz Henry,		
6 yrs	2	2
Mr. Herbert's Rough Robin, aged,	3	dis.

This was won easily by Mount Eagle in both heats. In the second heat Rough Robin was running a very close second, when he fell, and put out his shoulder joint.

Half-bred Stakes, two sovs. each, 60 sovs. added—one mile and a half—three-year-olds, 9st. 5lb.; four, 10st. 10lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six and aged, 12st.—second horse to receive 10 sovs.

Mr. Caldwell's b. c. by Roller, 3 yrs,		
(Mr. Ratcliffe).....	1	
Mr. Herbert's ch. m. Duvernay, 6 yrs...	2	
Mr. Knox's b. g. Retriever, 5 yrs.....	3	
Col. Cuyler's b. m. Stella, aged.....	4	
Mr. Mead's b. g. Silvertail, aged.....	5	
Major Parry's b. g. Slug, 6 yrs	6	
Mr. Tennison's b. g. Tom Tit, aged ...	0	

Won very cleverly by the Roller colt.

A Silver Cup, by a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, half a

mile, was won easily by Mr. Herbert's gr. m. La Sylphide beating Captain Kenlock's gr. h. Alaphron by Viscount.

A Hack race concluded the day's sport.

It is to be hoped, that on ano-

ther such meeting the ground may be laid out better for the spectators, as the fine plain of the Fifteen Acres is as capable of being made a good course as any of similar extent in Ireland.

ON THE EXPANSION SHOE, AND ON AN IMPROVED CONSTRUCTION OF REINS.

SIR,

THE objections justly alleged to the expansion-shoe, made with a joint at the toe, are—1st, that this construction does not admit of an expansion of the quarters; and 2d, that by the expansion, which is permitted, the nails are loosened, and the crust is broken. It occurred to me that these objections may be obviated by making each shoe consist of four separate portions, each attached to the hoof by two nails. On mentioning this project to an equestrian friend, he highly approved of it, and suggested that the portions of the shoe, at the places of their junction, should be a little separated on the outer edge. The necessity for a space between the portions of the shoe, to permit the expansion of the foot, was sufficiently obvious, and had occurred to me; but the particular adjustment was deferred as a future and subordinate consideration. The chief objection to this plan which presented itself to me was, that by having the shoe consist of several portions, there may be a chance of losing some of them on a journey; but this is not likely to happen unless the shoes are considerably worn, as the respective portions would be so small that two nails would amply secure

them; and if a portion did fall off, the foot would be sufficiently protected by the remainder. A smith would merely have to keep the several segments of shoes of different diameters, which may be so easily adapted to any feet, that the process of shoeing would not be much more difficult, and would be certainly safer (as the whole foot would not be nailed to one unyielding piece of iron) than at present.

The kind of shoe here proposed may be thus represented.



It appears to me also, that a considerable advantage may be derived from making reins *to act over a pulley*, which may be either in the course of the reins, or where they are connected with the bit*. This aid of mechanical power may be found useful for hard-mouthed horses, or to compensate the deficient muscular power of feeble riders or drivers.

Whether either of these expedients has been before tried, or whether they are worthy of a trial, will doubtless be known to some of your readers.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
L. G.

Bath, August 3, 1833.

* The martingale is an objectionable contrivance, upon something like this principle; if only for the reason that it tends to throw a horse down when attempting to recover him from a false step.

THE TAY—ANCELL'S SPORTSMAN'S REPOSITORY, PERTH—
A DAY'S HARLING FOR SALMON, GRILSE, AND SEA TROUT.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

SIR,

AS the Tay is considered to pour more water into the ocean than any other stream in Britain, neither is it a whit less behind-hand either in varied and splendid scenery, or the number and excellence of the fish which haunt its pools and streams, it having been a stipulation in days of no very ancient date among the Perth servants, when engaging for hire, "that they should not be obliged to dine upon salmon *more than twice a week*." The March of Intellect, however, has rendered this part of the Protocol between the contracting parties a dead letter, and the masters now could hardly at times indulge themselves in this luxury, which Nature has provided for them, as often as their menials condescended to partake of it in days of yore, and that too at the top London price, the bulk of the vast quantity of fish which the river annually produces being packed in ice, and sent to London. This said March of Intellect too, which induces our lawgivers to legislate upon all matters, great and small, *usque ad nauseam*, has contrived to impair, by Mr. Kennedy's Act, this once flourishing business; and those who are concerned in it have not only to "suffer hungry guts, but empty purse"—the same fisheries which a generation or two back realised splendid estates now involving the holders not only in loss, but actual ruin. The causes are too long to enter into—the fact, unfortunately, is but too notorious. Still a day's sport

with the rod, and *that* not to be sneezed at, is yet to be had in the Tay under peculiar circumstances, and watching, and being favored with, appropriate weather.

The Tay issues from the splendid Loch of the same name at the small town of Kenmore in Bredalbane, and laves with its blue waters the far-famed Taymouth Castle: passing onwards, it is soon after reinforced by the Lyon, a mountain stream dear to the angler; and, pursuing its rapid but devious course through the narrow but fertile Valley of Strath-tay, runs by the pretty little town of Aberfeldy, and being tributed by several other minor waters, as well as the Tummell, Garry, and Tilt, forms one of the numerous beauties which have rendered the romantic town of Dunkeld so celebrated, where it receives the Bran, and passing through mountainous and highly-wooded banks, is joined by the Isla at Meikleour; thence through a country at once romantic and fertile, it flows on to Perth (near where the Almond loses itself) in every variety of pool, stream, and torrent. The whole of these waters (for with the further course of the river my present purpose has nothing to do) are rented from the various proprietors by the fishermen, and consequently it is not an easy matter to get permission on any extent of water; but there being on all these taks (takes), as they are here familiarly termed, rocky streams, which cannot be netted,

and cleanly public-house, constitute this appropriate starting place for a day's angling. Even the little garret room, wherein we got a clean and excellent breakfast, was to the very letter Waltonian, for the old-fashioned windows were dimmed with geraniums and China roses in pots, and the swallows were building and twittering under the eaves.

While breakfast was getting we walked down to the river to see our boat and get the oars, which had been deposited at the manse. The boat was nearly full of water from the heavy rain; so, to give her time to dry, we determined, as we meant to go about a mile up the river to Meikleour, to take Sim the fisherman's boat; and we went in quest of him to ask him to take his breakfast with us. He was just risen, having been up until daylight with his nets, but he felt sure we should have sport, as there was sun, wind, water—everything in our favour.

The banks of the Tay are, as I have said, precipitous and wooded, consequently they are unfit for shore-fishing with the single rod, and the practice of *harling* is universally resorted to: and here I take leave to say, that your Correspondent "*An Old Brother of the Angle*" has made an error in terming *cross-fishing* with the double rod *harling*. No doubt it is exactly on the same principle, but *harling bonâ fide* can only be done from a boat, and in the following manner, however some may apply the term to other and somewhat similar modes.

Two common sized salmon-rods are put up in the usual way, mounted with one fly, and are

laid in each corner of the stern of the coble, which is square; the lines are then let out to about fifty or sixty yards: in the centre between, sometimes upon a very large reel fastened on the stern, but as often coiled round a large piece of flat cork, is a very long line also mounted with one fly, which custom, or some old term or word, has *Scottice* denominated a *plu**; for I can find it in no Dictionary I could resort to, and which was stated to me to signify *anything* on which a rope or line was coiled. These three lines trailing astern, the rower instantly commences to row *across* the stream or pool which is intended to be fished, and when across, turns back obliquely, continuing this over the whole pool or stream which he thus covers, precisely in the same manner that a good pointer dog would quarter a field, by which every inch of water almost is fairly gone over by the hooks. This is the mode universally used on this part of the Tay. From what the term *harling* is derived I could not ascertain. Although the Irish way for the double boat is certainly far the best for a loch, this is for a river, and would avail in the great trans-Atlantic waters, as also on the Severn, where, at least on some of the finest parts of it, in my remembrance the rod was never used. From the colour of its waters this river (the Severn) would require the gaudiest flies. I believe, though I never fished on it, that they use the coble on the Wye, but how they practise, I hope some of your readers will let us know.

Having ordered his men to haul his coble up the stream to the junction of the Iala at Meikle-

* It must mean a *clew*, I should imagine, which is the same thing: it was over and over again stated to me to be a *plu*.

our, Sim accompanied us up the bank of the river to that spot, where we put up our tackle, and commenced operations in the manner already described. The first attempt was made in a rapid deep stream called the Cutty Pool, where we were induced to expect a *fish* (which means a full salmon), this stream being a favorite haunt of this variety of the genus; but although the day was as good to all appearance as if we could have made it, nothing stirred, and after harling it carefully twice over we fell down to Sandyford, where in the shallower water the fisherman booked us for a grilse. But though the day was sunny, with enough wind, the clouds were now of that fleecy white appearance, in some places denominated *woolpacks*, which never fail to cast a bad shade or sky on the water, and not unfrequently compromise all other advantages. I had my own misgivings from the first about this, what an old fisherman here (on the Earn) calls a white iron (tin-coloured) sky; but being a stranger, I did not choose to put in my say, especially when in contact with a professional man on his own water. Sandyford was blank also: and now the flies were to be changed: we had put up wasps in the first instance; it was plain they were too light; so the purple Turkey was decided on—namely, a dark bluish purple body, ribbed slightly with silver twist, and a brown Turkey feather slightly dotted with black for wing, and black hackle.

We now steered for Kinclaven, where at Davy's Stane a fish was sure to be lying, take or no take; but Davy's Stane had lost its charter for this day; and we launched into the Malt Pow

(Malt Pool), it being so called from having been a place where Davy, a noted smuggler of the olden time, used to have a still. It was a fine long even swim of water, between pool and rapid, and as likely a place as angler ever cast an eye on. In the second turn across, spin went Mr. Ancell's reel, and the minute he felt him he pronounced him a good grilse. "Take care, and be as gentle as you can," cried Sim to him, who with a well-bent rod was gently easing off line; "they are very tender in the hold yet."—"No fear," was the reply, "but do you get ashore." In the mean time I had quickly reeled in my own line, and coiled up the plu, that there might be no fouling. "I don't like the feel of him," said the operator, "he shakes so." Now when a grilse is well hooked he generally springs out of the water, or makes off with a rush; when not, they keep shaking to and fro by the action of the tail; but our anxiety was soon at an end, as he made a lightning dart across the river, and, as we went ashore, he was a hundred yards, and more, right across, walloping and lashing among stone and current, the rod and line forming an arc right across the broad stream. To coax him out of this dangerous labyrinth was now the play, and it was skilfully executed; but when he was brought into fair water he wound himself up to try all to be off, and was here, there, and everywhere; and as constantly baffled and foiled by the steady and skilful hand that held him. He was now brought in, but struggled gallantly, and evaded Sim's attempt (who held the gaff or cleek) to secure him, making a last and gallant effort, which spun out some line. Being now fairly done, he came lumbering

up, half on his side, and was brought ashore by the cleek, proving, as Mr. Ancell had booked him, a fine grilse, nearly seven pounds. I never saw one shew better play, or that was more neatly handled*.

Once more afloat, we fell down to the tail of the pool, and almost instantly we were both fast. Mr. Ancell's did not stay on a minute; mine did, but kept shaking so violently that I had no hopes. I was in terror to put the least strain on him, but he soon compelled me, as he was darting off for a large stone, where he made his *congé* in a tremendous flounce, and left me to deplore his loss.

We now entered the Skellies, and, as it was evident the blue Turkeys were the *thing*, with great hopes, as it was the best of Sim's water; but the white clouds were our bitter enemies, and though we rose several we hooked none—a proof they were what is termed “rising false.”

Here ended Sim's tak (take or lease), and here I had another proof of the goodness of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby and his Lady, on whose estate of Stob Hall these waters are. Ever since the fishings have so much deteriorated, the fishermen have received a voluntary drawback of four shillings in the pound.

We were now back again at Cargill, and we returned to the little hostelry to give the men some whisky, and supply ourselves with some, as well as to get something to bale out the boat, which had been omitted. On applying to the gude wife “Feint a thing she had ava;” so

Mr. Scott commenced a search, and laid hands on a tin cup about the size of a slop-basin, which seemed coeval with the old burying-ground outside. “Eh mon, yure na sarely for you, ye'l no tak it—its the soo's deesh” (the sow's dish). Mr. Scott evincing by his way a determination that possession is nine points, the gude wife laid hold of him. “My faithy, ye'l nae gang awa wi' it—what'l the soo do?” (the sow do). She was then promised that it should be *faithfully* returned. “Atweel, Maister Ancell, if ye dinna, yese pay for it; its just what we carry oot a drap kale or ony orra thing ta soo.” Having given the men as much as they chose to take, and provided ourselves, we moved, taking with us this *precious* utensil, which the gude wife (positively and absolutely) followed with wistful eye, and, as we were about to turn the corner of the manse, roared out “Yele mind noo, Maister Ancell, tak tent (pay attention) a deesh, the soo canna want it.”

We now got into our own coble, with this difference, that in order to trim her better I moved into the bow, where I took my rod, holding it at right angles to the boat, on the side opposite to where the other rod stood in the stern. We *harled* the Rumbling Stane, the Horse's Back, and several other likely places, but without success, until we came to the Cradle Stane, a celebrated rapid, so strong that we were obliged to anchor close by the Cradle Stone. The bank immediately above is a wooded cliff, at the foot of which

* Be it known that a grilse of this size generally shews as much or more sport to the angler than a heavier fish. Sea trout are very lively and strong, and shew the best of play.

is a ledge of rock, on which a man can just creep. Here Mr. Scott got out, and took the rod to cast from this ledge, and I accompanied him with the cleek in case he hooked anything, leaving Mr. Ancell in the boat. The wood overhangs this ledge in some places, whilst the torrent roars beneath, and makes it difficult, I might nearly say dangerous. I was just getting round one of these bushes, being the hindmost of the two, when I heard his reel spin, and saw his line taken across the stream like shot, while his rod was bent to the water's edge. This was glorious, as every difficulty was to be encountered; but, alas! we did not get five yards down with him, when he broke away, shewing himself, however, to be a fine fish. We got afloat again, shot swiftly down the stream, and having well tried the pool below—it being now noon, and the sun powerful, with little wind—determined to go on shore at Paty's Stane, an immense rock at the head of a rapid, and eat our cold beef. Merry were we “when beards wagged all,” until it became requisite to moisten our clay, when, on searching the basket, a drinking cup had been omitted, and, oh, powers of dirt and disgust! there was nothing left for it but the *soo's deesh*. We had been obliged to bale the boat once or twice, so it had been cleansed, and of course little heeded; but on Mr. Scott's proceeding to scour, and then fill it with water, it was found to leak like a cullendar, and the only way was for the drinker to hold it close to his mouth with one hand, infuse the spirit with the other, and take it off as fast as

he could. When it came to my turn I made a wry face, much to the amusement of the others; but it proved more imaginary than real, and many a quaff was taken out of this valued, and now to us as valuable, utensil, in the course of the evening.

Soon after one the breeze returned, and the head of the stream called the Obberny's, between the stone and it, was tried. A heavy splash was made at Mr. Ancell's fly, and Mr. Scott, to whose science and activity no language can do justice, had already thrown the boat round to re-ascend, and go over the same cast, when the line again tightened as if it caught in a stone or rock—the boat was as readily thrown back, and as instantly the fish (for he had followed the fly after the splash, taken silently, and then sulked) bolted down the middle of the roaring and foaming current like a thunderbolt; and before Mr. Ancell, who, what with the dancing of the boat and the rush of the fish, was nigh hauled out, could recover himself, he was fast behind a large rock. The boat was now (as gently as the tremendous weight and rapidity of the water would allow) brought round, so as to get the same side of the rock with him, but it was not on the cards; and after a contest, in which it was only wonderful he had not smashed everything to atoms, he once more freed himself, and regained the pool above with a dart like an arrow, shewing as he moved off a tail as broad almost as a Quaker's hat. We looked unutterable things: Mr. Scott and I had recourse to the *soo's deesh* for consolation. Mr. Ancell examined his hook, a light one, concluding it must be broken; but

all had wonderfully stood. We rose some smaller ones in this fine stream, but none took hold; and entered a beautiful crescent-shaped reach of the river, on the left side, crowned with overhanging woods, which surround the neglected and antique, but singularly romantic Mansion House of Stob Hall, and on the right walled with mural masses of red rock, occasionally fringed with trees in changeful and abrupt succession. The whole of this part of the river hence down the Linn of Campsie, through Cat's Hole and Hell's Hole to Stanley, is quite trans-Atlantic in character, and worth going any distance merely to see.

Harling the Milburn, run a blank, we came upon the dam above the Linn of Campsie, the greatest fall upon the Tay. Originally a strong high ledge of rocks here crossed the river, which as yet even have had so little impression on them that the whole current roars and foams through an opening not many feet in width. There was not sufficient water to allow our all three descending in the coble, as many of the detached rocks were barely covered; so Mr. Ancell and I got out and walked round the rock, Mr. Scott shooting down in the coble with exact and beautiful skill.

In the pool below we re-embarked, and entered Cat's Hole, another boisterous and rocky rapid. Here despite rock and torrent, we harled, and for the first time cast a part unsuccessfully, until we got into an eddy close by the bank, and made the boat fast. Here we got some good casts, and I killed a nice grilse, weighing about four pounds.—Mr. Ancell a sea-trout.

Again went ashore to allow the coble to descend Hell's Hole, a place as appropriately named as may be, and which forcibly reminded me of some of "my early days" in Canada and the United States.

We entered the coble again at Stanley cotton works, the largest in North Britain, employing above two thousand hands: these occupy a very pretty village, which had sprung up in consequence, and where they have built a handsome Gothic church, the Minister of which is paid by the seat-rents. Here is another beautiful reach, finely banked with rock and wood; and here I killed two fine white trout, one three the other nearly two pounds, and on the dam above the Thistle Brig stream or torrent, Mr. Ancell killed three similar. The Thistle Brig stream Mr. Scott conceives is the worst, being most thickly studded with rock; and how he shot through the boiling flood, dexterously escaping all contact, is best known to himself: it was beautiful to behold, and the acmè of coolness and dexterity.

Harled Luncarty and Danes-green water, where I killed another fine white trout, and trying Almond mouth, where another party were harling close by, passed on by Scone Palace.

Scone is famous in the first pages of Scotch History; it was long the residence of Royalty, and the metropolis of the kingdom. "The old Palace was begun by the Earl of Gourie, and completed by Sir D. Murray in 1606. He was a great favorite of the Sixth James, and in gratitude put up the Royal Arms in several parts of the house. It was built

around two courts: the great gallery was 155 feet long, the roof curiously arched, and divided into compartments, filled with paintings. These represented hunting pieces, in which Nimrod and King James and his train were everywhere to be traced." Old Adamson, in his *Muses Threnodie*, a metrical poem of that time, thus describes old Scone:—

"As we thus talked, our barge did
sweetly pass
By Scone's fair Palace, sometime Abbey
was,
Now Palace faire, which doth so richly
stand,
With gardens, orchards, parks, on either
hand;
Where flowers and fruits, and fallow deer,
For smell, for taste, for venison, and
cheer—
The nose, the mouth, the palate, which
may please,
For gardens, chambers, for delight and
ease,
Damasked with porphyry and alabaster—
Thou art not subject for each poetaster."

The new Palace is a large massive building of red stone, which has an imposing appearance: it has still a gallery on the same

spot as the old one, and whatever of the old furniture or antiquities which it was possible to preserve have been retained.

We tried one other stream below the Islands, but it was getting late, and, steering downwards, came within the influence of the tide, and alongside the beautiful North Inch, where groups of all sorts were inhaling the cool evening breeze, and whence the "gratus puellæ risus" of many a "fair maid of Perth," and the "lenis susurro" of the lad who was coming the soft nonsense over her, sometimes fell on the ear, as we glided along close in shore. We shot the bridge of Perth just at half-past nine, having been out nearly eighteen hours, and fished almost every yard of thirteen miles of water—our return being, two grilse and seven fine sea-trout, weighing between twenty-three and twenty-four pounds.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

July 30, 1833.

A JACK TAR'S DAY WITH THE HURWORTH HOUNDS.

MANY a time, Mr. Editor, during my evening watch have I cogitated over my last day's sport amidst the clattering of cordage and the flapping of sails, when all was snug, and my little bark ploughing her way along the deep—my man at the fore-castle singing out at intervals, "by the deep nine," startling me from my reverie, about to exclaim, "Hark to Ringwood!" Your interesting Magazine is ever my *vade mecum* upon the companion, with the *Coaster's Guide*, and often beguiles a dull hour in the midst of a calm—the wind deaf to all our whistling,

"whistle we ever so wisely"—when there is nothing to please, but enough to torment, at the sight of steamers puffing and hissing their way in all directions, running riot with all seamanship, and bidding defiance to Neptune and Æolus' hitherto despotic sovereignty, that has "braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years." Allow me, therefore, a little space to splice my last hunting day amongst the long yarns of your more eloquent Correspondents.

In March last, being in the Tees, I visited a friend in the country, who mounted me to see

the Hurworth Hounds, which were that day to meet at Croft Bridge. The morning was unfavorable, and amidst showers of snow I set off with a joyful heart; and at a few minutes before ten o'clock hounds and men made their appearance. They went to a covert near the Tees. Reynard was soon found, but did not like to quit his harbour, being ominous that he could not live with such a gallant pack. At length away he went: and now all sail was set in the pursuit. The hounds ran as if Old Harry was in the rear; looking in at the village of Blackwell, for the merriment of the boys in the little school, as we passed, who soon left the poor old pedagogue, like Robinson Crusoe, the solitary Monarch of all he surveyed. Sly reynard seemed determined to fly the county of Durham, famed for foxes' deaths and maidens fair, and crossed the river that divides the county from Yorkshire. Now all were in suspense which ford or crossing path to ride to. My old lady had seen many a field of blood and sport, so in we went, and after a little lee-way the opposite bank was gained; and in a short time the gallant pack brought him in view along Stapleton banks. Never was I in more anxiety to gain a port in the face of a tremendous storm, than I was at that time for *the death*, my top-gallant-mast head with a reynard's brush glittering before my eyes, sailing into Shoreham Harbour: but a con-

founded plantation drew near: in he went: hares jumped up in all directions: the hounds were in mutiny to all command:—(Here by the way, let me give a word to the lovers of hunting: let a road be made in all your plantations, so that hounds may be rode with, and prevented from destroying your game:)—but never did I see hounds behave better amongst such a multitude of hares—they forced their fox out. Now again all was hope: he was dead beat, and he would have fallen a victim—and with no disgrace, for he was a fine fellow, and shewed good mettle—but an earth above Cliff Woods saved him for another day.

The sport was short but good. I have had many worse during a longer day with some of the crack packs in England.

Yes, so a sailor's life is: a few days before this I was crossing the Downs in Sussex after the Brighton Hounds—a scene something similar to sailing over the Bay of Biscay, and teeming with the ludicrous, well worth the graphic pencil of a Cruikshank.

Before I close my log with the Hurworth pack, I must in justice notice the kind attention of a nephew of the owner of the hounds. He will be ever welcome to a glass of grog on board of the C—— for his kindness that day. He rides well, and does credit to the name of the Hurworth Hunt, as he is ever in a good berth with the hounds.

JACK TAR.

CHRONICLES OF CRICKET.

SIR,
A MIDST the general decline of our athletic sports, Cricket almost alone continues as fashion-

able as ever, and is practised by Peer as well as by Peasant. This is as it should be. Its intrinsic

merits well deserve such high patronage, and will continue to claim the support of those who look to the general effects of national pastimes on the character of a people. Those who have been from infancy ardent lovers of the game (for it is a passion which age itself cannot cool) will of course think the additional recommendations of fashion or philosophy as unnecessary as adding "a perfume to the violet." For myself, I am hostile to no amusement recorded in the *Sporting Magazine*. All are good more or less: nevertheless Cricket need not fear a fair comparison with the best of them; and fewer objections can perhaps be justly urged against it than any other game. As an exercise, operating upon the whole frame, it appears to me decidedly superior to any other: it is in fact a whole system of gymnastics combined under one name, and neither sparring, fencing, nor even wrestling can bring so great a variety of muscles into play as does this "noble game;" which, to all these recommendations and the high flow of spirits and good humour attendant thereupon, unites all the interest and fascinating variety of chess. The character of its votaries, as far as my observation extends, tends in itself to reflect honour on their pursuit. Were I employed to search for an honest man, I do not know any description of persons amongst whom I should expect more easily to discover one than amongst Cricketers, high or low: add to this, that the *Gentlemen*, with as much polish as their rank demands, are, with some few exceptions, frank, cordial, and con-

siderate towards the professional players, without that excess of familiarity, which, as the old school copy says, "breeds contempt;" and, as might naturally be expected, the *players* are, with still fewer exceptions, respectful yet manly, civil yet not servile, towards their employers, many of them insensibly and naturally acquiring considerable refinement of manner from their frequent intercourse with the higher classes, without absurdly and affectedly aping their bearing. Nowhere is the real sterling English character to be met with in greater perfection than on a cricket ground: and surely these considerations are in themselves the strongest arguments for the promotion of the sport, particularly in these days, when the haughty and cold-hearted exclusiveness of too many of the Aristocracy has naturally elicited rankling hatred, and curses, sometimes loud and always deep, from their inferiors in rank.

From these moral characteristics of Cricketers, let us turn to those physical and intellectual ones, which are alike the cause and effect of excellence in the sport. A fair share of muscular strength is very desirable, and a considerable degree of activity almost essential: but, as no rule is without an exception, I have seen a few first-rate players who appeared rather deficient in *each one* of these qualities, though they generally made up for it with an additional portion of the other. The power of bearing fatigue is of course necessary to a constant player, and that of bearing heat, and, occasionally too, wet and even cold, is by no means useless. With respect to the most advan-

tageous size, "doctors differ:" to me a full middle-sized or moderately-tall figure, stout made, but not very bulky, appears preferable. A gigantic man may be pronounced too tall*, unless possessed of extraordinary activity, which is not generally the case; and a little one, besides being frequently deficient in strength, wants purchase, and (not to mention the superior advantage an equally scientific batsman of greater height will have before the wicket, when the bowling is rather wide) will sometimes miss catches which a tall man might secure. A moderately tall stature is quite compatible with Herculean strength (which, though not necessary, can never be a disadvantage), as well as with the greatest possible degree of activity and hardihood. Although I am aware that many excellent performers are and have been of much lower stature, I think the following formidable names, which immediately occur to me, are nearly sufficient of themselves to shew the superior advantages of tall men (by which I understand those above five feet eight inches): the Nyrens, Sueter, Minshull, Aylward, Beldham, Harris, Robinson, Lambert, Beagley, Ashley, Brown, Mathews, Saunders; and, amongst amateurs, Messrs. Ward, Vigne, Parry, and Harenc. Courage, active and passive, will find considerable scope for its exercise in Cricket, in meeting gallantly the coming ball, and enduring with fortitude the frequent effects of its assaults. Add to these qualities, a cool judgment, presence of mind, freedom from nervous-

ness (many promising players being precluded from success by this disease alone), a good temper, and a quick eye; and a man in their possession can scarcely fail (with practice of course) of becoming a good Cricketer. He may not, however, be a brilliant one; for in these as well as in other pursuits there are some great geniuses who will rise to the top of the tree with apparently less exertion than a man of general ability and talents nevertheless, but not like Jack Small, "born with a bat in his hand," might find requisite to reach even to the lower branches. Then what generalship may be shewn in the management of a match! and here the retired players, those who, "though they play no more o'erlook the cards," may yet find employment, and display the soundness of their judgment in selecting and changing their bowlers, placing the men in the field, sending in suitable partners together (a point often not sufficiently attended to), &c. &c.

Although the game has been of late years widely disseminated throughout the kingdom, the men of the five celebrated counties still maintain their wonted superiority: still several formidable aspirants have appeared from the provincials, and one or two of these Orientals and Northerners have been preferred by their admirers, but without reason as it seems to me, to the best of the Southrons. Sussex is at present probably superior to any single county, chiefly from the excellence of its bowling and fielding. Kent is, however, also very strong; and a

* A remarkable exception occurs in the person of a distinguished Member of the Marylebone Club, who is, I believe, 6 feet 5 (but certainly not less than 4) inches in height.

match is, I am told, in contemplation between that county (with some given men probably) and England. Several of its best players belong to the same parish, that of Benenden, which would probably beat any other in the kingdom, numbering amongst its champions Richard and George Mills, the Wenmans, &c. Surrey suffered last year a loss which it cannot hope soon, if ever, to replace, in the premature death of Saunders, one of the finest hitters that ever stood before a wicket: Searle, another of their best men, is prevented by his occupation from playing often: nevertheless, it might still muster a pretty strong eleven. The Marylebone Club, from its comparative ill success for the last few years, might be supposed to be "falling into the seer, the yellow leaf:" nevertheless it ought still to be very formidable, boasting, as it does, the names of Lord Grimston, Sir Frederick Bathurst, and Messrs. Barnard, Barnett, Budd, Deedes, Dyke, Jenner, Kingscote, Knatchbull, Knight, Nicoll, Parry, Vigne, and Ward, &c. &c. But the fact is, some of these Gentlemen must be considered as having retired from the field: others are not in practice, and it is at all times difficult to get them together. For several seasons much fewer runs have been got in the principal matches than was generally the case previously. Whether this is owing to mere accident, to a falling off, or an improvement in play, I know not, but opine *not* to the last cause. I subjoin a memorandum of a few matches remarkable for the number of runs obtained.

* Against the county of Middlesex.—Marsden, indeed, got 226 single-handed; but he was opposed to less skilful antagonists (at Sheffield).

The greatest number ever gained in a match was on July 7, 1817, at Lord's, where the Epsom Club with Howard and Robinson played Sussex with G. Osbaldeston, Esq. and Lambert, and the score at the conclusion stood thus:—Sussex 292 and 445—737, the greatest number ever got on one side—Epsom 202 and 106—308:—Sussex winning by 429 runs, and the grand total being 1045!

The greatest number ever got in a single innings was by the Epsom Club against Middlesex with Robinson, whom they beat single-handed at Lord's, on August 24, 1815, getting 476 runs!—the majority being 358.

The greatest number obtained by one man in a single (and double) innings, was by Mr. Ward, at Lord's, on July 24, 1820, against the County of Norfolk, with some given men, viz. 278 and 10—total 288.

And at Lord's again, on May 30, 1825*, the same Gentleman scored 171, and *not out*—which feat is also, I believe, unrivalled in its way, except by his above mentioned performance.

The smallest number, I believe, ever gained by an eleven of celebrity was by Kent, which (on August 25, 1805, against the Bexley Club, with Lord F. Beauclerk and Hammond) only scored six in their first innings.

A still superior party, indeed (nine B.'s with J. Lawrell, Esq. and J. Wells), only succeeded in gaining six in their second innings against England, on June 12, 1810; but on that occasion one of their best hitters lost his innings.

Amongst matches remarkable

for the unusual number of men opposed to each other may be named:—

Eleven of All England against thirty-three of the County of Norfolk, who were beaten on their own ground (July 17, 1797), in one innings, by 14 runs! the score being, England 144; Norfolk 50 and 80—130.

On September 13, 1802, and on the 6th of June following, twenty-two of Surrey were opposed to the same number of Middlesex, the latter winning both matches.

Possibly some of your readers may think me too much of an antiquarian, and, as far as Cricket is concerned, I may be so; but I take far more interest in “the eleven” of England, than in “*οι ενδεκα*” of Athens. With regard to Cricket, as well as some other subjects, I must confess myself inclined to be a “*laudator temporis acti*,” and I agree with John Nyren (from whose little work I have received much amusement and information) in his regard for the ancient and genuine style of bowling. Still the modern system, if it has diminished, has by no means destroyed the interest of the game in my eyes.

Of the *Gentlemen Players* the names of Ward, Harenc, and Jenner stand conspicuous. The first is well known as one of the most efficient batsmen that ever stood at a wicket, and in this respect he is nearly as good as ever, but in running he has deteriorated greatly of late: the second is considered the best bowler “his Order” can, or perhaps ever could, muster, and is otherwise a good player: and the last (no pun intended) is the best general player

amongst the present generation of Gentlemen, and (with a few exceptions) of players also. His bowling, in which he appears to have varied from his original style, is close, fair, and uniform; his hitting neat and scientific: and in wicket-keeping, now that William Slater, and Messrs. Vigne, Budd, and John Barnard are *hors de combat*, or reposing under their laurels, he is perhaps unrivalled. If any man can equal him, I should say it is Wenman. Mr. Jenner does not appear very robust, but he is active, and his keen eye is seconded by a quick and steady hand. If he is not a *lasting* player (and I do not assert that he is not), he does not waste his powers in attitudinizing and *useless* displays of agility. He reserves his energies for the moment when they are required, and appears as free from conceit and undue assumption on the one hand, as from awkwardness and timidity on the other.

The Nobility do not at present distinguish themselves *greatly* as Cricketers. The principal Clubs, indeed, include many of their names amongst their Members, but though, happily, as yet effeminacy cannot be *generally* laid to their charge; and though many of them are men of lith and limb adapted for any manual exertion; yet Parliamentary or other business and a great diversity of amusements prevent their practising often enough to attain eminence in this or perhaps almost any other exercise. Lord Grimston, who some years ago was a promising player, is still one of their best samples; but even he is remiss in his attendance on the ground, either for play or practice. Too exclusive

an attachment to equestrian sports is probably one great cause of the neglect of those more generally useful and invigorating. It has been said, "the man who can ride is doubly a man!" Granted: but he who is not "handy with his feet," is but half a one. But be the sources of their inferiority what they may, the Nobility have certainly, as Cricketers, degenerated from their sires: and perhaps I do not widely err in supposing that Lord Frederick Beauclerk alone would, in his best

day, have easily beat as good an eleven as the Peers of Great Britain and Ireland, and their immediate descendants, could at present send into the field.

In my next I shall proceed to give a slight sketch of some of the principal *players* of the last twelve years, who have not as yet been particularly described by your Correspondents, CREASE, STUMP, CHESTER, &c.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

WILL WICKET.

August 10, 1833.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA; PLYMOUTH SOUND.

THE first Regatta of the New Club, under the title of the ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB, took place on Wednesday the 7th of August—the arrangements having been effected and the new name adopted during the visit of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Patroness of the Society. The celebration of the festival was deferred until the present period, in order to meet the wishes of the Patron, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, who had intended to be present; but it is hoped that the next anniversary will be honored by the attendance of both the Royal Patrons.

Early on Wednesday morning Plymouth presented a scene of life and gaiety: the town was full of visitors, and in the course of the morning crowds were flocking in from the country to witness the aquatic *fête*. The Hoe was literally thronged with persons, extending from the brow of the hill in a dense mass towards the sea, and a line of equipages

in the rear of the marquees contributed to enhance the effect of the scene when enjoyed at a distance from the place of action. The Sound was full of craft long before the commencement of the race, and the appearance of the Caledonia, Forte, and Revenge, which lay at anchor within the Breakwater, was quite in keeping with the character of the day.

The first prize, the Members' Cup, was contested in a Handicap by the Nix Mageria, 19, Commissioner Ross; La Belle Gabrielle, 11, Mr. Dayne; Red Rover, 12½, Mr. Burrows; Will o' the Wisp, 5, Capt. Daniel; Will o' the Wisp, 17, Mr. Greenhill; and was won in good style by the Red Rover.

The Tradesmen's Cup was contested by the Charlotte, Mr. Harriss; Maria, Lieut. Dell Bedford; and Adelaide, Mr. Symons, the successful vessel.

The Rowing Match, by women in four-oared gigs, was won by Mary Johns, and was followed by

another match of three competitors.

Eight two-oared skiffs next started, pulled also by women, who did their work admirably.

The next was a match of three gigs for seven Regatta medals, and was won by the Victoria, W. Waterman, after a most interesting race.

A four-oared gig and a punt with a pair of paddles next started, the former being obliged to catch the punt within fifteen minutes, or lose the prize. The *traverse* course of the punt, and her long successful efforts to elude the gig, caused much amusement, but she was at last manœuvred by the bowman of the gig, who jumped overboard and caught her. The gig won the prize of 1l. and the punt 10s.

Eight boats now started, sculled by boys, and afforded fine sport.

The next race consisted of the boats belonging to H. M. Ships in Ordinary, amounting to *sixty-two*, which started in gallant style—the seamanship their crews displayed reminding the spectators of the noble achievements of those wooden bulwarks whose names they bore. The prizes were won in the following order:—1, Bombay; 2, Hotspur; 3, Narcissus; 4, Canopus; 5, Impregnable; 6, Thisbe; 7, Lavinia; 8, Semiramis; 9, Nereus; 10, Malta.

The sports of the day did not conclude till nearly six o'clock.

Previously to the Regatta, the following communication was made by Capt. Falcon, Flag-Captain of H. M. S. San Josef, 120, to the Members of the Club, relative to the next Anniversary:

“ H. M. S. San Josef, in Harbour,
August 6, 1833.

“ SIR—I am instructed by the Duchess of Kent, through Sir John Conroy, to express Her Royal Highness's extreme regret at being obliged, in consequence of previous arrangements, to leave this vicinity without witnessing the Plymouth Royal Regatta; and further to express Her Royal Highness's desire to be furnished next season with as early information of the time fixed for its celebration as can conveniently be given, it being Her Royal Highness's intention to present a Cup for the occasion to the Plymouth Royal Yacht Club, and otherwise to patronize the Regatta to the extent of what may be in H. R. H.'s power. I have much satisfaction in communicating the information to the Committee, and have the honour to remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“ G. F. FALCON.

“ J. E. Blewitt, Esq.”

The flags of the Royal Western Yacht Club are very splendid, being the Ensign borne by Sir Francis Drake and the Western Squadron at the defeat of the Armada, adding the Union Jack in the first quarter, and a Crown and Anchor on the middle of the Cross of St. George. These banners were designed by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Smith and Mr. Octavian Blewitt.

At a future day we hope to present our readers with a paper on the “ Royal Western Yacht Club,” and on yachting in the West of England generally.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

MOUNTAINEER.

BRIEF NOTICE OF "CURSORY REMARKS ON THE BREED OF ASIATIC HORSES," &c.—BY STUD.

SIR,

IN his letter upon the above subject, in the last July Number, JAVELIN commences by expressing his surprise at finding, "in a note attached to that wonderful print, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, some remarks which appeared singularly flippant, condemnatory of the Desert Arab horse, and extolling the Anatolian Turco horses as a very superior race, and farther deriving the descent of our celebrated English blood from the Anatolians, &c. &c." I shall quote no farther, as it would take up too much room; but having been given to understand—for I have not seen the "*Wondrous Tale*"—that the talented author has in that note, or some other, referred, in support of his opinion, to a letter written by me in the *Sporting Magazine*, I beg leave most respectfully to say that in so doing he went a long way out of the record; for no such inference can be drawn in the slightest degree from any words of mine. Going merely upon *known facts*, I said that our blood was principally compounded of Barbs and Turks; and a reference to Weatherby's Stud Books will bear me or any other man out in such an assertion. I certainly said that the ancient Capadocian horse was considered the best in the then known world at the æra of the Lower Empire, and that the Turkish horse stood eminently at the head of our most boasted strains of blood. Allow me, in *all courtesy*, to ask JAVELIN, can he disprove that? This, however, in a sort of measure, he

does, by saying, in another part of his letter, that "the studs of the Sultan and the principal Turkish Officers, the most valued horses of the Persian Shah, &c., are those of pure Desert blood:"..... but which are they? is a question naturally demanded, and not so easily answered. It is in a great measure presumptuous in one who has not been on the spot to aim at trying conclusions with travellers and "Men of Ind," whose opportunities give them an authority which necessarily stamps even their speculations with weight; and the more so do I find it in this instance, when coming from a man who has not neglected these opportunities, as the whole of JAVELIN's communication is marked by much general observation and knowledge, from which I for one have received considerable pleasure and information: but I have always understood that the pedigrees of all Eastern horses were scrupulously kept and given with them. *Such being the case*, it would, I should imagine, be no difficult matter to specify whence these foreigners originated. I am aware, from an instance that came under my own observation, that the native dealers are at least as great rogues as their brethren here: but although such practices may now prevail in our Eastern possessions to a great extent, there was little chance of such being the case in the originals of our breed, as they were with difficulty obtained by Monarchy from Monarchs.

The Godolphin Arabian, in-

deed, was an exception; but his every peculiarity was so decidedly African, that I never yet *heard* a difference of opinion among men conversant in our Turf matters. The fine feeding in the oases of the Zahara will account for his size. As to his being what the horses we got from Turkey have caused us to term Turco-Asiatic, he was altogether different; and as little did he resemble the horses which for the last half century and more we have got from what is familiarly termed India. I happened when abroad (for I have seen more countries than one, though never in the East) to see three Barbs which had been got from the Dey of Algiers, and were considered as good as could be procured: they were all good sized, and shewing the straiter yet fine shoulder, the gently rising back, low set-on tail, larger and more drooping ear, which specially marked "the Father of the Turf."

The pedigree of the Darley Arabian has been even translated and published in your pages, and I always understood that he was thence considered or known to be a Syrian, and bred in the Desert of Palmira.

Speaking of the Montafique Arabs, JAVELIN describes them as "*all chesnut, and all singularly and invariably stamped with the white blazed face, and white legs (generally three) up to the knee, perhaps the ancestors of the great Eclipse, &c.*" Now this supposition is at least as liable to excite

surprise as that of the "Author of the Wondrous Tale;" for by his sire's side, whoever was his sire, Marske or Shakspeare, he was from the Darley in and in, both those horses being as much so as well possible, and, unless own or full brothers, could not well have been closer bred. By his dam, Spiletta, he was on the father's side direct from the Godolphin, and Spiletta's dam was *Turk in every strain of blood*. Darley's Arabian was bay, the Godolphin brown; his colour and marks he was as likely to get from Regulus's maternal grand-sire, the *Bald Galloway*, who was got by the St. Victor *Barb*, or the Darley Arabian, who had a considerable deal of white about him*.

I perfectly agree with JAVELIN respecting the absurd prejudice against white legs, &c. It is based in no reality, and the effect only of caprice and ignorance. Very white soft hoofs are no doubt often tender; but when a white-legged horse has his hoofs streaked or clouded with black or brown, or dotted round the coronets with either, which the old writers call *ermined*, they are excellent. In my humble opinion such horses have a very pleasing appearance, particularly in harness.

Superstition may have also had something to do with this nonsense, as the old writers mention a peculiar mark which they termed *Arzel*, and to which was attached a curious idea—"A

* It is but fair to say that Childers' grandam was got by Leedes' Arabian; and Old Spanker, though downright Turk and Barb in his immediate progenitors, had for his grandam *Bald Peg*, who was got by an Arabian out of an Arabian mare. Now these *might* have been Montafiques—though how we were likely then to get such I cannot see. Every one of the *Royal mares* came from the Levant—and who can point out any horse (save the Coombe Arabian and the Wellesley Gray, in one instance) got from our East India possessions who has done anything for the Turf?

horse is said to be *Arzel* that hath a white far leg behind. Your cavaliers are wont to persuade themselves that such horses are unfortunate in battle, and they do not care to use them."

There is another point, however, on which JAVELIN appears to lay much stress, which, taking it as he does, is so totally at variance with every principle on which our system of breeding and rearing is founded, that I had to read it once or twice over before I could satisfy myself that I had not misunderstood the meaning; viz. that confinement, a hot climate, and dry food in limited quantities, are instrumental, if not necessary, in producing the distinguishing points and qualities of a blood horse, more particularly the full wide nostril and strongly developed muscle and sinew; and that if thorough-bred or blood horses were turned for a few generations into the marshes of Flanders, they would degenerate and lose every trace of their noble breeding; and that this last he (JAVELIN) *believes* has been tried. As he must have some recollection where he at least heard this to me most astounding information, may I respectfully solicit him, through your medium, to communicate it? I have been in the habit of breeding more than one kind of sporting animal myself, and it is utterly beyond the limits of my comprehension, and diametrically contradicted by every circumstance and the whole course of my experience, that confinement and privation are good nurses; and I have ever understood, and am yet convinced, that it is our climate and more succulent and generous food

which has been mainly instrumental in enabling us to attain a blood animal which can go over (those, too, not among the first-rate specimens) and beat the Arabs on their own ground and in their own climate. How they consider this matter themselves will be best exemplified by a quotation.

In the races advertised to be run over the Nagpore and Kamtee courses, on the 26th November 1827, the paper, signed by J. P. Hurst, Captain and Secretary, ends with the following:—"English horses to carry *two stone extra!!*—Cape ditto, 12 pounds:" and this last goes to one of my former arguments in favour of the Barb, the Numidian, or African, of which the Cape horse is a strain.

With respect to the fish-eaters, we need not go quite so far as the East to substantiate the fact, as both horses and cows in Canada in severe winters eat the little tommy-cod, which is caught in such quantities about Trois Rivières.

JAVELIN next mentions the large Mocha horses, and passes that which, as far as what he has done as a stallion in this country has proved him to merit, a just censure on the horse we call "the Malcolm Arabian." Sir John also brought over another grey Arab, now in the possession of Lord Lyndoch. I am not sufficiently or indeed any way versed to say what race this horse is of; but he is a shapely horse, about 15 or more, with capital points, except that he is rather cat-hammed—a very likely horse, however, to get excellent hunters and hacks.

But how, in speaking of these large Arabians, came JAVELIN to omit Champion, or designate Orelia "the unvanquished?" He was beat by Wild Blood, and drawn in a race against Houndsfoot, and no cause assigned.

I can very easily conceive that the dealers who bring down the horses to the great Indian marts are as full of trick and chicanery as our own *eminent* men in that line; but I cannot take mere running as a proof, a final and conclusive one at least, of pedigree, or the reverse: that is, that like Sir John Malcolm's Antar, who had a boasted one, a horse could not be pure bred simply because he could not race. Our own experience militates directly against that in numerous instances every year. Look at the general favorites for all our great races, from the Riddlesworth to the St. Leger, and see what numbers of them, though bred of the best stocks, and with appearance corresponding, prove complete failures, or degenerate into mere Platers. Look at most of the favorites only this very year for the Derby and Oaks.

With respect to "a very wise saying of these same Arabs (the men)," the meaning of which, "that in breeding all depends on the mare, and very little on the horse," it is decidedly at variance with the axioms of our most celebrated breeders of all kinds of animals; and although the better your mare, most naturally the better in all probability your foal, yet I never heard the opinion disputed that the qualities and influence of the male *generally* prevailed. This may be no reason, however, that it may not be otherwise in the East, though

old and superstitiously obstinate custom may have as much to do with it.

JAVELIN says, no one ever obtained a good Arabian mare. Are there none in the Company's Studs? I should think there must: and we have had two here of late years, who have bred runners or the dams of runners—the Cockerel Arabian mare, who was grandam of Funny, who won the Woodcote in 1818; and Lord Elcho's mare, the dam of Fair Widdrington, by Warkworth, a tolerably fair runner; and this shews these two mares to have been *to the full* as good as any of the horses lately imported; yet except in these two instances the rest of their produce has been of no value, as to racing performance at least.

Whatever truth there may be in "the sage remark of Sheik Ibrahim," I must say I think it carried beyond what experience and every-day cases justify. But though I cannot agree with the *theory* of the Arabian Milton (I mean *Mat*, not *John*), yet there is something in the *practice* of him and his brother coper at Calcutta, Syed Yasseen, that I much admire: they give Plates or Purses to be run for by horses which have been purchased of them—a piece of generosity very rare in the profession, at least with us.

How they train and feed, JAVELIN has not informed us: he has, however, alluded to the fish-eaters; and the Jesuit Father Francois Catron, in his *History of the Mogul Emperors*, speaking of the horses, says, "Horses are fed very differently in India from the mode followed in Europe. In a soil that is arid, and parched by

the intense heat of the sun, very little forage is to be obtained, except on the banks of rivers: the want of it is supplied by a sort of seasoned paste. In the morning, bread is prepared and compounded with butter and sugar, which is given by way of breakfast. In the evening, rice-milk is made, mixed with pepper and aniseed." How such feeding, or even dates, barley, and grass roots, can be put in competition with our delicious and fragrant hay, oats, beans, &c.—to say nothing of our succulent grasses and vetches—I fear I never can, for one, acknowledge; and it is such dogmas, so decidedly put forward by JAVELIN, which has prompted me to the liberty of thus loosely discussing his "Remarks:" not that I presume to deny them altogether, or impertinently affect to treat them disdainfully, because they do not accord with our knowledge and practice. Indeed there runs through the whole article such a perfect knowledge of the different breeds of Eastern horses, that any one, let him have studied the subject as well as he might, must derive information and amusement from it.

In my next, unless some one may forestal me, I will say something concerning the get, &c. of the Cole Arabian.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

STUD.

P. S. As I imagine anything which may come under the designation of disport or pastime, the more especially when it concerns the amusements of our Magnates, nay Royalty itself, cannot be altogether an illegitimate subject, I shall make a short quotation from

the work of the Jesuit Catron on the Mogul Emperors, which will throw rather a curious light on the origin of the recently fashionable pastime of "*Fancy Fairs*."

The *New Monthly Magazine* imagines them of recent and British origin, attributing them to that national peculiarity which has obtained for us the appellation of a "nation of shopkeepers;" and says, "none but a very mercantile people surely could hit upon the expedient of playing at trade for charity, &c.:" but although this may be true so far as John Bull is concerned, the original idea is of Eastern derivation. Father Catron says, "The diversions of Jehan Guir were commonly confined, during the summer months, within the precincts of Cachemire; but in the winter, which the continued rains renders a melancholy season in India, the Emperor supplied himself with domestic amusements in his palace at Lahor. One of the most agreeable was a species of fair, which was held for eight successive days in the gallery of the Haram. Shops were fitted up, and the wives of the principal Omrahs, or great Lords of the Empire, acted the parts of merchants' wives, seated at their counters, and decked with all the art common to Asiatic women. Some sold rich gold brocades, others pearls and diamonds, others again European curiosities. The Emperor, the Sultans his sons, the Queens and their daughters, went from shop to shop, they haggled about the price, jests were bandied, and the remuneration was more or less liberal in proportion to the wit and ingenuity displayed in this sort of

contest, and the entertainment thereby furnished. This *fete*, of which the women were passionately fond, was not at all pleasing to the Omrahs: their Mahometan jealousy kept them in a state

of restlessness all the time the *fete* lasted: but it was necessary to appear patient—the Emperor was to be obeyed in this as in everything else.”

STUD.

August 4, 1833.

GOODWOOD RACES.

I Arrived, Mr. Editor, at Goodwood on the morning of the first day's racing, and, from circumstances unforeseen, was almost the first person on the ground; not that this situation is altogether enviable; but it was “now or never,” every place in the coaches, every post-horse on the road—every sea-horse in the ocean (if there had been any, no doubt)—and to every inquiry, you received in a few words, without even one look of pity, “Every horse—every carriage—every conveyance—has been engaged this fortnight, and you have only one chance left, and that is by a *good* walk on a *bad* road.” However, by bribery and corruption, and by stealing a march while others slept, I was on the course to witness the arrivals and congratulations of white feet and black legs, cross-legs, and some that had not “a leg to stand upon.” After these came vast numbers of the best dressed and prettiest peasantry in the kingdom; but an abundant harvest, fine weather, prudent motives, and the Races falling earlier than usual, kept the greater part of the Sussex sporting farmers away. All the beauty, fashion, and grandeur of the higher classes were there, and the delightful Goodwood was, if possible, more enchanting than ever. Several alterations have taken place since the last Meeting, and it is a just tribute to the Noble Duke's taste to say that all the alterations are improvements. The first and most striking is the removal of the Judge's chair to the opposite side of the course, now looking towards the north; on former years it stood opposite to the Grand Stand—enough to dazzle the eyes of any man, without the aid of a blazing

mid-day sun; besides being farther and more difficult to get to the weighing place, where he has to administer justice in addition to judgment. The course, too, is made longer by nearly two miles, extending towards the village of Singleton. Great pains have been taken to make this part worthy of the rest, and being well considered and thoroughly understood, the beauty and convenience are both evident and striking. The horses are now made to believe they are running all the way on fresh ground for nearly four miles, though they pass the Stand twice, instead of making a double circle on a remote part of the course, almost out of sight, as heretofore. The hill on which the Stand is placed, equally commodious with the Stand itself in fine weather, is newly inclosed with beautiful iron railing and finely-executed stone work. Indeed, everything is well done at Goodwood: whether kennel, pavilion, or pig-stye, the most substantial materials and the very best workmanship are everywhere discernible. A five-shilling ticket admits a person to this place for the day, where he may lose a thousand guineas if he has it, or win two thousand if he has knowledge sufficient to pick out the best horse: and if he has not, the same ticket will introduce him to a hundred of the very prettiest Ladies in all England.

The first race of the list—(which list, if it had a fault, was that of being rather too long for a country course, and towards the last became rather languid although enlivened by an efficient military band)—was a Match between Lord Exeter's Cactus, 8st. 7lb., and Lord Conyngham's Brother to Blythe, 8st. 3lb. Cactus was an easy

winner all the way (rode by Arnull), and very fit to run; indeed, his Lordship's horses all gave shining proofs of his groom's successful management. Blythe carried the expert Robinson, but would have carried "an elderly Gentleman" quite as well—the money 100 sovs.—the distance a mile—the odds 3 to 1 on Cactus, and won by twenty lengths.

The Lavant Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft.—At first sight this looks as if it was made for those that *Lavanted* last year; which means those who run away without leave, and, what is worse, without paying! However, it is no such thing, as amongst them are the best of names. It is for two-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., eleven subscribers. Nine came to the post freely, but left it with reluctance; so that we had many many false starts, almost as vexatious as for the July Stakes at Newmarket. I do, Mr. Editor, say again, for the 99th time, if a bad-tempered man has a bad-tempered horse, not half broke, with a jockey not over well-disposed, that he alone ought to be the sufferer, and not he who has a free generous goer, about which every honest pains have been taken. They came, however, a fine pace when they did come, the distance being only half a mile—won, but not without punishment, by a length (rode by Connolly), by Lord Exeter's Sister to Cactus! So much for condition, this being the smallest fawn-like creature on the turf; the odds 6 to 1 against her. Lord Egremont's Skim filly, her dam Caroline, was second (Arnull): the groom appeared greatly disappointed, but nobody else did, many having betted freely against her at 5 to 1: the Duke of Richmond's filly Gulistan third (Boyce), the first favorite, 4 to 1 only: she is amazingly like Gulanare, but at present, I fear, not so good. Nothing else got places—6 to 1 taken about Pigeon, but, when wanted, could not fly.

Mr. Kent's Baleine!—so like Miss Craven as almost to deceive the sight of some, and further like by her indifference about a pound or two—at

9st. (Boyce), beat Mr. Cosby's Pussy, 6st. 11lb. (Sam Mann), by a length, the last three-quarters of a mile. Pussy scratched hard, and ran fiercely, but lost her master 100 sovs. by not lasting long enough—the betting 6 to 4 on Baleine.

The Drawing Room Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with a bonus of 10 sovs. each, three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., once round, the second horse to receive 100 sovs.: 37 paid 10 sovs. each, and thirty-three 25 sovs. each, making the pleasing stimulation amount altogether to 1195 sovs. This nice little supply to a man's pleasure was won a length (but not without a good deal of shaking, and the whole art of persuasion, by John Day) by Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge, named by Captain Bing. There is nothing hateful about this horse but his name, being of fine stature, muscular, and beautiful colour (bay with black legs); but there is in his action, both in the walk and gallop, a sort of unstrung, dwelling slackness, which prevents his being equal to the first of the year, which first is but a small remove from moderate. Lord Exeter's Cactus was second (Connolly), Young Rapid (Pavis) third, Mr. Gardnor's Myrrha fourth, and Gen. Grosvenor's Falernia fifth. These were all that started. Falernia made good steady play half the way, when Cactus, either jealous of the honour or presuming upon his condition, took it up at a most destructive pace, so severe that many, not altogether without judgment, thought he lost the race by it; and Falernia took so great a share in it, that I believe she did not come by the Post. Indeed, these two so completely played into the hands, and entered into the views of Revenge, that if they had been paid for it they could not have done their duty better. In the last thirty yards the three leading horses died away at the same moment—as they were, so they remained—without a struggle—and, as the fighting people say, "deaf to time." The most extraordinary thing in this race was the scratching Weeper out of the list, she being in perfect

condition, and in better form than anything left in it. Nothing will explain it so well as to say, that such things as winning great stakes are so common to her Noble, high-spirited, and wealthy owner, and the like occurrence so rare to that good old sportsman Mr. Rawlinson, that for once in his life his Lordship (from the Duke of Newcastle's first maxim) was determined to "give him a chance."

Match for 100 sovs., the Straight Course, won by Mr. Gardner's Messenger, 7st. 11lb., three lengths, nicely nursed by Pavis, if it had been wanted, with the odds at 3 to 1 on him, from Captain Martyn's Herrier, 8st. 2lb., rode by Sam Mann: but neither Sam Mann, nor any other man, could make him go fast enough to beat Messenger.

A Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Innkeepers on the road; and in addition to these charms it has the never failing one—*Novelty!*—the winner to be sold for 80l.—one mile heats—two-year-olds, 4st. 7lb.; three, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. I am thus particular to introduce the curiosity:—winners to be sold for 100l., to carry 3lb. extra; ditto for 150l., 5lb. extra; for 200l., 7lb. extra; for 300l., 11lb. extra; for 400l., 15lb. extra; for 500l., 18lb. extra; for 600l., 21lb. extra; so that the higher a man estimates his own horse, the greater weight the poor beast has to carry. On the contrary, if a Gentleman is willing to sell his horse (after the race) for 10l., he is allowed to carry 5lb. less for his humility. The Duke of Richmond's Gondolier (Boyce) won both heats, the betting even upon him. Running at the 150l. price, he carried 5lb. extra; he, however, carries weight too well to be effected by it in such company. The other seven ran at the 80l. prices, all regular weight for age:—Dryad (Wakefield), seventh and second; Pavis, on Ida, second and drawn; Suffolk Punch (Farrel), third and third; Fairy, fourth and drawn; Blacking, fifth and drawn;

Pimlico filly, sixth and drawn.—Not a good race, after all the schemes to make it one.

Second day, WEDNESDAY: no increase of company; neither was the bill of fare so good or extensive as on the previous day. The first race was the Filly Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., five subscribers, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 7lb., last mile of Drawing Room Course. Two only came to start—Lord Chesterfield's Weeper, with the odds 3 to 1 upon her, mounted by Connolly; Sam Darling drilled Capt. G. Bulkeley's Trickery—Weeper gay, cheerful, in high spirits, health, speed, and stoutness, which is enough to beat any *Trickery*, unless the devil is in it. This she did by two lengths, with something to spare if wanted.

The Ladies Plate of five sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, one mile heats. Surely Ladies' favours are not duly appreciated in Sussex, as two only, a Gondolier and a Messenger, appeared to contend for them, and two more contemptible scoundrels could not be found in three counties. The first heat Messenger was allowed by courtesy and rank to take the lead, and nothing could provoke Gondolier to rudeness sufficient to take it from him, but allowed him to win by a head. The second heat Gondolier made play—for they now began to run by turns—and Messenger, determined not to be outdone in politeness, let Gondolier win by three parts of a length—Messenger winning the last by two lengths. They were, of course, nominally alternate favorites. Pavis rode the winner; Boyce, Gondolier, if riding it can be called; but the horses never swerved from doing exactly what they liked.

The Goodwood Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 50 to the second horse—fourteen started, ten paid 15 sovs. forfeit, and fifty-eight paid five sovs. each—Honour to the winner, and "money in both pockets!" This is the happy lot of Mr. Biggs, a long, true, and steady sportsman, the owner of the winner, Little Red Rover, named by Lord Surrey, and rode by

John Day, with the little odds of $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 against him, and, being altogether under favorable circumstances, turned as many of them as he could to his own account. The spirited but steady play that he made soon defeated half his adversaries, and, by continuing it, soon finished the rest; winning by a neck. Poor old Guildford, with the string-halt to that degree in both hind legs, as at once to excite the astonishment and obtain the compassion of every looker on, but when in running nothing in the race went better; and, indeed, he was the only one that ever fairly lay alongside the Rover, but that only for a moment, and that I should say on sufferance. He was, however, a very good second, and beat by a neck only—rode to perfection certainly by Robinson: the betting at 12 to 1 against him. The wretched appearance he made on parade before starting, no doubt, made the odds so high; but the least nautical error in the Rover would have made the poor old scambler an easy winner. Seven to one was betted against Windcliffe; 9 to 1 against Tourist; 11 to 1 against Clara; and little said and less done about the rest. This was a most beautiful race, and particularly to those who can take pleasure in feasting the eye, as well as gratifying their avarice.

The third day—THE GREAT GOODWOOD CUP DAY.—An Irishman with his arm in a sling, therefore no hand at a bull, said “everybody goes to the race on a Cup-day, and that, of course, makes the others go:” and delightful, sure enough, it was for those who came to see and be seen, as there were only two races to interrupt their pleasures.—The first, called the Molecomb Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, four to the post, was won very easy two lengths by Mr. Sadler’s Defensive, not *Offensive*, for he is the very finest horse at Goodwood. It was whispered about before starting that he was a roarer; but having as good ears as most folk, and, as you will say, not amiss for length—yet I declare I never heard him, though

paying the greatest attention. Chapple was the jockey. Mr. Greville’s Kislar Aga (Connolly) was second, Duke of Richmond’s Gulistan third, and Lord Egremont’s Sister to Tom Thumb last. If this decline in the great Petworth stud is from misfortune, or the natural course of things, all good people will join me in lamenting it; but if it is the effect of mismanagement, what a pity it is not altered, in a public as well as private point of view!

The Great Goodwood Cup is turned into a Shield of beautiful workmanship, and, as exhibited on the front of the Stand, as big as a carriage wheel. Some remarked (evidently copied from the Fox and Grapes), that it was too large, too magnificent; that it would reduce all the other plate on the sideboard to insignificance; and that a shield is of no use now bullets and cannon-balls are made to fly about! whereas a good cup does well for a side dish on a day of short commons. Lord Uxbridge, the owner of Rubini, the winner, having none of these wrangling ideas about him, says, “it proves my horse to be worth the money I gave for him; the shield cost 300 sovs.! my children may some day like it from its having been won by their father: besides, I receive 540 sovs. with it, and they may just as well tell me that *these* are neither good for use nor ornament.”

Boyce rode Rubini, and won a length cleverly. This running makes Rubini nearly or quite as good as any horse in England. The betting was 12 to 1 against him: Beiram the favorite, only 5 to 4 against him, and this in every mouth. Connolly rode him, and came a good third. Mr. Greville’s Whale, named by Lord W. Lennox, was second, beating Beiram by a head, very nicely rode by Flatman (late Natt). Nothing else distinguished themselves out of a very large field, except Mr. Spalding’s colt by Lottery—Swiss’s dam, a half-broke beast “without a mouth,” at least with a half one, which is worse. He even ran away before starting, and in the race played both fool and

rogue without controul, ran against a hack, threw a promising little jockey (Rogers), luckily without hurting him—but even fear is one of those things that a rider ought not to know.

FRIDAY, the fourth and last day, a rich list of very interesting sport; but left principally to those who love racing for racing's sake, or the love of gain, the natives having had their holiday the day before.—The King's Plate of 100gs., on the New King's Plate Course, was the first race; and though "as plain as the nose on your face," Robinson, on old Lucetta, undertook to shew them the way; the pace very true, but not fast. Lady Fly towards the last shewed herself, and really did look like winning as far as Lucetta was concerned; but Flatman, after shewing great patience and judicious nursing, came out upon Whale "as fresh as a flounder," and won by a length; Lady Fly second, and Lucetta third.

The Racing Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—last mile of the Drawing Room Course, with as many subscribers as made the treasure amount to 950 sovs.—won by Mr. Forth's Marpessa, against seven others (fashionables), handsomely rode by Norman.—Some said this mare had been bottled up, meaning, I suppose, that she came out as fresh as ginger-beer; another said that the veteran had *made* the mare very fit to run, *made* sure of winning, *made* himself ten years younger, *made* his jockey as sharp as a rat in vinegar, and, above all, *made* himself rich by his bets, besides the Stakes. The betting was only 2 to 1 against her, which happy state of things could be brought about but by money only. The Duke of Richmond's Ketchup (Boyce) was second; Col. Peel's Young Rapid (Pavis) third. These horses both ran well, and were well rode; but the fact is, "the mare is the better horse." Cactus made as much play as convinced every one that this great prize must be won, and not given away.

Duke of Richmond's Plate of 100

sovs., the last mile, for which eighteen entered, most of the horses respectable, and many of their owners of the highest characters: yet, however plentiful money may be, sovereigns, either from their name or value, are by this entry eagerly sought and highly prized. A panic, however, got in amongst them, and when the brazen trumpet sounded it was found that five only meant running. Won by a length, superbly (as the French call everything), by Flatman, on Weeper; Mr. Gardnor's Friar Tuck, second; Mr. Sadler's Walter, third. It is useless to describe this race, as *Weeper* could win on every yard of the course, and "*laugh* at them."

The Waterloo Plate of five sovs. each, with 50 added—to be ridden by Members of the Goodwood Club—seven horses were named, but two only mounted—Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Wilna, the owner; and Mr. Cosby's Donegani, Major Bouverie: 3 to 1 on the latter, on account of his high and widely-extended reputation as a jockey. The Major of course made play, as being a point in riding of the greatest difficulty: the young one, however, followed him with tenderness and prudence to a proper distance from home, when he rushed by his supposed superior, and won by a length.

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Members for the City of Chichester, with the usual weights for age, beginning at three years old up to the aged and infirm, and to keep the best away, the winner to be sold for 100 sovs—heats, once round for a heat—four started. *Trickery* did not run: this is rare, as there is seldom a race of this kind without. Mr. Messer's Dryad (Wakefield) won the first heat by a head, Pumpkin second; and Pumpkin won the next two by two lengths each:—2 to 1 on Wassailer before starting, and 7 to 4 on Pumpkin after the second heat. Skirmisher, one of the infirm, broke down.

A handsome-looking Gold Cup, given by the Earl of Lichfield, one of the Stewards, for beaten horses at Goodwood; entrance five sovs., to go

to the second horse—Two-year-old Course—ten names down.—Won by the Duke of Richmond's Ketchup (Pavis); Mr. Cosby's Gallopade, second (Robinson):—2 to 1 each agst Minster and Ketchup—the former must be out of repair, or, with the

times, gone out of favour—4 to 1 against Gallopade:—a real good race, very quick, and for a finish very pretty.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

OBSERVATOR.

Tom and Jerry Tavern, St. James's,
August 5, 1833.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE LEGER:

BRIGHTON RACES—PROSPECT FOR NEXT YEAR'S DERBY AND OAKS—HELL-KEEPERS TURNED COACHMEN—A WORD OF ADVICE TO TRAVELLERS, ETC.

“ C'est toujours sur le passé qu'on doit régler sa conduite et ses espérances.”

MIGNET'S *French Revolution*.

SIR,

BEING emboldened by the results of the late Goodwood Meeting, and the correctness of the ideas which, in my Chapter of “Prophecies” in your last Number, I ventured to put on paper with regard to most of the horses engaged at it, I am induced once more to trespass on your indulgence, and send you some “Predictions” as to the great event at Doncaster, which have again for their base the almost infallible and sound criterion of PUBLIC RUNNING. If we look back indeed on the annals of the Leger, we shall find that of all races in the empire it is to this mighty one of the North that the golden rule of public performance most essentially and strictly applies itself; and both melancholy would be the sight, and overwhelming the amount, could we collect in one heap even a tithe of the countless thousands that, in disregard of it, have during the last twenty years been thrown to the dogs, and squandered uselessly away in backing the lying reports of interested *legs* and trainers, and the marvellous results that have attended their astounding *private*

trials. Not to dwell, however, on a subject that makes me sick whenever I think of it, I proceed without delay to state my opinion of *twenty horses* engaged in this great Stakes, of which *fifteen* have at some time or other appeared as winners. And first, let us take MULEY MOLOCH, and give a glance at his performances. I confess I am not much of an advocate for trying a horse's chance for the Leger by the test of his exploits as a two-year-old; for how often—how dreadfully often—have we not found, that, meeting the same field, or at least some amongst them, there is a difference, one way or the other, in his running of at least a stone within the twelvemonth! In the last of his races (the Champagne at Doncaster), however, Muley Moloch, as a two-year-old, ran creditably and well; though I much question, if James Robinson had been on Belshazzar, whether he would not have been placed second instead of first. Be this as it may, he *struggled well*, and won his race; though I am bound to add that, excepting Belshazzar and Mr. Powlett's mare (of whom more anon), the field

against him was composed of most indifferent articles. The manner, however, in which he this year came out in Spring, and carried off the York Derby, beating one of the truest bits of stuff that the Turf has seen for years (Mr. Crompton's Satan), almost without a struggle, and tailing off the rest of his horses (some of them since winners) like a lot of leather-platers, must certainly place him very high in estimation for the Leger, with all those, who, like myself, love to speculate from *performances on a race course*; and I much question, if he be right on the day, whether there are many that can have a chance with him. He will be, I presume, under the pilotage of John Day, whose winning star this year seems to be quite on the ascendant. Let me seize, however, this opportunity of saying that he can never win too often for his merits.

Unless, as your excellent Contributor, ALFRED HIGHFLYER, very justly terms it, the "admirably game" performance of SATAN at Liverpool against old horses has unhinged him, as I much fear is the case, we shall be sure to see this scion of old Lottery very very forward in the race; and depend on it he will be a difficult one to choke off if it should chance to be run in anything like moderate time. It will all depend, however, on the form in which he is brought to the post; and to win, or indeed to run any way forward for, a Leger, a horse ought to have the keen edge of his condition as finely sharpened as the finest razor.

Let the would-be knowing ones say what they please, BELSHAZZAR's running, though per-

haps not first-rate, must certainly stamp him a useful Leger-like horse, that a man must be mad to stand heavy against, or indeed neglect to make a handsome winner. One of his races at York this spring over the Leger length, be it remembered, was run and won easily in capital time for Doncaster; and though I admit that the fields he has met as a winner have been but a ragged lot at best, and that he has not actually served them the same trick as Eclipse, I still cannot regard him but as a very dangerous customer in the field, and as a horse that will *struggle to the end*. I need scarcely say that not a little will depend upon Mr. Watt's choice of his jockey.—Mr. W.'s other nag, ROCKINGHAM, has been but once out as a three-year-old, and figured at York Spring Meeting as the not very clever winner of a mile race, called "The Shorts," against a couple of inferior horses, which, however, he could not defeat without some difficulty. *Of course, therefore, he is cried up to be far superior to Belshazzar in his private trials!!* and as equally matter of course, I hereby warn my readers to have nothing to do with him.

Come we now, however, to Belshazzar's victor, about whom, though we do not hear so much in public, there is not a little doing—I suspect half in secret and under the rose. I allude, of course, to that racing and Leger-like mare of Mr. Walker's, ANNE, own Sister to Tarrare; and very strenuously do I advise all those who wish to have a sound night's rest on Tuesday the 17th of September to make her a good winner in their books. If Bill Scott

chose to let the cat out of the bag, he could satisfy the most sceptical as to the way in which her race was won at York; and if his mare is well upon the day, and he will be contented to keep *her extra pair of wings* in reserve till within the distance, expand them gradually up to the Stand, and then make earnest use of them, the Leger is far from being safe either to His Grace of Cleveland, or the Harlequin* of Bishop Burton.—As to the crack horse of Mr. Walker's stable, MUSSULMAN, at this time *third favorite in the betting!!!* I notice him only to say, that from his public running I have a right to call him one of the rankest impostors ever palmed upon the market; and that, let his trainers say what they chuse respecting his wondrous private performances, it is my firm and fixed belief that he will be the last horse in the race. I beg pardon—last *but two*, I meant to say—for the actual honour of forming the rear-guard must unquestionably fall to the lot of the twin T's, Messieurs TIM and TUTOR.—CONNOISSEUR, still in Scott's stable I believe, though *said* to be sold to the Chifneys, will, if well, run a fairish kind of horse, though I would not advise my friends to back him for a shilling.—REVENGE, the slovenly winner of the Drawing Room Stakes from Cactus, it will be remembered, was close to him in his race at Epsom; and surely no one can imagine *him* to run near to a Leger winner.—The other Epsom horse, FORESTER, though far too slow for this tremendous race, will be found to run with honesty, and will struggle on, perhaps, to be a seventh or eighth.—If THE MOLE had

continued well, he ought unquestionably to have been backed to win a handsome Stake. He has been, however, *and still is*, amiss; and his rise in the betting I consider to be a perfect *ruse*.—If up to the mark, and well ridden, Mr. Ridsdale's GLAUCUS would give the flyers a little trouble to beat him off: and though I cannot fancy either of them as a winner, I expect to see both JACK FAUCET and LADY MOORE CAREW run hard and pretty forward up to the Stand.—The SISTER TO RETAINER also, if one may judge from her race at Newcastle, can *get a distance*, and may perhaps make a decent fight of it: it must be borne in mind, however, that Belshazzar and Company beat her easy over the Leger length at York.—Her race at Liverpool seemed entirely to annul the previous performance of Mr. Powlett's mare out of Miss FANNY, or I should otherwise have had anything but an unfavorable opinion of her; and from my experience of the way in which matters are kept quiet in that stable, I should advise all those who have an eye to spare to keep it fixed upon this filly. I am old enough to remember her dam just ten years ago, and the manner in which she was backed (not by Mr. Powlett) for weeks, aye months, after she had gone dead amiss; and I am sorry to say I was then young enough to be one of the fools who trusted to that prince of touters and impostors—now gone to his account—old Crowther of Ferrybridge, and lost my money accordingly.

Excepting Belshazzar, the whole crew produced at the York August Meeting were poor

* Mr. Watt's colour, I need hardly inform my readers, is Harlequin.

and moderate in the extreme; and neither can Mr. HOULDSWORTH'S HORSES, nor the three wretches that ran for "The Produce"—Messieurs LOT, LAUREL, and FRANKENSTEIN—presume to think of aught but an ignominious defeat at Doncaster, should they be even thought good enough to make their appearance at the post.—The Leger race, according to my judgment, will lie amongst *five*, of which however I have as yet spoken of four only; keeping for the honour of the county (Sussex) whence I date this letter, the mare, on which I build my fondest hopes, as a *bonne-bouche* for the last, inasmuch as she is the property of a Sussex trainer, and has received her education on the Sussex Downs. And now what think you, gentle reader, of Mr. Forth's chance with his lovely mare MARPESSA? To me her public running speaks volumes, and makes her many lengths the best animal we have yet seen out; and in the same light will she appear to you, if you will take the trouble of looking at it, and weigh dispassionately the merits and performances of the horses she ran away from the other day at Goodwood. You will perhaps remember what I am now about to tell you on the evening of the 17th; and it is neither more nor less than this—*"if there be truth in public performance, it is in the power of Marpessa, with James Robinson on her back, to wrest the Doncaster Leger from the crack Yorkshire stables;"* and, though I have not one shilling on the event, I do most unfeignedly trust that the result will prove my words,

not only for the sake of Mr. Forth himself, whom I most highly respect in his profession, but also on the account of that first and honestest of all incorruptible servants, his head manager, John Norman. Failing my pet Marpessa, the remaining four consist of ANNE, MULBY MOLOCH, BELSHAZZAR, and SATAN. These at least are the horses which I myself should back, keeping of course a watchful eye to the field in general, and more particularly to those whom I have mentioned favorably above.

So much, Mr. Editor, for the forthcoming* mighty Leger.—Let me now send you a line or two on a much humbler theme—namely, the late Meeting at Brighton; to which place I cantered over on the 7th, and took up my quarters for the three days at Governor Parson's, of the Royal York. After the glories of Goodwood the sight of course was but a sorry one: I am bound to say, nevertheless, that we had some really excellent and close-run racing; and, so far as sport is concerned, the Brighton Meeting is decidedly looking up. On the first day old Lucetta gave Rubini some trouble to beat her for the Brighton Stakes; and on the Thursday, the Cup and Albion Stakes produced two as beautiful races as a man need wish to look at. It was as much as Gallopade could possibly accomplish, in the former, to defeat Sir G. Heathcote's Samarcand (the horse who beat Cactus for the Epsom Shirley); and he, in his turn, was run in to a head for the latter by Mr. Gardnor's smart mare Myrrha, one of the good old

* I am not much of a man for a pun, though I have here unwittingly made what resembles one. Sincerely do I wish that it may be the *Forth-coming* Leger.

Whalebone progeny. On the same day Mr. G.'s very promising Derby nag for next year, Comet (another bit of Whalebone), made short work of the Two-year-old Stakes, beating four others: and on the Friday (receiving an immense allowance of weight), he served the same sauce to the Duke of Richmond's Ketchup (who it will be remembered ran a bad second to Marpessa, and afterwards defeated Gallopade at Goodwood), thereby proving himself to be by far the most likely nag for Epsom that we have yet seen; and of course placing an additional feather in the cap of Mr. Forth's Oaks mare Louisa, who fairly laughed at and ran away from him in the scurry they had together at Ascot. If all holds well, we shall see these two young ones extremely forward in their respective races in the Spring; and I hesitate not to predict, that, meet whenever they may, the crack and flying winner of "the July" will find a conqueror in Louisa.

Off the course, the only thing I saw worth noticing, was the apparition of one of the late Quadrant Hell-keepers, just let loose from the House of Correction, in which he had had a three months taste of bread and water, perched up and officiating as dragsman on

one of the fast and splendidly-horsed Brighton coaches: and I was sorry to observe that he had by his side a notorious pigeon, from whose wing, no doubt, the harpy contrived to pluck a feather long before they got to their journey's end. Do coach-proprietors imagine, that by allowing such people to infest their establishments (to say nothing of this fellow's most reckless and wanton sporting with the lives of his passengers) they are either adding to their respectability or courting the patronage of the public? If they do, they much mistake; and I hope Mr. Alexander will take the hint, and dismiss forthwith from his employment a man whose appearance throws disgrace on, and whose incapacity brings actual danger to, his otherwise beautifully-conducted coach. If the worthy wants employment till the time of his recognisances is expired, I can tell him that *his friend Acland* wants a coachman for a new drag he has just started between Ghent and Brussels, which he intends as a kind of blind for a *hell* which he has also just established in the latter city. Let all who visit the Netherlands this autumn beware of falling into his clutches!

BURCOT.

Near Petworth, 14th August, 1833.

LETTERS FROM COWES—No. IV.

SIR,
WE are now with the Royal Yacht Squadron colours half-mast high, as a token of respect to the memory of Sir Thos. Ormsby, of the *Witch Yacht*, who died on Saturday morning last of *angina pectoris*, after a

most sudden attack, which came on the morning after his arrival from a cruise to Ireland, and carried him off before any communication could be made with the shore; and, to add to the melancholy scene, Lady Ormsby

was on board at the time. The yacht is to proceed to Colchester with the remains without delay.

Much speculation is afloat as to the issue of the race on the King's birth-day for the splendid Cup and Plateau which His Majesty has given us. The Water Witch brig, by having entered the lists, has puzzled the knowing ones not a little; as there are several points of sailing in which she is *superior* to the large cutters, and in some others she is *nearly equal* to them; but if the wind is scant (though she lies very close to it), she cannot make her tacks *good* like a large class cutter. If the wind be strong at S.S.E. however, she will stand, I think, a fair chance.

Some illiberal remarks having appeared in the *Hampshire Telegraph* on the trial of the Water Witch with H. M. Ship Serpent (one of the new brigs built by Capt. Symonds), Lord Belfast sent a letter to the Editor for insertion, contradicting his statement "that his Lordship's vessel was a mere shell, and that, not being fitted as a man of war, she must consequently have a decided advantage over her opponents." It must strike every one as singular, I think, that the Editor should have hazarded such opinions, when at the same time he confesses himself unable to judge of matters of naval architecture; and all those who have seen the Water Witch need scarcely be told, that, so far from being *a shell*, she has *a solid bottom*; that her planking and timbers equal those of a brig of eighteen guns in thickness; her bulwarks moreover are of the same height; and I observe that a description of these measure-

ments is published in the *Hampshire Telegraph* of the 12th inst.

However, whether the Water Witch be a mere shell or not, it is very clear that she beat the Serpent in a most signal manner; more so indeed than any of the improved men of war; and as the Serpent was said to be bound with despatches to Sir George Cockburn at Bermuda, it is presumed she was making the best of her way, according to the naval instructions in that respect. It was a very stormy breeze, and the yacht, with eighty men less on board, completely out-maneuvred her, *making her tacks in one minute and a half less time.* The *Hampshire Telegraph* and those who advocate its principles say that this trial was not a fair one; but in so saying, pray what must they be supposed to admit? why, that a vessel, built in all respects similar both in substance and capacity to His Majesty's ships, with the same ordnance, anchor, boats, and cables, must always have the advantage over the men-of-war, so long as she is in the hands of a Member of the Royal Yacht Squadron! What, then, is to be done in the event of a war, when an enemy's cruiser, like the Water Witch, appears off the Isle of Wight at day-break, with the wind at S. S. W., two gun-shots to windward of any of His Majesty's ships? Is the Captain to deliberate and consider whether it is fair to risk a trial with a vessel upon unequal terms? and will the Admiralty be pleased, if, after doing his best to capture the enemy, he reports the cruiser could not be brought to, but that she went away to windward of him one mile an hour—which is

a less dose than the *Water Witch* has served out to most of the men-of-war?

Certainly the country expects, after all the various improvements which have been introduced in the science of building, that the King's ships will be found superior to those of our opponents: and if this turn out not to be the case, we are in the same situation as we were during the American war, when so many of the United States cruisers fairly ran away from and laughed at us. Did not the *Argus* brig, though almost within gun shot, get away from the *San Domingo*, the *Junor*, and *Statira*? Did not the *Hornet*, after having received grape shot from the *Medway*, escape after forty-eight hours' chase? and who does not recollect the *Constitution* getting away from the whole of our squadron on the American coast?

Your excellent Correspondent *NEPTUNE* thinks that Ryde would in one respect have equal advantages to this place if the Pier was improved, and that in another it is already superior in being able to boast of such good houses.

I agree with him as to the latter; for there are few houses at Cowes that will accommodate a family, and allow them also to put up a friend or two. The good houses have been all purchased long since, or are let to the same families every year; and the best of the others have nothing to recommend them but the sea view, and their vicinity to the Stairs and Club-house. My surprise, however, is great to find that *NEPTUNE* imagines any addition to Ryde Pier would ever

compensate for the advantages of the steps and different landings at Cowes, *at all times of tide, and with all winds*: and then, too, quite close to your own door, or to that of the Club! Think only of the convenience and comfort of your yacht laying at moorings under your window, as do those of Lord Durham, Mr. Lyon Saunderson, the Duke of Norfolk, and many others, who can absolutely hail them if they chuse from their very bed-room windows! How could this be done at Ryde, where the tide runs out nearly a mile, and the vessels are obliged to lay at a proportionate distance? And with N.W.N. and N.E. winds fresh*, only fancy any one in a yacht boat trying to get off to his vessel dry, rowing out from the Pier in a regular sea way! Then, again, fancy a party with ladies, landing on the pier, wet through, as they must be with those winds, sick and tired perhaps, which is but too often the case, and then obliged to drag along half a mile of pier, to be dunned by that never-sleeping *Argus*, the Ryde toll-keeper, for each of their two-pences for themselves, and also for their bags and *sac de nuit*! Truly the contrast between all this and Cowes is somewhat edifying and amusing. The truth is, that Ryde is too exposed, having the whole fetch of the Southampton water in N.W. winds, which creates such a sea, that to get off to your vessel is out of the question, at least for pleasure or comfort, unless in a life boat. Such a breakwater as Cherburgh or Plymouth would be a great comfort if *NEPTUNE* could manage it; and then the

* At Cowes the harbour-tide makes a complete shelter in these winds.

yachts could lie there comfortably during the few hours their owners might chuse to devote to visiting. At present the proof of the inconvenience of Ryde is to be found in the many houses vacant there, when at Cowes, only eight miles apart, not one is to be had; and even the two that are now building for next season are already agreed for.

A smoother landing may no doubt be made, according to the suggestion of NEPTUNE, which I hope the Ryde Pier Company will attend to; but let no stranger flatter himself that he will have an easier communication thereby with his yacht: he may get into his boat more comfortably, as she will not dance up and down so merrily, but he will find the samerough sea inrowing outtohis yacht in the distance, as it is by no means either safe or practicable for yachts to go alongside the Pier, in all weathers, like the steam-packets. Even these are *very shy* of approaching the Pier with the wind blowing *on*; and yachts, with their masts and rigging, and slight build, should not be risked alongside except under particular circumstances.

NEPTUNE says it is of little advantage to the yachts having Cowes harbour, with all its slips and building yards; and he then goes on to compare the builders to so many Yorkshire horse-dealers in their faculty of *talking* over their customers, and inducing them to lay out their money with them.

Now NEPTUNE certainly cannot be *au fait* in the system and fun of yachting: it is in the building, the *unbuilding*, the lengthening incessantly, &c. &c. that the chief amusement lies,] and in

which is constituted the delight of many who otherwise might never visit Cowes, but who now go there on the express account of the yards being close at hand; to say nothing of the great convenience there afforded for repairs, docking, and *laying aground*, the vessel all the time being under the immediate eye of the owner. Where would NEPTUNE send the vessels if Ryde was the rendezvous? and where could they be laid aground for scrubbing, which operation is to be performed twice or thrice during the season? I hope he will ere long visit us at Cowes, and convince himself of his own mistake; and also, casting off his prejudice against the builders, that he will kindly supply them with those suggestions he is so capable of giving for the improvement of building and sailing.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria have returned to Norris Castle from their trip to Plymouth, where they took a cruise to view the Eddystone Lighthouse on board the *Forte* frigate, which was waiting there bound to the West India station. She appeared in excellent order; but the scene altogether fell far short of that beautiful sight at Spithead, when their Royal Highnesses embarked on board the *Vestal*, attended by the Royal Yacht Squadron. The frigate beat up to Cowes under a press of canvas, and appeared to sail very well; but it was perceived that the *Water Witch* brig was obliged to be under low sail, to keep her station with the other yachts close to the *Royal Standard*. The *Vestal* is a fine ship, and built by Capt. Symonds, and though she is the same length.

of the small class frigates called donkeys, she is equal in breadth to the large ones.

The accounts brought from Plymouth by the vessels just returned from a visit to that Port, say that the Ringdove brig, just launched, appears to have her bows improved; and to be of a different construction to the Pantaloon, which was considered as the standard model. If this principle is departed from, which it is hoped may be the case, there

can be no doubt that the alterations arise from the conviction of the superiority of the bows of Mr. Joseph White's vessels; and the Navy will have then to be thankful to the Royal Yacht Squadron for bringing those improvements into notice, which will give the seamen dry jackets and beds, such comforts being never to be obtained at sea in vessels constructed like the Pantaloon.

J. B. G.

Cowes, August 12, 1833.

POSTSCRIPT—COWES, AUGUST 21.

THE KING'S CUP was won this day by the Alarm cutter, 193 tons.—The Albatross, 75 tons, and the Water Witch brig, however, started, in order to make a race for the amusement of the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, who were present; but with wind and tide against, it could not be expected in a dead beat of thirty miles that any square-rigged vessel could make to windward with so large a cutter as the Alarm.

The Water Witch, however,

completely maintained her very high reputation, having beat the Alarm the first twenty miles round the Noman's-land Buoy, and out-carried her, as she was obliged to take in her top-sail and frequently to luff.

It was universally regretted that the Duke of Norfolk did not enter the Arundel, as there is no doubt whatever but that she would have won the Cup, being a stiffer and finer vessel than the Alarm.

Yours, &c. J. B. G.

DESULTORY REMARKS—BY AN OLD FRIEND.

IT gives me sincere pleasure, Mr. Editor, as a constant reader, a *quondam* humble contributor, and hearty well-wisher, to perceive that your sporting pages are still thriving with their pristine vigour, and are still valuable to Sportsmen, both as to practical information in general on sporting subjects, and to the casual reader, into whose hands the revolving month by accident places them, to pass away a heavy hour. As a *Northern Correspondent*, it will be expected that

I should do my best to glean for you miscellaneous intelligence on sporting subjects in this our quarter, and I would most willingly do so; but indeed, in the interregnum of the summer solstice, whilst vegetation lives and glories in its most beautiful and lively colours, if we except the Angler's trade, all the other branches of sport are "mute and dead." Racing, to be sure, is now the pastime of those who love to view the

"Swift coursers panting to the goal."

—a pastime indigenous in our Isle, though imitated *now* by our Continental brethren in many different grades of success, though in all *very very* short of the mark. I might here, Mr. Editor, while on the Turf, or *above* it (for we must be all *under* it sooner or later according to our *Anno Domini* date, as worthy QUARTO says in this month's *Mag.*)—I say, *here* might I venture to regret that racing should be made the means of encouraging the spirit of gambling, and leading those men (who are not over-burthened with principle) to descend to the most villanous intrigues to conjure the money out of the pockets of the liberal, unsuspecting, and unwary. But I need not moralise, or descant on this unavoidable evil attending the Turf, for one plain reason—"man is man;" and where there are "*tot homines, tot principiæ*," almost every occupation, every trade, every calling, every pastime or amusement, while followed by *some* with straight-forward and proper feelings, will be pursued by *others* from motives the most sordid, grovelling, and unprincipled.

I am aware that there is a reply to these regrets of mine, which "pity 'tis are true," and I cannot but admit the justice of it, that, were it not that *racing* was the means of enriching *some* and impoverishing *others*, the noble breed of horses which distinguishes our "sea-girt Isle" would deteriorate in its quality; and that, was *racing* to be carried on (to use an old school-boy's phrase) for "funny," and not for "wonny," it would die a natural death very soon. *Certes*, whilst such Stakes as the Derby or the St. Leger

exist, which bring into the pocket of the lucky owner such valuable *pulverum olympicum* (Anglicè, *gold dust*) as they do, there is no danger of the *Stad Book* going out of print.

I shall now leave my Turf critique, to take a peep at the prospects for the Chase for the ensuing season among us. It is pretty well known to most of our Northern readers that there is a new division of *countries* round Modern Athens; and this partition treaty has been patched and fitted up, I believe, in a manner that will prove productive of *general* satisfaction, though, I am sorry to say, it has, I find, caused a shyness among some brethren of the Chase that were previously going on *cominus* in all that was connected with the sport. This, however, Mr. Editor, need not astonish either you or I, or any veteran, as we have both lived long enough to be convinced, that to make every man pleased and contented is a consummation which, though "devoutly to be wished," will be accomplished about perhaps the time when the Reform Bill and all other Bills will have made the Constitution of Great Britain a model of perfection—an era, I am afraid, still very remote: and I have only to add, that it is my sincere prayer, as a well-wisher to my native land, that it were possible to get Statesmen to imitate a pack of well-bred fox-hounds—namely, to carry a good *head*, *stick close to their game*, and "*ware*" *tailing* and *skirting*!

So much for moralising on the fatal propensity to be a quarrelsome, discontented animal, and unfortunately giving way to *self*, in too many instances, where a

different line of conduct would have ensured him a continuance of the attachment of his old friends, and a fair chance of making new ones !

" *A nos moutons.*" — Three packs of hounds are, *Deo volente*, to open the ball, within tolerable reach of urbanic devotees, in October : — the Duke of Buccleuch's ; Lord Elcho's new hounds—a new packed Committee, but I am afraid composed of all kinds of canine political opinions, which it will require very considerable talent in their *Horseman* (I can't say *Chairman*) to keep them together ; and the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hounds, now sent back to try the resources of their own counties for sport, having bade adieu to the Dunse country for the present. Of the latter pack Mr. Ramsay of Barnton still remains Master ; and I regret to say he still is undergoing considerable pain and annoyance from the accident which occurred to his *right* eye (I believe) in the beginning of the last season, which has obliged him to have a patch of silk over it in order to defend it from the light ; but it is a cheering circumstance, that, within these few weeks, a piece of stubble has come out of the corner of the eye, and has given reason to think that its previous existence there had been the cause of the weakness Mr. R. has so long suffered from since the time the accident took place.—Excuse this digression ; but every one who has the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Ramsay must feel a sympathy for him, and be interested in his welfare and well-being.

As to the prospect of sport

which Mr. R. has before him, there is no lack of foxes in the counties of Stirling and Linlithgow ; and Lord Kelburne has kindly given leave to Mr. Ramsay to hunt a portion of the Lanark country lying on the south side of the road leading to Lanark, which grant will enable Scott to be less severe on the coverts lying round Edinburgh and Linlithgow, which, if too much rattled, might incline the tods to *emigration*—a malady already too much the fashion among the *bipeds* made up of frail clay in this part of the world.

In the new arrangement made by the Master of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds, it is settled that the kennels and stables of Barnton shall be in disuse during the season ; and a manor, with some very thriving coverts, has been rented by Mr. Ramsay, where he has fitted up a kennel and stables sufficient for the Commissariat, where the hounds and horses, men, &c. will hold their Court at the periods when Linlithgow and Lanark coverts are hunted ; and Lauriston kennels and stables are used as before when the meets are in Stirlingshire.

Having gone thus far, Mr. Editor, you may perhaps wonder at my not giving you some sketch of Lord Elcho's plans and establishment ; but that I cannot do, as I never visit that part of the world where his Lordship resides, and I believe I am a great loser, as I well know he is an excellent man, and as good a sportsman as ever rode to hounds ; and I wish him every success in his new career.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I may say that a gay time awaits

the opening of the season *here*, as the Caledonian Hunt and Elcho Races are to go off together; and as last year was, from the melancholy visitation of pestilence, one of dull and despairing gloom, there is every reason to expect a bumper in the cup of hilarity. That racing, hunting, dancing, drinking (in moderation), crowned with unanimity

and good humour, will be happily and triumphantly the order of the day, and that all may go on well, and give pleasure to the different votaries of Diana, Olympus, Bacchus, and Terpsichore, is the sincere prayer of

YOUR OLD FRIEND,

Drumsholme, July 18.

A LETTER FROM "PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY."

MR. EDITOR,

I Hope soon to be better acquainted with you, and then it will be, MY DEAR MR. EDITOR, pray have the goodness to allow me a place in your beautiful, correct, well written, and widely-circulated publication. Just compliments, you know, Sir, ought to be paid, as well as any other debt; and having the honour, moreover, to be born in the same neighbourhood with the Immortal Shakspeare, with everything about me the same, with the exception of a few trifles, such as genius, &c.—which deficiency (if it is one) is more than made up by reading the *Sporting Magazine*; for who, I would ask, can read the spirited descriptions of ALFRED HIGHFLYER, of OBSER-

VATOR, and THE YOUNG FOMSTER without catching some of their fire? —I am determined to try my hand, with your permission, beginning with BRIGHTON and finishing at the Land's-end. I already know (from being told) that small beginnings sometimes have great ends: that my family have been celebrated for ages (you know) for curiosity and looking after things; and if I should but prove to have a full share of their presumption also, I am sure to succeed: and, by way of originality, mean to give my description after I have subscribed myself,

Your obedient servant,

PEEPING TOM.

Coventry, August 12, 1833.

BRIGHTON RACES.

FIRST DAY, August 7th—a Match for 50 sovs., one mile. Mr. Gardner's Friar Tuck, 8st. 9lb. beat Mr. Martyn's Herrier, 9st., both 4 yrs old. It was very liberal in Mr. Martyn to give five pounds to Friar Tuck, I would think of giving five times. To be sure, he was worse poor than the Herrier, who relieved the winner, and I think on Stakes of 25 sovs. which five started—not a waste of course, as the one to place the whole. He won it with Rubini,

at perfect ease, carrying Boyce at 9st. 2lb., a length—Lucetta, 9st. 1lb. second. Poor Lucetta is reduced to receive favors, instead of giving them! Friar Tuck, at 7st. 2lb., and 4 yrs old, was third, and just forward enough to convince us how contemptible a bad Friar is: Baleine fourth, and Damascus fifth and last.

The Sussex Plate of 50 sovs. for horses of different ages, for which five started (heats), and rather agreeable, as one horse won them both, each by a length: this was Mr. Gardner's Emilius colt, his dam Black Daphne: the other four, Norna, Dryad's Sister, Hodge, and Witch, running heads

and tails without one distinguishing good quality about them.

The Town Plate of 50 sovs.—and to shew that money is useful *even here*, five again came in contact for it. The first heat was won by Sir M. Wood's Contriver, but he could not *scheme* to be forward enough to be second, for another. Mr. Coleman's Doctor Sewell, by way of *fees*, took the second heat, but lost his *medical rank* by being beaten for the two last, which were won by Mr. Shackle's Trump, shewing what a fine thing a trump is (even a low one) towards the end of a game. If the London visitors had as much dipping as they had of racing this day, they must be restored to that colour, or nearly so, which Nature intended for them.

SECOND DAY, the Gold Cup of 100gs. value was won by Mr. Cosby's Gallopade by a head, with difficulty of course, finely rode by Arnall. Sir G. Heathcote's Samarcand, 3 yrs old, and Sir M. Wood's Lucetta, aged, were the sufferers: in other respects it was a fine gratifying contest.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each—Five ran for it for about half a mile, when it was won easy by two lengths by Pavis on Mr. Gardnor's Whalebone colt, his dam Luna—what George the Third's head page used to call "bright Phœbe;" Lord Egremont's Caroline filly second, Pigeon third, Sister to Alea fourth, and Lorenzo last.

The Albion Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—Three came to the place appointed, and made a very fine race of it. Sir G. Heathcote's Samarcand won it by a head, rode by Buckle in a style which we hope will keep up the family name; Mr. Gardnor's Myrrha second, and Lord Egremont's Skim filly—Centaur's dam, third.

This being a short day's sport, it gives me time to find fault with Brighton for permitting such a contemptible list of their races to go forth to the world:—the paper so bad as if there was no Sir John Key in the world! the name of a jockey seldom or never mentioned, as if they had no hand in a race!—but indeed they have! the colours of the riders

and the distances ran, if given only when the printer's devil is sober! he must be a drunken devil indeed!

FRIDAY, the third and last of the sports—three races on paper, but being spun out into heats, made the day long enough, even to those who love plenty for their money. The first, a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., five subs.—won by a length by Mr. Gardnor's Comet, by Whalebone, his dam Luna, the Windsor Planet "bright Phœbe," beating the Duke of Richmond's Ketchup. The Duke's Ketchup is very good in quality, but not strong enough to sustain 9st. 2lb.; but General Grosvenor thought otherwise, and paid 20 ft. for his Pigeon: Mr. Cosby did the same for Stradbally; as did Mr. Forth for his Imbar.

The Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., two-mile heats.—Nine put their names down in order to try the judgment of these dispensers of justice, with which five of them were so dissatisfied as to "back out." Mr. Clark's Raven as "pleased as punch," the jockey as "black as a crow," and the master as "merry as a grig," won the first heat; after which Doctor Sewell gave them *such a dose* by winning the two next, that they were soon restored to tranquillity—Baleine, 3d, 3d, and 3d; Augur, 4th, 4th, and 4th. These two evidently worked by the day, "not by the piece."

The Ladies' Plate of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages, beginning at three-year-olds and upwards—Seven entered and six started—heats; the New Course.—Ida, Mr. Gardnor's, won it, as he does all the Ladies' favours, indeed all hearts, and *all the money*, with the aid of his pretty jockey (Pavis), good grooming, and a well-managed stud; thus winning five times in three days: Mr. Shackle's Trump second and third; Donegani fifth and second; Doctor Sewell fourth and drawn. Mr. Martyn's Herrier bolted at the turn to come home, with a conviction that for *peace and rest* "there is no place like home."

Arnall the jockey, out of his "element" certainly, turned his four-

wheel-chaise over, with himself and daughter. To *turn* a horse, we give him credit; to *turn* a pony, few are more anxious or more successful; and to keep it when *turned*, he has not his equal: but his presumption to attempt to *turn* a four-wheeled chaise is unaccountable—he must have been mad; only that Goodisson, his phi-

losophical friend, says, that “none but the sensible ever go mad.” Everybody lamented the fright that occurred to his pretty little interesting daughter, who, as soon as she recovered from it, said, with a tear standing in her beautiful eye, “What a pity my dear mother didn’t take the reins into her own hand!”

A FEW LINES FROM DASHWOOD.

SIR,
H^AVING been unexpectedly summoned away and detained from home, it will, I fear, be out of my power to send you the continuation of “The Sportsman’s Summer” in time for your Number for September. This, though I myself regret the disappointment, will perhaps be rather a matter of rejoicing to your readers. The infliction, however, shall be doubled on them in the October month, when the subject will be concluded. I hope also in my next inclosure to you to send some remarks on betting, and what the world calls “gambling” in general, which have been suggested by some occurrences in the neighbourhood where I have been lately staying. Fear not, however, gentle reader, that I am about either to inflict a St. Agnew diatribe on your patience, or to break out like a black-leg into an enthusiastic rhapsody on the virtues and excitements of speculation. It will be neither in the character of Saint nor Sinner that I shall presume to offer myself to your notice: but being deeply anxious to combat an idea somewhat prevalent in certain quarters—namely, that the “pitch” of betting is blacker and more tenacious than any other gaming “pitch” whatever, save that of the

dice—that he who “touches it must of necessity be defiled” beyond the power of a patent washing company—and that, in short, to put a pony on the back of a favorite for Derby, Oaks, or Leger, is to commit an almost inexpiable sin:—being anxious, I repeat, to place this matter, if possible, in its proper light, and to hold a kind of mirror to not a few of those who are loudest against the Ring at Tattersall’s, wherein they may see themselves *elsewhere* reflected as gamblers of the first water both in heart and practice—it is with this, I trust, not reprehensible intention of applying the *tu quoque* to many a “sober citizen” of the day, and of rescuing “the book” from much of the odium which the said “sobersides” would unhesitatingly cast on it, that I am induced to take up the cudgels however vainly or inefficiently. In all likelihood, in the course of the discussion, certain facts will be brought to light, and certain anecdotes related, that will shew up the true *Pandemonium* of London gambling (*not* Crockford’s) in its proper colours. I abstain, however, entirely from anticipation, and until October say farewell!

DASHWOOD.

21st August, 1833.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

SIR,
O^BSERVING that the anecdote communicated by DASHWOOD in your last, concerning the fawn which was suckled for a time by a hound bitch, is considered as something very extraordinary, I beg leave to mention

Pittachar, N. B. August 10, 1833.
a circumstance somewhat similar, and to the full as singular, which occurred in this neighbourhood some years since, and of which I was often an eye-witness. In the dropping time of 1823, as one of the sons of Mr. A.

Scott, gamekeeper at Monzie Castle, about three miles hence, was going up a large wood called the Knock, to look at some traps, he came upon a rae (female roe deer) who had just dropped a fawn, which he secured and took home. There was then at Broughty, where they lived, a little old cocker bitch, called Gip, who for years had but three legs—one being taken off in a trap—and who was also nearly blind with age, but who had been such a tramp that they bred from her to the last, then suckling one spaniel whelp, her last progeny. The roe was put to her, and she took to it, to the exclusion of her own pup, who died, though she had been noted

for tracking roe deer. When the fawn wanted her, it made its natural cry, and she would come limping to it, and render it every motherly office. It was reared and given, when half grown, to a Gentleman of the name of M'Comish, now in India, whose brother, a Naval Officer, resides in Crieff. Had I nothing but my own assertion to substantiate this, I should not have mentioned it, as it might (to the ill-natured at least) appear like a thing got up for the nonce; but as all the bipeds concerned happen to be alive and kicking, I send it to you to make it public, if you like; if not, there is at least no harm done.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

SIR,

THE number of horses assembled was in nowise to be complained of: I think we had no less than fifty present, though they were more of the young ones than old ones. The attendance of Gentlemen was on the whole thinner than usual: perhaps the reason can only be explained by pointing to the reports in our daily papers, shewing the enormous length of tongue possessed by some of the inmates of St. Stephen's Chapel—tending of course not a little to injure the country, by compelling a very great number of Noblemen and Gentlemen, as well as their family connections and others, to reside and thereby dispose of their wealth in the Metropolis, although they may sigh to be once more

“Far removed from noise and smoke.”

How much should we profit could we put a prohibition on the length of each Session, and prevent it detaining the Members beyond a limited period, and thereby enable them to expend their income among a grateful tenantry, who perhaps mostly tend to produce it. By such “a consummation so devoutly to be wished,” how much the Racing, Hunting, Shooting, Coursing, and other sports of our country would be benefited, and re-

ceive additional vigour, from sources of increasing patronizers, who are by Parliamentary duties prevented from enjoying those

“health inspiring joys!”

In addition to this evil, which has not a little injured several Meetings, the eve of the sportsman's summons, “The Moor Game Season,” would draw away many who otherwise would have been present on the occasion. However, be it from what cause it may, the assemblage as regards numbers was certainly only moderate. The weather was indeed hot, and the extreme drought which had preceded the Meeting for some weeks caused the course to be very hard—some of the jockeys declared it was never harder; but in this I do not quite agree with them, for I have known it much more so than on the present occasion.

TUESDAY.—The day's exhibition commenced with the Yorkshire Stake, St. Leger distance; and although we had four of the engaged ones on the spot, two of them, “Yorkshire like, and cautious ever,” shyed shewing against the other two, which at the best were but of questionable character. One of these shyers was the GREAT ROCKINGHAM! Shame on him

to disgrace so noble and unflinching a name, which for centuries has stood forth in the annals of our country as the gamest and the best of metal! and although he boasted some of the *family blood**, the stable shielded it from inspection. The two which shewed were, Despot and Charmer. Nelson, on the latter, led the way at what cannot be termed a *charming pace*, to about a distance from home; and here my Darling came up on Despot, and struggled and strove for despotic sway, while Nelson in appearance sat still and kept his *charming situation*, though I think not very comfortable. At the last he found necessity compel him to get up and break through all rules of gallantry by striking even his charming charge, and in doing this and letting the charmer have her head, she turned pettish, shewed a want of heart, and died off. Despotism then reigned triumphant by three quarters of a length. If I mistake not, they are a sorry pair, and if such nags as these strike terror (as they apparently do) on some who now bask in favour's eyes, I fear, to bring them to a Leger starting post will produce a *fainting fit*, if not a *feint*, from which the *strongest stimulants* will not be able to recover them.

The Four-Year-Old Produce Stake (four miles) brought us only two, neither of which could boast of extraordinary claims to patronage—the one, REPEALER (colt by Whisker out of Louisa), who had never shewn before, and consequently done nothing, was the favorite at 6 to 4 on him, merely because his companion, Trident, had in his exhibitions done *worse* than nothing. The Repeater set off and made the running at a moderate pace to the two-mile turn, where the speed was mended, and good running ensued, Repeater still keeping the lead up to the distance; and here Darling brought up Trident, and challenged. The Repeater, however, shewed he could not combat or stand close argument, for when Johnson began to use the whipcord, he

ran from it on the rails rather than straight forward, Trident in consequence winning cleverly by a length—well ridden by Darling.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. (four subs.) a mile and a half—Mr. Houldsworth also pocketed with walking over his horse Titus, making the first three events all his own—luck which truly he is well worthy of: for a better, stauncher, or more upright supporter, the turf does not possess.

Our Gracious Sovereign's gift of One Hundred, two miles, with the new conditions, then followed as a closer. An entry of eleven (among which was Connoisseur, who was on the spot, but *fashionably* shied the starting post) brought out four, which were, Tomboy (R. Johnson), Ostrich (Darling), Physician (Robt. Heseltine), and Mr. Garforth's gr. f. by Figaro out of Marciana, 4 yrs (Templeman). The skill of Physician gained him the most admiration, he being backed at 5 to 4 agst him, 7 to 4 agst Tomboy, and 3 to 1 agst Ostrich. Garforth's made the running at a moderate pace to round the corner, when the four began to come together. On reaching the distance Tomboy and Ostrich commenced the struggle for mastery, which was soon decided between the two in favour of the four-year-old (as well it might, the four-year-old only giving the three-year-old 12lb. instead of about 20lb. as it more properly ought to be). However, when near home, Heseltine brought up Physician, and took the shine from both of them, winning easy by a length.—I know not who has recommended the conditions of His Majesty's Plate at York to the Master of the Horse, but I must be allowed to say that the weights are certainly badly scaled, and decidedly and obviously in favour of the four-year-olds. Who could think of three-year-olds carrying 8st. against four-year-olds 8st. 12lb. and not even an allowance for three-year-old mares? A three-year-old must be a flyer indeed, or the field little better than donkeys, if he can win on these con-

* Rockingham was got by Humphrey Clinker, who was bred by the Wentworth family.—Ed.

ditions. I trust, however, for the credit of the Stake and the advancement of sport, that this oversight—for such I attribute it to be—may, ere another year shall pass away, be remedied. The Physician, whether he mends or patches other constitutions or not, must be acknowledged to possess an invaluable one of his own: for few horses, I think, could be found to sustain the exertion in travelling and running severe races that he has experienced during the last and present year.

WEDNESDAY, fine weather.—The first affair was the First of the Old Subscription Purses, with the Corporation addition of fifty, for four-year-olds, two miles. Only two exhibited—the once-esteemed Trustee, ridden by John Day, and Voluna, rode by Scott. The Trustee (with 5 to 2 on him) discharged *his trust* very badly, for Voluna ran away with *the legacy*, without leaving him even *his duty*, for he appeared bankrupt of that also, she taking the lead, making strong running, never being headed, and winning uncommonly easy several lengths.

A Derby, Leger, or Oaks start of fifteen splendid two-year-olds, as under, next appeared at the T.Y.C. starting post, for a stake of 20 sovs. each, and worth altogether 500. They were attended by the following steersmen:—

Maid of Lune, rode by W. Scott.
Mr. Ridsdale's filly by
Lottery—Marchesa....John Holmes.
Mr. Dyson's b. filly, by
Lottery out of Dolly's
dam.....W. Wright.
Paris.....S. Darling.
Emigrant.....John Day.
Worlabay Baylock.....Robert Heseltine.
Duke of Leeds's colt out
of Mrs. Rye.....S. Templeman.
Duke of Leeds's br. colt
out of Lady of the
Vale.....Robert Johnson.
Duke of Leeds's b. f. by
Whisker out of Mary, Job Marson, jun.
Mr. Powlett's br. colt,
by Lottery or Figaro
out of Miss Fanny's
dam.....George Nelson.
Mr. Powlett's gr. colt,
by Figaro out of Jack
Spigot's dam.....Thos. Nicholson.
Lincroft.....Joseph Robinson.
Miss Margatet.....Thompson.

Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. c.
by Figaro out of Tar-
tar's dam.....George Andrews.
Duke of Cleveland's colt,
by Longwaist out of
Dulcamara.....Thomas Lye.

Worlabay Baylock was the pet of the lot at 2 to 1; Miss Margaret was backed at 4 to 1; and 5 to 1 was laid against Miss Fanny's dam colt. Previous to the start Sir Edward Dodsworth's colt became a little unmanageable, and threw his rider, who was bruised, but not materially hurt. On drawing up they made two false attempts, but no particular disadvantage resulted to any. At the third trial they came away well together, Emigrant having the inside and the lead; the Marchesa filly and Dodsworth's being behind, though well up. Like a charge of artillery they kept close company to over the gravel-road, and here Miss Margaret flew out, came up to Emigrant, headed him, and immediately fell back in the rear. Emigrant then came on, and at the Stand Worlabay Baylock, the Maid of Lune, Mr. Ridsdale's filly, and Mr. Powlett's brown colt, came out in front, and used every exertion to get at Emigrant, but without success; for Day landed him safely half a neck in front at the post from Mr. Ridsdale's filly, who made a tremendous shoot at him just at home. Worlabay Baylock ran in third, and Maid of Lune (not placed) fourth. The winner is a stout good-like horse, and the Marchesa filly a nice sort of mare; indeed, they were a lot of good-like young ones. Worlabay Baylock apparently got a little disappointed near home, though, perhaps, it might proceed from something going faster than himself, and taking his ground.

The Corporation Plate of 50, heats, a mile and three-quarters, was won by Sir R. K. Dick's Allegro, at three heats, *sprightly*—he not endeavoring for the first—beating Mr. Walker's Augusta (who won the first heat) and four others. Thus ended the second day's diversion.

THURSDAY.—This day, with three appointments, only brought us one race, for the Three-year-old Produce Stake, two miles. From eighteen

subscribers we had three at the post, all the others getting out by paying half forfeit. The three present were,

Frankenstein, 8st. 5lb.,
 rode byGeorge Nelson.
 Lot, 8st. 2lb.....S. Templeman.
 Major Yarrow's colt
 out of Laurel's dam,
 8st. 2lb.George Andrews.

Frankenstein, either from interest or partiality, was the favorite, at 5 to 4 on him, notwithstanding Lot had on a former occasion defeated him—6 to 4 was the price against Lot, and 5 to 1 against the Laurel colt. The three went away close together, Frankenstein, if anything, having the lead perhaps about a neck, though all kept close company the whole way, at a pretty fair pace up to the distance, and here the three began to struggle in a line. When close to the Stand, the Laurel colt was perhaps a head in front, and had to all appearance won; but Templeman making a rush with Lot alarmed a little the Laurel colt's rider (a young one), that he got up from his seat and took out the whip, from which the horse immediately went awry, and swerved on Frankenstein, who was in the middle, knocking him out of his place and himself out of the Stake; for Lot, in consequence, won by a head, though with some difficulty, Laurel being second and entitled to his stake, and Frankenstein not being beat above half a length. Had Laurel's rider sat still, it is next to certain he must have won, though not far, for there is but little between them; and if the extra 3lb. placed upon Frankenstein had been taken away, he no doubt would have proved the victor. The three will make good racing with themselves or such like; but against prime good ones they will only look so-so, as Frankenstein did when pitted in the spring against Muley Moloch, the horse which public running declares the best in the Leger, and the one that, if all be right with him on the day, must win that important stake.

The Second of the Great Subscription Purses, for five, six, and aged horses, four miles. As only some

three or four four-year-olds were nominated with Emancipation, and they must carry five-year-old weights, and thus give a year away, he was permitted to walk and take the purse, strings and all.

A Match, booked for this day, being off by consent, we had no more diversion. It would have been good management had it been contrived differently, and some one Stake from the following day, which teemed with an abundance of sport, been transferred to this day's catalogue. Fasting never fails to produce an appetite, and perhaps, in consequence, we enjoyed with greater zest the exhibitions on

FRIDAY.—The last of the Three Subscription Purses, for four and five-year-olds, two miles, first shewed up three; but Voluna (with 6 to 4 on her), ridden by Scott, took off with the lead, made strong running, ran away with the Purse, was never headed, and cantered in, leaving Trident and the Duke of Leeds's colt by Swiss, 4 years old, to come home at their leisure.

The Hornby Stake, for two-year-olds, the T.Y.C., followed and presented the following four youths to exhibit the fruits of their tuition.

Forester, rode byS. Darling.
 VelocityW. Scott.
 Duke of Leeds's colt, by
 Velocipede out of Ma-
 tilda's dam.....S. Templeman.
 Mr. E. Peel's colt, by
 Blacklock out of Row-
 ton's dam.....John Day.

The Velocipede colt, from running second for the Two-year-old Stake at the York Spring Meeting, was the favorite, at 6 to 4 against him.

They all came together at a very good pace to past the distance, when Templeman came away, bidding them all "adieu," and winning uncommonly easy, Velocity running in second. The winner is certainly one of the finest young horses that ever stared through a bridle, and, if all go well with him, will prove a dangerous antagonist in future days. His worthy and noble owner named him, after winning, VALPARAISO.

The Thirty Sovereigns Stakes (a mile and a quarter) followed, and was invested with some degree of interest by bringing out once more the great Belshazzar, though the field that came with him was certainly *the worst of the bad*. The lot was as under:—

Boscobel.....rode by W. Scott.
 Depot.....S. Darling.
 BelshazzarJohn Day.
 Duke of Leeds's filly out
 Young Mary.....S. Templeman.

Belshazzar of course was the favorite at 3 to 1 on him, and as another matter of course he took the lead, made the running, was never headed, and won easy a length and a half from Boscobel (who sang "*bellows to mend*"), Despot being the third. *It was no race at all*; but at the same time it must be confessed that any horse who is not able to beat such *crabs* as Belshazzar was destined to meet on this occasion, and almost walk in, cannot have any chance of winning a Leger, or any other Stake where he will have to meet respectable company. Indeed the event places Belshazzar in precisely the same position in our eyes as he stood in before the event; and makes him not a shade better or worse. Had he met anything that could be said to have any running about him, it would have spoken in his favour; but this field can say "*nothing*." Indeed the disclosures of this Meeting have certainly told but an indifferent tale for this great horse—great as he is in both name and size—for it has shewn us that the fields he has this year defeated are destitute of even very ordinary abilities. Nevertheless his last year's feats (and on that alone can rest his claim to favour and renown) told him to be a fair good horse; yet then one was found to defeat him cleverly; and that one (Muley Moloch) has shewn us this year that his capabilities of going are still retained by him unimpaired, by beating, and very easy too, a large field of horses which are able to win against others when he is not with them. The day, however, will bring forth the important disclosure; and little should I be surprised to see the two (Muley Moloch and Belshazzar) the first at the judgment seat.

The running of this week tends also to shew the South horses *BAD*: for Despot, whom the best three-year-olds at Newmarket could not beat much above a length, and who was always well up with them, shews in the North as an indifferent performer.

A Silver Tureen, worth a hundred, given by the Fund, and added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each, altogether amounting to another clear hundred, two miles, was the next object of competition. For this appeared Emancipation, rode by John Day; Physician, by Sam Darling; and Nitocris, by Nicholson. Emancipation made severe running, keeping the lead to within the distance; and here the three closed, and presented one of the most beautiful races ever witnessed with the whole, which ended by Physician (most beautifully ridden) winning by half a neck, Nitocris second, and Emancipation not being beaten above half a length.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, two miles, closed the day's bill of fare, and again brought forth Voluna, attended by Titus (whom report whispers to be the best three-year-old in Mr. Houldsworth's stable), and Trustee. The young one made the running for near the first mile: Scott then came away with Voluna at a severe pace, left them several lengths, and won very easy. She is undoubtedly a tremendous mare, and will require something that can move much quicker than common to make anything like a race with her. As far as appearances go, you may almost see the Doncaster Cup on her back already, barring accidents and casualties.

SATURDAY, as usual, wound up the Festival with two Plates:—The first, a Fifty, given by the Tradesmen of the City, was won at three heats by Mr. R. Johnson's (late Mr. Walker's) Augusta, beating Allegro, who was *not in the humour* to dance to *quick time*, and Bounce, whose bouncing was always *behind*!

The second, a Fifty, given by the Hon. E. Petre, M.P., was carried off easy at two heats by Mr. Weatherill's Flambeau beating Vesta and Augusta.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

York, 12th August, 1833.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET *Second October Meeting 1833.*—Friday: Lord Tavistock's Sister to Emery, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Chesterfield's La. Bayadère, 7st. 12lb., last three quarters of B.M., 50, h. ft.

Houghton Meeting 1833.—Monday: The following are the nominations for the Boudoir Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. R.M.:—

Lord Exeter's Iman, Brother to Beiram, 8st. 5lb.

Lady Peel's Malibran, 8st. 2lb.

Mrs. Grosvenor's Languish, 7st. 13lb.

Countess of Chesterfield's Fanny Grey, 7st. 7lb.

Wednesday: Colonel Peel's Harum Scarum, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Exeter's Mimosa, 8st. 2lb., T.Y.C., 100 sovs., h. ft.

Thursday: Lord Exeter's Mimosa, 8st. 6lb. agst General Grosvenor's c. by Stainborough out of Twatty, 8st. 2lb., R.M., 50, h. ft.—Lord Exeter's Beiram, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Greville's Whale, 7st., T.M.M., 200, h. ft.

Epsom October Meeting 1833.—The following are the nominations for the Durdane Stakes:—

Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Ellen, by Peter Lely, out of Fadladinida.

Baron Teissier na. ch. f. by Middleton out of Agnes by President.

Mr. Forth's Sister to Echo.

Sir G. Heathcote's Nicis, by Velocipede out of Norna.

Mr. Goodwin's Sister to Glaucus.

Mr. Brown's ch. f. by Whisker out of Miss Patrick.

It is in contemplation to establish annual horse races in the neighbourhood of Devizes. Roundway Hill has been granted for the purpose by Mr. Estcourt, and a liberal subscription has been opened.

At the Newton Races, on the 6th of June, an accident of the most singular nature occurred; two fine horses, one the property of Mr. Evans, of Newton, and the other of Mr. Winsloe, of Exeter (the latter of which was a winner at the Buckfastleigh races), in going at full speed in opposite directions, encountered each other with such force that their skulls were fractured, and they were both killed on the spot.

Middleton, winner of the Derby 1825, and Birmingham, winner of the Leger 1830, have been sold to Russia. They are both at Mr. Kirby's stables York, and will be speedily shipped from Hull for their destination.

Dr. Husband of York, the breeder of that well-known horse Physician (from whose profession he takes his name), sold his dam Primette, by Prime Minister

out of Miss Paul, with a fine colt foal at her foot by Tramp or Columbus, to Mr. E. Peel, at the late York August Meeting.

Mr. Brandenburg has purchased Fanny Horner, by Figaro, 4 yrs, of Mr. Clarke.

STUD SALES.

The following blood stock were sold by auction by Mr. Tilburn, at York, on Wednesday, August 7th.

Brown Colt, 2 yrs, by Figaro out of Arabella by Williamson's Ditto:—to Mr. Speed, for 50gs.

Brown Yearling Filly, by Chateau Margaux out of Arabella:—to Mr. Brandenburg, 35gs.

Trotinda (brood mare), aged, by Williamson's Ditto, her dam Zorada, by Don Quixote (stinted to St. Patrick):—to Mr. Brandenburg, 15gs.

The following were sold on Thursday. Black Colt, 3 yrs, by Muley out of Dell Tearsheet by Sorcerer:—to Mr. Ridley, 54gs.

Bay Filly, 1 yr, by Catton out of Cobbler Will's dam by Amadis:—to Mr. Brandenburg, 20gs.

GERMAN STUDS.

The many large studs which are now established in Germany, and which are every day increasing by their owners buying the best blood they can from this country, is interesting to observe; and the races which are at this time taking place in various parts of that country will in time improve the breed of the German horses, which, within these last ten years must be observable to all who visit that country. Many of the German Noblemen have large studs of English brood mares and stallions, little inferior in numbers to our own: for instance, the Duke of Holstein Augustenberg, Baron Biel, Count Hahn, Count Plessen, &c. The Duke of Holstein and Baron Biel have established annual public sales, at which all the young stock put up are positively sold, after the noble example of our Gracious King, with this difference only—His Majesty's are sold as yearlings at Mr. Tattersall's; the others are sold before they are foaled (the purchaser taking his chance of colt or filly), and delivered safe at weaning time the following year. This year early in September, at the Augustenberg Races, the Duke of Holstein will have a public sale, well worth the attention of any gentleman, as he will not only have a delightful trip and be most hospitably treated by the Noble Host, but may perhaps buy the winner of a Derby or an Oaks. The produce of the following mares will be sold:—

Comus Mare, out of Flora (Sister to Oiseau) by Camillus; covered by Moses. Mare by Muley, dam by Totteridge out

of Sister to Marianne by Mufti; covered by Moses.

Reality, by Anticipation, dam by Williamson's Ditto, dam of Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge; covered by Moses.

Mare, by Soothsayer (Sister to Meg Merrilies), her dam by Precipitate—Mark Anthony—Matchem, &c.; covered by Moses.

Erin's Daughter, by Irish Hollyhock, dam by Sorcerer, grandam Fanny by Warrior out of Fanny (the dam of Sir Oliver, Josephine, Poulton, and Fyldener); covered by Moses.

Mare, by Soothsayer out of Olivera by Sir Oliver, her dam Bellona by Mercury; covered by Moses and Erymus.

Madame Catalani, by Tiresias, dam by Williamson's Ditto, out of Chryseis; covered by Erymus.

Spree, by Frolic, dam by Election (the dam of Vicarage)—Highflyer—Eclipse, &c.; covered by Erymus.

Mare, by Rector, dam by Dick Andrews—Grouse—Pot80's—Squirrel, &c.; covered by Erymus.

Young Waltonia, by Rubens out of Waltonia by Walton—Highflyer, &c.; covered by Moses and Erymus.

The stallion Moses, when in possession of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, was winner of the Derby, &c.

Erymus was by Moses out of Eliza Leeds, by Comus, and a good racer.

HORNCASTLE GREAT HORSE FAIR.

This celebrated mart was very numerously attended, and the excellence of the show evinced a decided improvement in the breed of English horses. The fair commenced on the 12th of August, and ended the 21st. There was a good supply of first-rate horses (which realised great prices): many foreign dealers were present, who made extensive purchases.

THE MOORS.

Inverness.—The great advent of the Sporting Season was this year ushered in by highly favorable weather. Monday the 12th was clear and dry, and not too sultry. The sport in this neighbourhood has been tolerably good. Sir F. Mackenzie killed upwards of sixty brace; Sir G. Mackenzie nearly as many. The sport at Aberarder, as stated by one of the parties, was above an average: at Balmacaan also it was good. Lord Castlereagh went on Saturday to his quarters at Guisachan, but is said to have had but indifferent luck. The Marquis of Caernarthen has joined Lovat at Killin in Stratherrick. Lord Cawdor and Son had good sport on the ground at Cawdor. Lord Donegal is at Treeburn; Mr. Bell and party at Dalmigarie; Colonel Standen and a large party at Aberarder; Sir John B. Tyrrell, M.P. &c. at Knocky; Colonel Porter, &c. at Abertarf; J. Blake, Esq. &c. at Balmaman; Messrs. Wormwald and Dilkes, at

Strathgarve; H. V. Broke, Esq. and party at Novar. Several boxes went off by the Defiance and Caledonian, one addressed to His Majesty. The shooting on the Airshire Moors has afforded fair sport: several packages arrived in Air before three o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th. One party in the immediate vicinity killed by that time, 7½, 12, and 16½ brace respectively. In Lanarkshire the birds generally are considered scarce. In Avondale the birds are wilder and stronger on the wing than most sportsmen have experienced for some seasons past; consequently fewer have been brought to bag. The Marquis of Douglas and a party are daily expected at Hamilton to go over to the Island of Arran to shoot.

SHOOTING.

Gentlemen who have permission to sport upon the manors of the Marquis of Bristol, in Lincolnshire, have been requested to refrain from shooting thereon until the 20th of September; and that they will after that period abstain from shooting hares upon the Courting Ground in North and South Rauceby, Dunsby, and Brauncewell, it being intended to preserve them *exclusively for Coursing*.

CRICKET.

On the 22d of July a match between the Marylebone and the Clarence Clubs commenced, and continued the whole of the following day, but was not played out. The Marylebone went in first, Mr. Nicholl scoring 18, and Mr. Kynaston 23, the remaining hands, including Lord Grimston, Earl of Sandwich, Hon. G. Ponsonby, and Hon. Colonel Lowther, only adding 11 to the score—total 52. The Clarence marked 47.—In the second innings the Club scored 140, and the first two wickets of their opponents being put down for one run, the wickets were struck.

On the 25th the Club played the Harrovians on the School ground, and in their first innings marked 81; the School 102.—The Marylebone in their second innings scored 99, with eight wickets down, when it was found too late to continue the game.

The Marylebone and the Norfolk Clubs were to have played on the 29th, but several of the latter Gentlemen being unavoidably absent, a match was made with only eight on a side. The Norfolk went in first and scored 39, Mr. Kynaston and Mr. Jenner (belonging to both Clubs) marking, the former 28, and the latter 7. In the Marylebone first innings, Mr. Lloyd scored 37, Mr. Brooke 27, Bayley 20, Mr. Leathes 18, Lord C. Russell and Mr. Ellis 8 each, Sewell 2 (not out), which with 9 byes made a total of 129. The Norfolk second was nearly as unsuccessful as their first innings, adding only 62 to their score, of which Mr. Jenner marked 21 and Mr. Kynaston 19—total

101, leaving their opponents winners in one innings with 28 runs to spare.

The return match, between eleven of Kent (many of them Members of the Marylebone) and eleven of England, was played at Chislehurst on the 12th, and terminated in favour of the former, with eight wickets standing. England went in first, and scored 84, Marsden making 27, Mr. Kynaston 20, and Mr. Ward 13. Pilch was most unfortunate, having been caught from the short slip by Mr. C. Jenner without a run, and in the second innings by Mr. H. Jenner, who kept the wicket, also without scoring. In their second innings they marked only 48, Mr. Kynaston making 12, and Mr. Ward 10—total 132. The Kent in their first in-go made 117—Mr. C. Harenc 31, Mr. A. Mynn 29, Mr. F. Fagg 18, Mr. H. E. Knatchbull 11—leaving only 16 to win. Mr. Mynn was bowled by Cobbett without a run, Mr. H. Norman caught with 1 notch, Mr. Knatchbull scored 4, and Mr. Keate 12, the two last not out—total 134.

A grand match between All England and Sussex took place on the 19th and 20th on the Brighton Royal Cricket ground, and more exciting play was seldom, if ever, witnessed. England went in first, and marked 89, Mr. Ward scoring 22, Pilch 14, Mr. Strahan and Sir V. Cotton 9 each, the latter not out, Marsden 7, Wenman 6, Mr. Harenc 5.—Sussex then went in, and four wickets were put down in quick succession from the rapid bowling of Mr. A. Mynn: a promising young player named Box, however, kept his wicket against it, and scored 13, and not out, Brown 11, Morley 4, Lillywhite and Broadbridge 3 each, and these with 13 byes and 7 wide balls, made 52.—In the second innings of England, Brown, the Sussex fast bowler, was put on, and the first bowl took Mr. Strahan's bail clean off. This side made but a sorry out of it this innings, only adding 30 to their score—total 119.—The Sussex then went in for 67 runs, and during the progress of the game the interest became intense, particularly when Goad (the last wicket) went in to Lillywhite for 16 runs. Every ball was watched with the greatest anxiety. The last ball Goad considered wide of the wicket, and, anxious to win, attempted a run: the ball passed the wicket-keeper, but was picked-up by a backer-up, and he was put out. A dispute arose as to whether the ball came under the denomination of a "wide ball," as, if so, Sussex made a tie-game: the umpires, however (Caldecourt and Cobbett), ultimately gave it against Sussex, and England were declared the victors by one run.

On the 12th a grand match at cricket was played in Moor Park, near Rickmersworth, Herts, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, by eleven Gentlemen of the Moor Park Club, against Lord Grimston, the Hon. E. and R. Grimston, the

Hon. C. Beauclerk, and seven Gentlemen from the neighbourhood of Gorbamby, the seat of the Earl of Verulam, which terminated in favour of the Moor Park in one innings. The match excited much interest in the neighbourhood, if we may judge from the company present: among whom we noticed the Earl of Verulam and daughter, Lord F. Beauclerk, Lady Millman, the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Capel, and a host of Fashionables. The cricket ground, which has recently been made at the Marquis's expense (who very liberally offered it to the neighbouring Gentry), is placed on a delightful eminence, in the centre of that much-admired demesne, and commands the most beautiful landscape scenery that can possibly be imagined, Cashobury, the noble seat of the Earl of Essex, forming a principal feature. From the very spirited manner this Club has commenced its career (this being the first season), we have no doubt but it will soon rank among the first of the provincials. Cobbett and Caldecourt have been engaged as bowlers, who attend every Saturday.

The Etonians and the Wykehamites played a match at Lord's on the 1st of August, which terminated in favour of the former by 14 runs, the score being,

<i>Eton.</i>	<i>Winchester.</i>
First Innings 86 47
Second Innings 124 149
210	196

On the following day the successful competitors in the preceding match played on the same ground with the "Harrow Boys," but not with the same success, the latter being triumphant with eight wickets to go down. At the conclusion the score stood as follows:—

<i>Eton.</i>	<i>Harrow.</i>
First Innings 86 118
Second Innings 57 27
143	145

The return match between Pilch and Marsden commenced at Hyde Park cricket ground, Sheffield, on Monday the 5th of August, and terminated on Wednesday as follows:—Pilch's first innings: balls 168, hits 125, runs 78, wide balls 4—total 82—bowled.—Second innings: balls 202, hits 148, runs 102, wide balls 6—total 168, bowled.—Marsden's first innings: balls 73, hits 60, runs 25, wide balls 2—total 27, bowled.—Second innings: balls 186, hits 122, runs 31, wide balls 4—total 35, bowled.—Grand total: Pilch 190, Marsden 62; the former winning by 128 runs.—Dark and Caldecourt again acted as umpires. The interest on the match was far greater here than at Norwich, and during the three days it was calculated that not less than 20,000 persons were on the ground. "Pilch's batting," says the *Sheffield Courant* "was of the finest de-

scription, and a better display of the art of cricket was never witnessed in any former match. This second victory places Pilch at once at the very top of the players of England. As a double-wicket player he is allowed to be unrivalled, and as a single-wicket player, his second conquest over the man who was said to be the first has at once given him the championship, which we suppose no one will challenge."

York and Bedale.—A challenge match between Letby of the York Club, and Busby of Bedale, came off on the 6th, at the latter place, and ended in a tie. Letby's first innings: balls 124, hits 43, runs 29, caught.—Second innings: balls 29, hits 12, runs 4, bowled—total 33.—Busby's first innings: balls 25, hits 12, runs 9, bowled.—Second innings: balls 24, hits 17, runs 24, run out—total 33.

AQUATICS.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea."

The Royal Thames Above-bridge match, for a Silver Cup and Cover, to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding ten tons, belonging to Members, was fixed for the 5th of August—to start from Blackfriars-bridge, sail round a boat moored off Wandsworth Meadows, and back to Westminster-bridge. About an hour before high water, the Commodore (W. Harrison, Esq.) positioned the boats in the following order:—

<i>Yachts.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Owners.</i>
Vestris.....	8	T. Weston, Esq.
Nymph.....	8	T. Smith, Esq.
Mab	4	Hon. Col. de Roos.
Lady Emma ...	8	R. Bucknall, Esq.
Margaret.....	7	H. Halliday, Esq.
Water Witch... 8		T. Unwin, Esq.
Fortitude.....	8	A. T. Harwood.

All being in readiness, the signal was fired at half-past four o'clock, the River presenting a most animated spectacle, being covered with small craft, as there were two rowing matches contested for the same afternoon, but the yachts seemed to attract the most attention. In casting off some slight confusion took place, three of the boats having fouled. They soon, however, got clear, and the fleet went away, the Lady Emma taking the lead, the others, with the exception of the Vestris, following close. *Madame* took the South shore, and soon headed her opponents, passing first under Waterloo-bridge, Fortitude second, Margaret third, Nymph fourth, Mab fifth, Lady Emma (having fouled a barge) sixth, and the Witch last. Her Ladyship, however, soon got up. The other yachts changed their positions frequently, but the Vestris kept considerably a-head to the Red House, when the

Lady Emma came up: the two entered Chelsea Reach nearly abreast, and cleared Battersea-bridge at one and the same time. The struggle between these boats was beautiful, and a better display of nautical skill has seldom been witnessed on the River. The Emma now hugged the shore, with the intention of getting a-head in her next tack, but she lost ground, and fell into the wake of the Vestris, who rounded the distance-post at 36 minutes past five, and two minutes in advance of the Emma, the Nymph went round at 39 minutes, Margaret 41, Witch in 25 seconds after her, Fortitude 42, and Mab 42½ minutes past 5. The yachts on returning crept down the south shore with the ebbing tide, the Vestris maintaining her position, but the Emma threatening to overhaul her. *Madame*, however, went through Battersea-bridge two minutes in advance, and notwithstanding the beautiful sailing of her Ladyship, carried off the splendid prize at 31 minutes past 6, the Emma being only 40 seconds in her rear. The Witch was three minutes astern of her Ladyship, and the Fortitude five minutes in the rear of the Witch. The Nymph arrived at 42½ minutes past 6, and the Mab and Margaret shortly afterwards. The match afforded a high treat to the amateurs of Old Father Thames, and in the evening the Cup was presented at Oliver's Coffee-house by the Commodore to Mr. Weston, the owner of the successful boat, who returned thanks in an appropriate speech, and "pledged the wine-cup" to his competitors in joyous hilarity.

The second Below-bridge match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, for a Fifty-Guinea Cup and Cover, given in honour of His Majesty's natal-day, took place on the 24th; and shortly after 8 A.M. Mr. Harrison, the Commodore, hoisted his flag on board the Royal Sovereign steamer off the Tower stairs, where she was moored for the reception of the friends of the Members invited to participate in the pleasures of the day. The company being all on board by nine o'clock, the vessel shortly after proceeded to Greenwich, where four yachts were stationed to contend for the splendid prize. Seven had entered; but Mr. Smith, owner of the Nymph, withdrew his name; the Vestris was disqualified, having since the entry won the Above-bridge Cup; and the Figaro was believed to be wind-bound on her return from a trip to the French coast. The four ready for the start were—

<i>Yachts.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Owners.</i>
Ada Jane.....	16.....	G. Sweting, Esq.
Sabrina	21.....	G. Gunston, Esq.
Victorine	16.....	T. Stokes, Esq.
Water Witch, 8.....		J. Unwin, Esq.

—the Sabrina, the favorite, backed against the fleet, and the Victorine at 2 to 1 against her—the customary distance, from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. A few minutes before eleven o'clock the signal-gun

misery, if we have ever known his equal we have assuredly never found his superior.—It is a singular circumstance that the deaths of two of the most distinguished of the Melton Mowbray Hunt should take place within a few weeks of each other; viz. the Earl of Plymouth and Sir H. Goodricke, both too in the very flower of their days, and each held in such high estimation.—Sir Harry at the time of his lamented death was High Sheriff of Yorkshire.

On the 18th of August died at his residence in Garden-row London-road, where he had resided for the last twenty years, the Rev. W. BARKER DANIEL, in the 81st year of his age. If we were to speak of this Gentleman according with the adage, "*De mortuis nil nisi verum*," we might allude to a litigious disposition which constantly involved him in law proceedings, and was the cause of his long residence within the Rules of the King's Bench; but we prefer the more ancient quotation, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, as more applicable to his claims to notice in our pages. Though his health had been for some time gradually declining, his faculties were unimpaired to the last, and he retained in his conversation and deportment the characteristics of the Gentleman and the Scholar. Mr. Daniel during many years' residence

in Little Waltham, Essex, which parish he quitted in 1796, was much attached to field sports, such as hunting, shooting, coursing, angling, &c.; and in 1811 produced two quarto volumes, intitled "*Rural Sports*." The sale of this work, with its beautiful engravings, was so considerable as to induce him to write a third volume as a "*Supplement*," which consisted chiefly of anecdotes and remarkable feats performed with the net, the gun, the dog, the horse, and by the rider. The object of the last volume, the author declared to be, "to enhance the pleasure arising from diversions in the field;" and this object his work was most eminently calculated to effect. In fishing and shooting Mr. Daniel was surpassed by none; and though he had for many years been precluded from following the sports he loved, he was ever ready to communicate the result of his experience to all who sought information from his capacious stores.—*Requiescat in pace!*

PUGILISM.

The projected match between Young Dutch Sam and Deaf Burke is off, as we surmised, the latter having forfeited, from not being able to procure friends to back him to so large an amount, as also from the decision being, from Sam's incapacity to enter into any engagement, at so distant a period.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE betting on the LEGER has not been by any means so brisk as might have been anticipated, but as the event will not come off for upwards of a fortnight, speculation may produce great changes. Some few have occurred since our last. Muley Moloch still takes the lead, and Marpessa (now in the North), the Mole, Tutor, Anne, and Revenge, have advanced. Much has been said of the different favorites, and but little done. The following may be considered as the present (August 26) state of the Odds:—11 to 2 agst Muley Moloch (taken); 6 to 1 agst Belshazzar (taken); 8½ to 1 agst Rockingham (taken); 8 to 1 agst Mussulman; 10 to 1 agst Marpessa (taken); 12 to 1 agst Anne (taken); 16 to 1 agst Revenge (taken); 20 to 1 agst The Mole (taken); 20 to 1 agst Tutor (taken); 25 to 1 agst Jack Faucet; 30 to 1 agst Deceiver (late Frankenstein); 40 to 1 agst Connoisseur (taken):—500 to 400 Jack Faucet agst Connoisseur.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have again to acknowledge the receipt of many communications, for which we cannot find room in the present Number.

We shall feel obliged if "*A Resident in the Holderness Country*" will favour us with a "full, true, and particular account" on the subject of his letter, thereby satisfactorily putting us right, and correcting those inaccuracies to which he alludes.

A Correspondent has forwarded to us a description of the "*Boomarang*," a missile used in New Holland for the practice of shooting flying, and "thereby obviating the cruelty of destroying vast numbers of small birds in learning the art." It may be all very well for the use of Gentlemen to *kill time*, but a week's practice in the field, with nerve and patience, we should conceive much better adapted to attain excellence, notwithstanding it is so highly approved by several Sporting Gentlemen. Sparrows, tom-tits, swallows, *et id omne genus*, will doubtless feel grateful for this new plan for "*assurance of lives*."

A Friend has favored us with the following recipe to kill vermin in dogs, and as a slight cure for mange, &c.:—"Take equal quantities of broom tops and tobacco, the coarsest kind: boil them down to a strong decoction, with which wash (whilst warm) the dog well. It should for mange be repeated two or three times, and is worth the attention of those who have many dogs to keep in order."

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Embellished with

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PORTRAIT OF PRIAM.

PRIAM, in himself a most splendid Setter, the property of Mr. Sam. Day the jockey, took his name, of course, from the superlative horse on which he rode and won the Derby—a name ever dear to him; as he declared, after winning the race, that he should "never want money any more:" and if want and desire mean the same thing, the name must be doubly dear to him. Hence no wonder that he called his dog PRIAM, or his cat (the mother of his kittens), nay! even his wife and daughter, if he had one at the time, as everything is

called *he* in that part of Hampshire from which he comes, except the sire of his kittens, and "*she*," of course, could not be called Priam.

The Portrait before us was painted at Newmarket, and is considered a faithful representation not only as to the animal himself, but his character and peculiar mode of doing business in the field, by LAMBERT MARSHALL, the Engraving by Mr. GOLDING. It is seldom "two of a trade agree," but his brother-professors consider him one of first in *the line*. It is our duty to

select the best Artists, and those we think best calculated to gratify our numerous subscribers: it is their approbation we court, and any hint from them will be attended to in every department, that may promote the prosperity of this long-established popular Work, and add to the happiness of those who labour honestly and fairly to keep it up with a public we have ever found just, generous, and noble-minded.

This canine PRIAM was given to his present owner by his brother, Mr. Henry Day, and considered the most beautiful and valuable present that not only a real brother, but a brother-sportsman, could make to another. His pedigree and good deeds by far exceed our limits: it is enough to say—and that is saying a great deal—that he is descended from the celebrated Warwick, of Mr. Gauntlett, Winchester, a picture of which was painted by the elder Marshall more than thirty years ago, and which we should be glad to see (as would every one of our readers) engraved by one of our best Artists, and the picture safely returned without risk and free of expense, and the wonderful things that are

well known and well attested of him made to accompany the plate, which would make our Work of greater interest, and increase its value. Warwick came into Hampshire quite young to the late Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, from his friend Mr. Coke of Norfolk: he, on being put into the hands of his keeper, was soon under condemnation, and nothing but a tree and a string seemed to await him: it proved, however, afterwards (when not too late) that either the keeper or the dog was a fool, but it certainly was not the dog. No! he had sense enough to make any puppy blush, and became so good a sporting dog afterwards under Mr. Gauntlett, that he refused as handsome a curricule and a beautiful pair of brown blood horses for him, with harness complete, as any Gentleman would wish to convey himself in from one place to another—even in search of a wife.

We can trace the pedigree of Warwick up to Sir John Mordaunt, but live in hopes of getting the loan of the picture from Mr. Gauntlett, when we shall have more to say of things as wonderful and true.

THE DONCASTER MEETING.

SIR,

ON my arrival at Doncaster on the Saturday before the Meeting, I found a very great number of horses (greater than usual) had arrived: the course too was in the finest possible order, and everything auguring a good Meeting, which it has proved in a great measure, though the company was undoubtedly deficient in numbers to former years, and there was a total absence of all that splendid Aristocratical display of mag-

nificent equipages for which Doncaster has hitherto been always so much distinguished: yet the Meeting was graced by numbers of Noblemen and Gentlemen of the first rank and consequence, and all went off much more pleasant and agreeable than last year. No *Ludlow* tragedy—no *Fang* plots—and, better than all, no outward expressions of violence and disorder took place, which so greatly disgraced the last year's Meeting, and

which it is to be hoped may never be witnessed again. But I must proceed to give you the more pleasing part of my tale, the sport itself.

MONDAY brought us blooming and delicious weather, but the attendance at the course was certainly deficient at its usual numbers. The Fitzwilliam, a mile and a quarter, as a matter of course, custom, or favour, started the festivities, with bringing an entry of only five: however all came up to the tribunal for trial; these five were—

Colwickrode by Scott.
TomboyJohnson.
The SaddlerJas. Robinson.
The MysteryE. Wright.
Alecto fillyThos. Lye.

After making a false go, they went well together, when Colwick set off as if he were in his tail, and ran away over the hill some four or five lengths ahead to the Red House corner: here Johnson crept up on Tomboy, and topped the boy's wild vagaries by soon after defeating him, and winning the race all the way home uncommonly easy—the others following in the rear, and disputing with each other for the best second-rate character, which was looked at the register office to the Alecto filly.—Colwick was the favorite at 6 to 4 on him, maybe from the great price Lord Chesterfield gave for him in the spring: however, it should be remembered that the *dearest things* are not always the best.

The important and interesting two-year-old race, the Champagne Stake, from the Red House Inn, followed, and drew out eleven sparkling young ones to decide who should stand the treat, and give the Club six dozen. These were as under:

Runnymede ... rode by John Holmes.
SummerhillP. Connolly.
ValiantW. Wheatley.
CotillonW. Scott.
Lord Kelburne's filly out
of EmiliaG. Nelsop.
Mr. Armitage's ch. c. out
of ShohornJ. Garbutt.
WyndhamT. Nicholson.
Warlabay BaylockR. Hesekine.
Major Yarbrough's b. f.
by Velocipede out of
Laurel's damThos. Robinson.

Duke of Leeds's colt out
of Mrs. RyeS. Templeman.
Mr. Powlett's br. c. by
Figaro or Lottery out
of Miss Fanny's dam, B. Wright.

Cotillon, from her former *neat footing*, was the favorite at 6 to 4 agst her; 4 to 1 agst Warlabay Baylock; 6 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's; 8 to 1 agst Valiant; and 10 to 1 agst Runnymede.—On presenting themselves at the start, they certainly behaved themselves very ill: but we must make allowances for their youth and inexperience. They had no fewer than five false goes, to the disappointment and vexation of several, in which Cotillon almost always danced out and went some way, and on getting off it was only in a slovenly manner. Warlabay Baylock took the lead, with Powlett's colt close on his haunches, and the Duke of Leeds's colt and some others hard by, Cotillon being in the rear. On coming up to the rails Cotillon came in front, but was soon closed out by Valiant, Runnymede, Warlabay Baylock, Mr. Powlett's colt, and the Duke of Leeds's colt, who all came in a line hard at work up to the distance. Scott here pulled his mare to the outside, came round his horses, defeated them, and finally won the rosy wine and golden prize by half a length cleverly—Mr. Powlett's running in second; Warlabay Baylock (though not placed) third; the Duke of Leeds's colt fourth; and Lord Kelburne's filly fifth.—Considering the many disappointments Cotillon sustained in the starts, and also in the race, added to her being a little amiss, it must be acknowledged that she is a prime good little mare; and if she be fortunate to keep her health, and come well to the post for the Oaks next year, the Epsom lads will find THE COTILLON as fashionable a dance in their country as she deservedly is far north among the Yorkshire boys at Doncaster.

The Four-year-old Produce Stake, four miles, next brought out Mr. Gascoigne's Tuberosa rode by Johnson, and Mr. Houldsworth's Trident rode by Darling. The latter, against whom the odds were 6 to 4, came up

to the scratch as well *lathered* as if he had come from *the wash tub*, and *fretting* like a *washerwoman* who had *got no tea*. He took the lead, made good running, and was never headed until coming home round the Red House turn, where Tuberose made a little impression, but it was of so slight a duration that Trident soon drew on her again, and went in a victor cleverly, *well ridden*.

The King's (God bless him!) Guineas, four miles, only tempted three to show:

Lady Elizabeth...rode by Thos. Robinson.
DavidS. Darling.
Butcher BoyG. Nelson.

At the start Butcher Boy went first to *out out* the work, but the mare was so furious at his slow pace, that Robinson could not restrain her, and therefore, after going a little more than a distance, he let her go in front, and away she went, made most tremendous severe running, was never after headed, and won cleverly from David, who went in second—Butcher Boy being above distanced. This Lady Bess is certainly a superior piece of stuff, this being the tenth prize she has carried away this year, beside travelling some hundreds of miles from place to place. It was the fastest run four-mile race that I have witnessed for some years.

Three matches, between Pick-pocket and Liverpool, Retainer and St. Giles (who had fallen amiss a few days before), and two Cocktails, proved, like many anticipated unions, *no go*; and thus ended the first *Canto* of our Sportive *Tome*.

TUESDAY presented a charming and delightful day, which no one could fail to enjoy, except perhaps those who had the misfortune to possess that worst of companions, a bad book, or whose sensitive feelings might be a little disturbed by the moments of anxiety which the day was destined to set at rest.

The first taste was the Two-year-old Produce Stake, from the Red House In; and if the thing had not

been immediately preceding the Great Event, the Stake brought in two competitors, a degree of interest which was certain of securing considerable notice. As it was, many no doubt possessed so great a bellyfull of speculation on the Leger, that satiety and distaste existed towards all other events until the *grand secret* was revealed. These two were

Cotillonrode by W. Scott.

ValparaisoS. Templeman.

These two had, as your readers will well remember, been out together before at the York Spring Meeting, and had run a pretty close race; and this gave the partisans of the horse an opportunity of satisfying themselves with a second edition. However, it did not prove so close a thing as before; for the mare at the Stand *danced out* and *out-danced* her partner, winning uncommonly easy by several lengths:—7 to 4 on the mare.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER.

Now the bell rung for saddling the St. LEGER HORSES, and in a short time the course presented a field of twenty, parading before the spectators on the Stand amid the busy tongues of hundreds who were hailing their appearance with transport and delight, while not a few were no doubt fluttering with painful anxiety and beating hearts for the disclosure of the decision in this glorious struggle. Prior to starting some little confusion took place in consequence of Robinson claiming Mr. Watt's Harlequin jacket of Nicholson (who had weighed by order of Mr. Watt for Belshazzar), and stating that he was ordered to ride the Great Belshazzar, and that Nicholson was to ride Tutor in his stead, thus the two exchanging horses. After the dressing of the two was completed, and Robinson had assumed the character of Harlequin, the celebrated hard-riding Squire interfered and insisted upon a second change—consequently the two again doffed their jackets, and shewed at the start in their original colours. Thus ended a very pretty little farce or

antemime, in which was wanting either *Harlequin*, *Pantaloon*, nor *lown* to attract the attention of the multitude. When all were drawn up the start, they presented the following list:—

Mr. Ellis's b. c. by Fi-
garo out Lady Fulford, W. Lear.
The Mole E. Wright.
Rockingham S. Darling.
Belshazzar Thos. Nicholson.
Deceiver (late Franken-
stein) W. Wheatley.
Revenge J. Chapple.
The Dancing Master ... Robert Johnson.
Anne J. Holmes.
Sister to Retainer George Nelson.
Lot S. Templeman.
Tesane P. Connolly.
Forester W. Arnall.
Jack Faucet Spring.
Mussulman W. Scott.
Tutor Jas. Robinson.
Muley Moloch John Day.
Major Yarburgh's br. c.
out of Laurel's dam ... Thos. Robinson.
Carnaby Job Marson, jun.
Connoisseur Henry Edwards.
Glaucus Thomas Lye.

At the time of starting Muley Moloch was the favorite at 3 to 1 agst him, and the others were esteemed at the following prices:—7 to 2 agst Belshazzar; 6 to 1 agst Mussulman; 6 to 1 agst Revenge; 8 to 1 agst Rockingham; 14 to 1 agst The Mole; 20 to 1 agst Anne; 20 to 1 agst Deceiver; 20 to 1 agst Jack Faucet; 25 to 1 agst Connoisseur; 25 to 1 agst Tutor; 40 to 1 agst Dancing Master; 50 to 1 agst Forester; and 100 to 1 agst Lot.

On gathering up at the post the anxiety of the riders and the impatience of the horses caused a false start, in which Connoisseur ran off first, followed by The Mole, Lot, and Dancing Master. However they did not go much above fifty yards, so that no disadvantage could result thereby. On collecting a second time, they got tolerably well off, The Mole going away with the lead for a very short distance, it being soon taken from him by Tesane, who as speedily resigned the front rank to the Great King Belshazzar. Nicholson now took up the running in earnest, though at a slow pace, Tesane, Muley Moloch, Lot, Dancing Master, The Mole, Revenge, Sister to Retainer, Forester,

Deceiver, and Glaucus being close in front; Jack Faucet, Anne, and some others in the middle; Rockingham and Mussulman (who got a bad start) being in the rear, and Major Yarburgh's colt (a roarer) and Mr. Ellis's colt being left last from the start by their inability to keep even this bad pace. Belshazzar kept up the play, if such it could be called, at this wretched pace over the hill, the whole, with the exception of Yarburgh's and Ellis's colt, being clustered together. At the Red House Corner, Revenge, Mussulman, Rockingham, and Muley Moloch came in front and looked prominent, but did not head Belshazzar. Tesane, Sister to Retainer, Deceiver, and Forester here declining, Belshazzar, still preserving the lead, went on to within the rails, where The Mole, Mussulman, Forester, Glaucus, and Carnaby went up in a line to Belshazzar, Rockingham being shut out behind the file which they formed; and round him was Anne, The Tutor, Revenge, and one or two others. On reaching the distance-post Scott challenged Belshazzar, and almost instantaneously defeated him, he stopping and giving over. The struggle for victory was now universal with the front horses, and their exertions producing an opening in the ranks, from some (on being called on) going forward and others stopping, gave Darling an opportunity of getting out; and immediately on Mussulman defeating Belshazzar he brought Rockingham forward, made his run, passed Mussulman without any contention, and won the race very cleverly by about a length, Mussulman running in second; Carnaby, his first appearance in public, though not placed, being third, and clear of the others; Belshazzar fourth; Glaucus fifth; and The Mole sixth—Connoisseur, Muley Moloch, Anne, and Revenge being together at their heels, and Deceiver the last in the race but two. It was undoubtedly the worst run Leger I ever witnessed, and took a great time in performing (3 min. and 40 sec.) It goes to tell, that, excepting the winner, the fleet are a lot

of WRETCHED BAD HORSES, for they shewed throughout the whole race nothing like tailing; and certain it is, when eighteen horses can be found to keep company the Leger distance, that talent and superiority, like the urchin Love from the abode of poverty, has fled away. However, in saying that they are all bad, it should be remarked that Belshazzar was undoubtedly amiss, had been fomented and poulticed three times a-day ever since he came to Doncaster, and was not up to the mark. Anne also looked like a *faded drooping flower*. Muley Moloch shewed thin, and was broke out in blotches in his coat: and truly his running in the race does not correspond with his former conduct, but the cause I leave for others to expound. But thus we see that the three best public runners in the race came out labouring under infirmities, *and want of condition*. Rockingham, the winner, was bred by Wm. Allen, Esq. of the Lodge, Malton, whose great good fortune in breeding superior horses can find but few parallels. This is the second winner of the Leger which has come from his stud farm, he having been the breeder of Rowton, as well as several others of running propensities; and more, his breeding establishment seldom, if ever to my knowledge, has exceeded four brood mares. Humphrey Clinker, the sire of Rockingham, bred by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, was the property of Mr. Allen, but was sold this year into Ireland; the dam of Rockingham unfortunately died this year, leaving a colt foal by Lottery. Rockingham and Mussulman came out for the race, with no other recommendation to patronage and countenance than the assertions of their respective parties, that "they could go a pace sufficiently fast to carry off so great a stake;" for their public running, which seldom indeed tells falsehoods, warranted the public in holding both cheap. The event, however, much to the credit of both Scotts and Shepherd*, has proved

that their assertions were not placed upon a slight foundation.

Mr. Watt's party, who should know best, still persist that Rockingham (who certainly won the race very easy, and very like a good horse) is the best horse of their two. Be this as it may, I do not remember to have ever seen a horse which was amiss run so true and good-hearted as Belshazzar: he must be a fair good horse. Many say, if permitted, he could have won, but "that I do deny;" for when Mussulman challenged him, he died like one who lacked condition. However, after Rockingham made his appearance, Nicholson pulled him, and did not persevere any further, and when pulled up he looked no worse.

Tomboy, rode by Johnson, next gave Lady Maud a stone for a Handicap Stake, and a pill by beating her in one mile several lengths.

Circassian, rode by Darling, then took away the Doncaster Stake, two miles, from Mr. Gascoigne's Isabel, winning uncommonly easy: and thus ended the second day.

WEDNESDAY.—Fine weather, and of course a thinner attendance than yesterday. The list brought us a too great portion of sport of an ordinary character.

The Selling Stake, St. Leger Course, presented six nags, whose owners it would imply cared not how soon they parted company. Algiers, rode by William Wright, took the lead, made severe running, and won cleverly.

The Foal Stake, a mile and a half, brought forth Deceiver (late Frankenstein), rode by W. Wheatley, and Despot, by S. Darling.—Deceiver made the running, and kept the front rank to the distance post; then Darling made a rush with Despot, passed him, and won very easy. There was no necessity to re-name Frankenstein Deceiver; I think his abilities are so bad that he never could possibly deceive any one.

* Mussulman was trained by Mr. Scott, and Rockingham by Mr. Richard Shepherd, both at Laughton Wold, near Malton.—ED.

The Four-year-old Stake, St. Leger Course, shewed up three *damaged* animals—Birdcatcher, rode by Darling, *with bellows to mend*; Physician, rode by Heseltine, *alas! in want of legs*, his own being worn out from excessive exertion; and now he will be forced to change occupations, and become a *patient*—'twere a pity, a cruelty to bring him out. The other was Julius, rode by S. Templeman, who, though looking well, was in want of everything that pertains to goodness. The Physician, with all his imperfections on his head, was the favorite at 6 to 5 on him. Julius made the running, at no pace at all, to the Red House turn, where the pace increased to good running. At the distance Physician cleverly defeated Julius; but at the Stand Birdcatcher passed him, and won cleverly by about a length—the poor Doctor not being able to get his cranky hind legs fast enough under him.

The Clarence Stake, two miles, brought forward Trustee, rode by John Day, and Pickpocket, by S. Darling. The latter made the running, in hopes of *picking up the Stake*, keeping the lead to the Stand. Here, however, John Day told *him they would scramble for it*; and, after a stout struggle and a pretty race, the Trustee got the *decree* to have the *monish*.

The Corporation Plate, two-mile heats, closed the day's sport, and was won by Mr. Watt's mare Nitocris (the trial mare to Rockingham and Belshazzar), rode by Nicholson, at three heats, the first being a dead one between her and Miss Wilfred, and she winning the two last easy.

THURSDAY presented one of the finest days ever witnessed, and drew together an immense multitude, exceeding considerably the assemblage on the Leger day. Indeed, the country lads and lassies always make the Cup-day their gala holiday, and the town in the morning was a scene of the busiest activity by the arrival of these rustic beaux and belles in their

several gigs, carts, and such-like vehicles.

The Gascoigne Stake, St. Leger Course, was the first *dish*—for which Belshazzar, rode by S. Darling, and Anne, by W. Scott, came to have a *taste*, Muley Moloch, Lot, and another having *no relish*. Belshazzar, *being the Boy at a feast*, was the favorite at 6 to 4 on him. Anne made running to the distance, when the two began to dispute, and after a very short argument Belshazzar defeated the mare cleverly by about three-quarters of a length.

We next had a second Leger, in the Two-year-old Stake, ONE MILE, no less than seventeen, as under, shewing up—

Mr. Ridsdale's filly out	
of Marchesa, rode by W. Wheatley.	
Forester	H. Edwards.
Major Yarburgh's filly,	
by Velocipede	John Day.
Emigrant (Mr. Houlds-	
worth's)	S. Darling.
Paris	James Chapple.
Duke of Leeds's br. c.	
out of Lady of the	
Vale	Thos. Shepherd.
Duke of Leeds's b. c. out	
of Mrs. Rye	Robert Johnson.
Valparaiso	S. Templeman.
Smedley Lely	John Dodgson.
Summerhill	P. Connolly.
Mellerstein	Thomas Lye.
Mr. Powlett's br. c. by	
Figaro, or Lottery, out	
of Miss Fanny's dam, E. Wright.	
Bubastes	T. Nicholson.
Warlabay Baylock	R. Heseltine.
Mr. Bell's br. c. by Bru-	
tandorf	Job Marson, jun.
Lord Kelburn's br. f. by	
Jerry	George Nelson.
Inheritor	James Garbutt.

These were estimated at the following prices:—2 to 1 against Bubastes; 3 to 1 against Powlett's colt; 5 to 1 agst Marchesa filly; 8 to 1 against Inheritor; 10 to 1 against Mellerstein; 15 to 1 against Yarburgh's filly; and 15 to 1 against Warlabay Baylock.—On gathering up at the start they made one false go, but on the second attempt a start was effected, though a very slovenly one, Emigrant being left some ten or twelve lengths, and never being able

to get up. The Mrs. Rye colt jumped off first, with Bubastes close at his side, the two leading to the Red House turn, where Major Yarrow's filly took the lead, Mr. Powlett's colt, Bubastes, Summerhill, Valparaiso, Mr. Bell's colt, and Warlabay Baylock being nearly in a line with her; and in this order the fleet sailed down to within the rails to the distance: here Bubastes shot out, followed by Warlabay Baylock and Mr. Powlett's colt: the latter, however, soon cried out "*enough!*" One of the most beautiful struggles ever witnessed then ensued with Bubastes and Warlabay, the two running head and head up to the post, where Warlabay was declared the victor by a head, and both clear of the lot. Marchesa ran in third, and Inheritor fourth. Warlabay is a very powerful animal, and, I think, likes a long distance much better than a short one; he will be a dangerous competitor next year: the York Derby, to all appearance, seems booked to his coffers.

The Three-year-old Stake, Leger Course, Boscobel, with 7 to 4 against him, carried away from Titus pretty cleverly, without shewing any disadvantage from his *impaired bellows*.

THE CUP.—This article presented an instance of the Stewards' wisdom (it being their gift) by providing the article in silver, and thus despising that worthless colouring "*the gilt*," which is, as I have before said and deprecated, "*a waste of money.*" The shape of the article, however, was certainly not very elegant. Eight made their appearance for the trinket, to which were added 50 sovs.:—these were,

Connoisseur, rode by.....	Sam Day, jun.
Jack Faucet	Thomas Lye.
Revenge.....	J. Chapple.
Consul	W. Scott.
Rockingham.....	T. Nicholson.
The Saddler	Jas. Robinson.
Sister to Retainer	J. Cartwright.
Anne.....	W. Wright.

Rockingham was the favorite at 6 to 5 against him; 5 to 2 against Consul; 10 to 1 against Revenge; and 12 to 1 each against Saddler and Con-

noisseur. Anne at starting set off, and made running at a fair pace to over the hill, where Scott took up the work, coming away with Consul to the distance at a severe pace. Here Revenge and Rockingham came up and defeated him; the latter running straight home, winning uncommonly easy, and proving indisputably his claim to the character of a first-rate superior animal, which every unprejudiced man must in justice allow him to be. Indeed, after the race, he was scarcely the worse for it, and there is no question now but he is the best horse of Mr. Watt's two. Revenge went in second, Consul third, and Saddler fourth.

Thus ended the day's sport.

FRIDAY, a fine day, and the thinnest attendance I ever witnessed.

The Scarbrough Stake, one mile, was carried away without almost the trouble of galloping, by the celebrated Mussulman, rode by Scott, defeating by several lengths The Mole and Lot, whose *lot was far behind*.

The Mystery, rode by E. Wright, as easily carried off the Filly Stake, Leger Course, beating Tesane, who ran in second, Katinka, and Constance, with *lots of tailing*.

Consul next walked four miles, for the small sum of Fifty—and small as it is, who would not be glad to walk that distance for half that sum?

The usual tail-piece, the Hundred Pound Plate, two-mile heats, then wound up the whole, being carried away easily by Mr. Robinson's Carnaby, rode by Job Marson, beating at two heats David, Slinker, Allegro, and the Alecto filly.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Doncaster, Sept. 24, 1833.

BETTING AT DONCASTER ON THE ST. LEGER 1834.

12 to 1 agst	Bubastes.
12 to 1 agst	Warlabay Baylock.
16 to 1 agst	Emigrant (taken).
20 to 1 agst	Mr. Powlett's colt.
25 to 1 agst	Dellrium (taken).

THE PLEASANTEST MONTH IN THE YEAR.

BY A QUARTOGENARIAN.

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" Now sober Autumn, with lack lustre eye,  
Shakes by its warning breeze the yellow leaf :  
Now from his sedgy haunts the Troller lures  
The tyrant of the pool ; and the fleet greyhound strains  
Hard on the slip—while in the glades  
The woodman marks the early Shooter's foot.  
Hark ! to the chiding hound the mellow horn  
Echoes responsive : the gallant steed  
Shakes with resounding hoof the well-shorn field,  
What while his jocund rider cheers  
The chiming pack ; and in October's gale  
Exulting hails the hardy Huntsman's Spring !"

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SIR,

WHILE October is to most the fall of the year, and consequently, by its sear and yellow leaf, the emblem of "that complexion to which we must all come at last"—thus carrying with it, more particularly to the contemplative, the sedentary, or the valetudinarian, associations of decay and gloom, and the dread of their common enemy, "winter and bad weather"—it conveys to the Sportsman, more particularly the Hunting and Coursing one, inspirations of their season of delight, a resuscitation of their exciting and pleasurable existence, after having, as it were, *dormoused* it through the summer solstice. Even to the votaries of the Trigger or the Angle it is pregnant with attraction ; for shooting is now absolutely at its maximum, and pike and perch fishing *are* what trouting *was* in May, alas ! before our all-searching Senators chose to make *one* law for *all* waters ; that is, enforced an Act for regulating the time in which salmon is to be fished for, without considering, or rather hearkening to those who knew it, that in such parti-

culars most rivers vary.—So *was* salmon fishing in this our district of Scotland ; but *now*, in this once glorious month, we have to deplore the loss of a spirit-stirring recreation. The object these learned Thebans had in view in this Algerine Act—for so it is in some of its provisions—was the increase of fish ; but, whether accidentally or not I cannot take upon myself to determine, most certain it is that they have decreased in the waters of the Tay and Earn ever since.

No month differs more in itself than does this. Sometimes it is cold and wet ; but when it is "frosty yet kindly," it is in all respects, at least *ingenio meo*, the pleasantest month of the year. The teeming earth has surrendered her precious burthen to the glad hand of the husbandman, who can now pause, and survey the crowning of his toil in the blessed assurance of plenty, leaving an arena for field sports at once ample and harmless. Everything harmonises with feelings of sports and contentment. The atmosphere is genially balanced, and compounded of the best

essences of summer and winter—cordial but not oppressive, bracing though not chilly. But no one can experience what October is capable of in this way, who has not spent one in the southern part of the United States. It is there most aptly denominated the Indian Summer, and generally might realise to the most poetical imagination its illusions of the empyreal ether of the Golden Age. With us there is no month which presents to the general sportsman, or to all descriptions of sportsmen generally, such attractions.

In the first place we will take the Angler; and in that particular branch of his art—and a most interesting and exciting one it is—fishing for pike, or, as it is technically called, trolling, October affords the pick and prime of the whole year: and this applies equally to perch. These two species spawn in the spring of the year, and consequently at the commencement of the season are totally unfit for sport or food; and though they may legitimately be fished for all through the summer, they are never as well mended, or in such condition for both purposes, as now, having received all the benefit of the summer's food. The weather now, moreover, is peculiarly favorable to this sport, a dark windy day being one which never fails to ensure it, and such are of frequent occurrence. Next to salmon and trout fishing, certainly this sport is to be classed: some of its ardent votaries—and many it has—will give it the lead; and, although that can only well proceed from not having the means of enjoying the first in perfection, let it pass—I quarrel with no man's hobby. There is no doubt that in waters where

pike abound, and before they are in full condition, any person who throws in a live bait any how may take them; but trolling is an art, and one which has its peculiarities as well as others: to throw a good line, that is, acquire the habit of pitching the bait neatly to a long distance *over* and *under* hand, is one of the principal. But before I try to describe that, there is something to be premised. The rod commonly in use for this sport is a cane one, and consequently without any spring: I learnt, however, differently, and I think better, for very obvious reasons—a rod which is quite stiff, as a cane one is, can neither throw a line, even with the weight of a common bait, as far nor as truly as one which has a moderate spring: though it may do for canals or small preserved waters, on a great scale it would be nearly useless, unless by adopting a method which I shall afterwards point out, but which is by no means *secundem artem*, and not to be practised by a real craftsman. The rod then may be made of the same materials as a two-handed trout or half salmon rod, but, unlike it, must not take its spring up all the way from the hand, but derive it about three-parts up, so that the weight of a common bait may cause it to act. The line is the same as for salmon, on a reel, and the rod must be similarly ringed. The manner of throwing *over*-hand is the same as that used in commonly casting a trout line, the direction being given from over the right shoulder. The *under*-hand—which beats some people, however anxious and persevering, to acquire—is done by holding the hands beyond the right hip, the top or point of the rod being obliquely

out from the left shoulder. In both cases a quantity of line sufficient to reach the spot you mean to touch with your bait must be pulled off the reel, and left loose and free between it and the first ring. The action in this last or under-hand throw is precisely, with the right hand, which grasps the rod *below* the reel, the same as in *jerking* a stone, while the left, above the reel, is simultaneously pitched up, until it reaches, at its *full stretch*, about the height of the chin, obliquely to the left. In each throw, besides seeing that you have line enough loose and free as above desired, the bait must be drawn up until you have no more line out *beyond* the top of the rod than will reach to that part where I have described the spring of a trolling one should take place, as by this arrangement you command the whole powers of rod and line. There is no method by which a bait can be thrown so far as this last: it is much neater in appearance than the *over-hand*, makes less noise, is not so hurtful to the bait, which can be delivered to any spot with the greatest nicety, and this of no small consequence among strong weeds. In taking aim, if I may so term it, on any particular spot, never take your eye off it (as in shooting); the hands will obey it, and your bait will be delivered to an inch.

My instructor in trolling was no mean one, certainly as good a general sportsman as we ever had, very few as good—the Hon. Martin Hawke. He was a capital troller, and the keenest fisher generally I ever knew; indeed there were few things he was not awake to. I recollect he told

me concerning this under-hand throw, that his old friend, and subsequent antagonist, Harry Mellish (they fought a duel, in which Mellish was winged), never could acquire it, to his great annoyance. Of Hawke's command of the pistol it is impossible to give an adequate idea; I have seen him do such *incredible* things with it that I shall forbear detailing them: I am perfectly confident in this respect—he scarcely ever had his equal. His nerve was commensurate to his skill, and his courage of the highest order. The only other encounter he had then been engaged in—for it is many long years since I had the pleasure of profiting by his skill and experience—was with Baron Smieten (I perhaps do not spell the latter name right) near Brussels. While they were measuring out the ground, &c. Hawke (who was a good draughtsman and poet) was amusing himself drawing a mail-coach, &c. with his stick on the bank of a sandy ditch. When his second (a Guardsman, who told me the circumstance) came up, he was in the act of making the dragsman's whip. To the words "all's ready," he replied, "Just let me put the lash to this fellow's whip." Having touched off this, he instantly proceeded to touch up his antagonist, mentioning, "that as he had put him to so much trouble (they fought over the frontiers) he must give him a touch, but would content himself with spoiling his waltzing for a little;" naming where and how he would operate—and this he did *instantly* to a hair's breadth.

Being a general sportsman, he was very fond of this month I am attempting to treat of; and I re-

collect his telling me of a general day's sport he put in force one time when staying at his father-in-law's, near the banks of the Tweed. He got up very early in the morning, and had some very good sport shooting before breakfast; was out, and had a good run with the Mellerstein foxhounds; returned (having all in readiness) to see an excellent course on his way to the Tweed, where he wound up the day by killing two salmon. I can fearlessly state this, as he is still carrying on the game as Master of a pack of boar and wolf hounds in the South of France. He was a singularly-gifted individual, for there was nothing which a Gentleman or a Sportsman should know which he had not at his fingers' ends; and I was well pleased to learn from a person not long since in his company that he was still in force.

The best baits for pike are the parr or brandling, gudgeon, roach, and dace; perch, with the back fin cut off, will do: the first is the best. Of the rapacity of the pike we have so many instances, that I should not detail one, were it not accompanied by such a singular instance of sagacity on the part of those who were assailed that I do think it may interest some of your readers.

At Abercairney, the splendid residence and estate of a well-known sportsman, James Moray, Esq., about four miles hence, there are two sheets of water stored with heavy pike. On some islands in these various aquatic birds breed, and some swans were also put upon them; and although it was evident that they brought out their young, they disappeared constantly. The keeper accord-

ingly watched, and was not long before he saw a young bald-coot disappear between the voracious jaws of a fresh-water shark. The fate of the cygnets was now evident, and various ways tried, with no great success, to prevent their destruction. The season before this present one, a brood came out, and were thinned daily, all but one. Being near the water one evening the keeper thought he would see if it was gone likewise, when to his great surprise he observed the parent bird out in the lake, with the remaining young one perched on her back between her wings, and this she continued, taking it ashore to feed about the banks, until it was reared. Being a very intelligent person, it was his opinion that the parent bird had narrowly escaped herself when young. Be that as it may, it is not an everyday occurrence, or an incurious fact to the sportsman or naturalist.

Before dismissing the subject of trolling, it may be said, that if it should occur to any one to be in the way of a day's sport, where he could only obtain a stiff or cane rod, the best method to *throw any distance* is this: lay the thick end of the rod on the ground, having your line loose and free as directed, holding the top in your left hand about as high as your hip, and a yard from the end (your left hand must not interfere with the line); take the latter about two feet above the bait, and whirling it round two or three times to give it an impetus, jerk it from you, as you would a stone, to the desired spot; but this is not good practice, and, as Hawke used to say, is by no means *classic*. Perch

run well in this month, and are best fished for with a minnow—the tackle and method the same as for trout.

There is nothing which requires *more*, and generally gets *less* care than the principal or reel line used in fly-fishing or trolling; the great quantity of it which is used being generally rolled up on the reel in its wet state, to rot, more or less as may happen. I have often vainly taxed my brains to consider what, if any, material could be found not liable to this heavy objection, which is frequently a source of loss to the oldest hands. The only obviative is to roll out the wet part in separate coils on a book or piece of wood when you reach home. I perceive, however, that about two months back, Mr. Brockedon delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution on the properties and present uses of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, and mentioned that at the manufactory of that article belonging to Messrs. Cornish and Co. of Holloway, it was cut by machinery into threads not much coarser than sewing-thread, and that even a thread of rotten rubber being dipped in a certain solution became *perfectly strong*. Now if it only be *as strong* as sewing-thread, here is a perfectly waterproof and elastic substance, out of which the most perfect fishing lines might be manufactured. At the distance of 450 miles, I am precluded making any inquiry myself, which I certainly otherwise would do of Messrs. Cornish and Co., whose kindness and urbanity Mr. Brockedon acknowledged in his lecture: but if any

brother of the angle in London, who may read this, would do so (as nothing is impossible to British ingenuity and perseverance), the thing perhaps might be brought into play. Of course it *may* have insuperable objections, of which I cannot be aware—whole fishing lines have been made of it. Should any Piscator act on the hint, may I humbly, though earnestly, request him to let me, through your pleasant medium, know the results or probabilities.

Coursing is a sport I could never acquire a relish for; of it, or the long dogs, I know little or nothing. It is, however, to be followed in this month, and will afford good practice to a young horse or hunter previous to his regular work. This much, however, I will take upon myself to say, that few people who keep greyhounds on a small scale do them justice; they are generally too much confined. No opportunity should be omitted—even a servant going on an errand—of keeping them in motion. The most rational advice I recollect seeing for their management was in *Lascelles's Letters*; and one of the most celebrated coursers in North Britain, the public running of whose dogs evinces the best proof of the pudding, manages them precisely by this system*.

There is no month of the whole season, take it all in all, which can hold a candle to this for Shooting. A fine day on the hills is now worth a Jew's-eye: grouse are now very strong, and consequently more difficult to kill, but they will frequently lie in a fine day yet, and I know nothing more exhilarating than the pursuit. It

* If more attention was paid to the food, or rather the *cooking* of it, of all confined dogs (of course I except regular fox-hounds), it would greatly benefit the owners. I shall speak of this hereafter.

is also frequently interspersed with black game, as the latter are now congregating previous to their winter visits to the low grounds. One good dog should only be used for this, as, although the birds will lie sufficiently, the sportsman must get up to his point at once. When two or more good dogs are at work, they will frequently be standing at the same time at different birds. At this period the latter, being strong, would be off at the first alarm, and, as they now take immense flights, might go off the bounds altogether.

Partridge shooting is now at its very best; they are getting to their full growth and plumage, and afford in most days the fairest shots—not lying under your feet to be trod up, as in September; or springing two shots or more away, as in the next month. They are now for the most part as well feathered as the old ones, from which (as all know) they are distinguishable by their yellow feet. Another distinction not so generally known is, the first feather in the wing, which in the young bird is sharp at the point; in the older ones it is round at the end. In this part of the kingdom, where such great breadths of potatoes are planted, the goodness of the shooting is thereby greatly accelerated, as there is no haunt these birds like equal to it, and the stalks becoming withered afford sufficient covert, while they give the dogs room to work and find—a very difficult matter, sometimes impossible, in September, when the stalks are in full bloom, and where trying for a single bird may not inaptly be compared to the old story of a needle in a bundle of hay. In

whatever country, then, a young sportsman may be shooting, and where there may be a field or fields of potatoes, let him beat round, and in nine cases in ten every bird will go into them: if he has two dogs, let him take up one, and be sure he gives the other the wind as much as possible in working through the potatoes.

Pheasants are more peculiarly the game of this month; and in the beginning of it particularly it will be well to be out early—exactly the reverse of partridge shooting, for which ten o'clock is quite time enough. In the latter end of the month it is not so necessary, as these birds then begin to ramble, and spread over fields and hedge-rows in search of berries, particularly the black-berry, of which they are inordinately fond. Any one shooting in an unpreserved country may sometimes now fall in with one here and there; and when such perceives a likely bramble brake, he should keep a good look-out, as he will frequently be repaid for his trouble.

I know few things pleasanter than a good day's ramble over a country where your bounds are tolerably extensive and the game varied—and such in this month is to be enjoyed in all its glory: and there are a great many lounges considerably less pleasant than an hour's rest in the middle of an October day, when disencumbering yourself of your trappings, and putting the guns carefully out of reach, you stretch your toil-strung sinews along some sunny woodland bank, and crack nuts and nonsense with a pal of the right sort.

Nothing steadies a young horse

more than taking him out shooting, besides the practice he will get in fencing: of course it is to be presumed he is in steady hands: he will learn by it more than anything else that most difficult acquirement to all young animals, biped and quadruped, the art of standing still, while he will run no danger of violent alternations of heat and cold. It is much practised in Ireland, where certainly their hunters are *trained*, as they term it, with much more care than in this part of the kingdom—I mean Britain, South or North. Indeed the pitch they carry this to is not well to be conceived by one who has not seen it, especially in what is called turning and standing—which is, turning a horse over some of their break-neck banks and walls, and trusting to his standing still on the other side until you get over yourself. This they accomplish by commencing early, turning the animal first into a good grass field, where he is naturally anxious to graze, and perfect them by constant attention and practice; so much so, that you will not see a field of thistle-whippers there where there are not half-a-dozen horses dead trained to it.

Hare-hunting is now to be enjoyed, but to the general sportsman is more looked to as a medium for getting his horse into condition for fox-hounds; and this is the best month for so doing, as, from the medium temperature of the weather, there is less apprehension of those chills which a horse in high keeping runs the risk of at this sport: and how a fox-hunting horse is to be kept right, if not warm in the house, or more pro-

perly stable, I am yet to learn; and I judge from my own feelings. No person is more exposed to weather and wet than I am in this very severe climate (for it is so in winter), in some seasons more resembling the climate of Canada than anything else; and I know that I can never on my return home make or keep myself too warm, either before or after going to rest; by which means, however, I escape in a great measure cold and stiffness: yet I never perceive that this indulgence indisposes me in the slightest to face any cold; and in duck-shooting here very constant and severe snow showers must be encountered. I therefore can see no reason why it *must* not be the same with a horse, and that the best preventive from the effects of cold, and restorative from stiffness, to a fox-hunting horse, is warmth and good clothing. Indeed I am also assured of it from experience, having been a keen and constant fox-hunter for twelve years and more: but as for the last ten I have had little to do with it, I will leave such matters to those who, having kept pace with the times, are better qualified.

On one point, however, which is more peculiarly the fox-hunter's province in this month, Cub-hunting, I shall take the liberty of a word or two, as I have perceived it has been a matter of difference of opinion between some of your Correspondents—some insisting that it should always be attended to; others, that it is so much more honored in the breach than the observance, that it is hardly sportsmanlike. With Sir Roger de Coverley, I must say, “much

may be said on both sides ;" for if the country be fully stocked, and you do not practise cub-hunting, you will have a parcel of dodging, faint-hearted varmint, only fit to be mobbed ; and on the other hand, if your country be scarce, and you try it on to any extent too early, you will ensure to yourself a repetition of blank days in the end of the season.

Thus then in this to the Sportsman "the pleasantest month in the year," every man, no matter what be his notion, can bestride his hobby, and follow up his sport ; and in this same month, according to a most deservedly

eminent writer, the crowning glory, which I never yet saw a sportsman of any kind who did not equally admire and reciprocate in, is in its climax. For, says Colonel Hawker, "the evenings begin to close, and the sportsman then enjoys his party and his fire-side, after a day's sport of sufficient duration to brace his nerves, and make all things agreeable : " which happy and hearty consummation, in all its cheerful and glorious harmony, I sincerely wish to every good fellow, be his fancy what it may, to *all* and *each*.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

September 10, 1833.

PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND CORNWALL RACES.

SIR,

IN 1825 Lord James Fitzroy, Col. Bacon, and some other Officers of the Garrison of Plymouth, amused themselves by running their horses in a small triangular field near Saltram Lodge, about three miles from Plymouth. In 1826 these races were repeated, with the additional amusements of the *mats de cocagne* — men running blindfolded with wheel-barrows, and in sacks, and other diversions of a similar description.

In the autumn of 1827 the magnificent bridge over the estuary of Lary was completed. This brought the plain of Chelson within a mile and a quarter of Plymouth. This plain so situated, consisting of about two hundred acres, three sides being surrounded with wood, was considered as being admirably adapted to a race-course, and accordingly upon the motion of Lord Morley, to whom the land belonged, and

other neighbouring Gentlemen, the plan for the establishment of races was forthwith organised. The scheme, anticipating the ample means which have since been produced, was laid on a broad foundation:—fifty subs. to the 25l. Saltram Stakes were forthcoming ; a 50l. Plate from the Ladies ; a 50l. Plate from the Officers of the United Service at Plymouth ; 100l. Plate from Plymouth ; 100l. Plate from Devonport ; and a Gold Cup value 100gs. was promised by His Majesty. Three days were allotted to the races ; and accordingly the 5th, 6th, and 7th of August 1828 first saw a plain, over which twenty years before the sea had floated, attended by many excellent race-horses, and covered with countless numbers of carriages of all descriptions, horses, and people.

In the Spring of 1829 the Grand Stand was built ; and in 1830 His Royal Highness the

Duke of Sussex, as Lord High Steward of Plymouth, graciously gave a Plate of 50l. These two, and the following years, the races were eminently successful. In the last year the prevalence of Cholera at Plymouth prevented a full attendance; but in the present year, the success both as to number and excellence of horses, admirable running, and general attendance, have surpassed all preceding meetings. The recollections of the old jockeys were gratified by witnessing the classic stalls at Saltram Stables (which during the meeting are always given up to the race-horses), where formerly were seen Prophet, Saltram, Anvil, &c., this year occupied by Red Rover, Firman, Lady

Elizabeth, and other horses of equal rate.

The Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses in Devonshire and Cornwall, and of which His Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow himself to be nominated Patron, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex Vice-Patron, and of which the Dukes of Somerset, Bedford, and Northumberland, and all the principal Nobility and Gentry of the two counties, are members, at an annual subscription of one sovereign, is highly beneficial to these races, and fix them upon a footing far exceeding any which exist, or which ever existed, in the western part of England.

August 28, 1833.

CHRONICLES OF CRICKET.

(Concluded from our last Number, p. 339.)

SIR,

I Now proceed, as promised, to give a slight sketch of some of the principal *Players* of the last twelve years.

THOMAS BRAGLEY, a Hampshire man, and either a bricklayer or carpenter by trade, was a few years back considered the best, and, though perhaps a little gone off, is still certainly one of the best hitters in England. At first sight his figure and appearance (which may be compared to those of the great Lexicographer, Samuel Johnson) do not strike the beholder as calculated to fit him for a cricketer. Though considerably above the middle size, he loses much of his height by stooping; his frame, though robust in the extreme, is clumsy, and perhaps too bulky, and yet his immense hands and feet ap-

pear of sufficient amplitude for a still larger body. His gait and gestures are also clownish to a great degree; yet he is more active than he appears to be, and what he wants in agility he supplies by length, strength, and unwearied attention. As long-stop he is perhaps at present unrivalled, and rarely is a ball seen to pass him; for should it escape the clutch of his broad hands, he opposes to it an impassable barrier—his massive Ajax-like body. As a thrower he also excels. He may be considered a safe wicket; for should he be out easy in the first innings, he seldom fails to make up for it in the second. He is a very hard straight-forward hitter, and gives the long-fields much trouble; and though much given on occasion to play back

within an inch or two of his wicket, rarely commits suicide. He is remarkable too for propelling the *balls along the ground*; yet (to shew the uncertainty of cricket, and the ease with which a casual spectator may be deceived in the qualities of a player) the first time I saw him play, several balls flew up perpendicularly many yards above his head from his bat, as from that of the merest tyro. He is a remarkably honest, good-tempered, civil, and unassuming man, and has nothing un-English about him, barring (as I am told) a French wife.

WILLIAM SEARLE, who keeps (or did keep) an inn at Godalming, is very good in the field, and still better with the bat. He is a left-handed man, and sometimes called, *par excellence*, the "safe wicket." In fact, he is one of the most troublesome customers to dispose of that ever exhausted the patience and spirits of a bowler, almost always getting a fair allowance of runs, but seldom a *very long* hands. As a cricketer he may be said to be what the late Ned Turner was as a pugilist. His coolness is one of his most striking characteristics, and he is not particular as to the style of the adverse bowling; yet he does not, generally speaking, increase the score very fast. His hitting has neither the brilliancy of Saunders nor the power of Brown, but few men are more to be depended upon in adverse circumstances; and though he does not appear very young, I think his hitting has improved within the last five years. I have seen him bowl, but he does not excel in this branch of the game. He is rather tall than otherwise, and of moderate bulk.

One of the most successful bowlers I have seen (if success is to be estimated by the number of wickets lowered—there were harder men to hit) was JOHN SPARKS, a native, I rather think, of Surrey, but he has played for half a dozen counties at least. He was a straight bowler at a moderate pace (perhaps about equal to Lillywhite), and might be known a mile off by his peculiar mode of delivering the ball, which was accompanied by a kind of pirouette difficult to describe. He was (I use the past tense because I have not seen him play for some time) a hard slashing hitter, though not a very safe bat, and one of the best fieldsmen I have ever seen, generally stationed, I think, near the wicket. His age, if I am not misinformed (though his appearance a few years ago leads me to doubt it), is not far off sixty. He is about the middle height, of a very bony muscular make, and was formerly an excellent leaper. His countenance would seem to indicate a Caledonian descent.

Another of the best bowlers of modern times, WILLIAM ASHBY, was either a Kentish man or a man of Kent, and a carpenter by trade. He was rather a slow bowler, and his style of delivery approached a throw, his hand appearing not much below the elbow at the moment of parting with the ball. He was never considered worth many runs, yet I have seen him occasionally make a fine hit. It is a common remark in cricket matches, that when the best hitters fail, the worst often play better than usual, and this was sometimes the case with Ashby. He is about the size of Searle, rather taller.

On the merits of a countryman

of his, from Gravesend or Chatham, JAMES JORDAN, much difference of opinion has existed. During one season (the first of his appearance at Lord's) he shone like a comet; since which he has been generally unsuccessful, and for some years has never played at Lord's, nor in most of the principal matches in his own county. A few never thought very highly of his play from the first, and they gave him the surname of "the puddler." The multitude, ever ignorant, capricious, and ungrateful, whether a Cricketer, a Statesman, or a General be concerned, forgot, in his ill success, the applause they had previously lavished on him. Some, too, there were, from whose minds his reverses in 1824 did not banish his success in 1822, and I confess myself one of this number. In the last-named year, he averaged 45 runs at least whenever he went in, and most of these were got by threes and fours: he fielded excellently (and in this department I think I never saw him fail), putting a brief period on one occasion to the brilliant career of Mr. Budd by (as I was informed) an extraordinary catch. In three matches at Lord's (independent of others in Kent) his hitting was pre-eminent; and one of them—the B match*—was rendered one of the most interesting I ever saw, chiefly owing to his exertions. In his second innings in this match he scored 94 runs off his own bat, or rather bats, for he broke one or two in his

day's work, and occasioned some amusement by calling loudly for "the heaviest," on a choice of new ones being offered him—for he was a little fellow, scarcely bigger (if at all) than Lillywhite; but appeared very strong, was a very hard hitter, and one of the fastest runners I ever saw play cricket, too much so for most of his partners, whom he was rather given to run out. Now the question is—Could an ordinary player, however favored by Fortune, have done what I have described? I own I think not. I allow that his play altogether was rather wild; that his opponents became accustomed to it; and that to this, as well as to the influence of the fickle Goddess, his subsequent failures were partly owing. But it should be remembered, that if he was an easy man to catch or stump out, he was, even to the last, as hard to be disposed of by bowling: and in the four principal matches in which he was engaged in 1822, he went in seven times, and was bowled out only once. Spectators in general liked to see him in, because, though his style of playing was neither so elegant nor so safe as that of many others, he was a lively mischievous hitter, one of the Nelson and Napier sort, who would either "do or die," instead of keeping up the blocking system for an hour or two together—a practice which I suspect is seldom after all of much real utility. Like Mahomet and the mountain, if the balls did not come to him (quick enough), he

* Independent of Jordan's play, this match was a singular one, and remarkable for the various turns of fortune. In the first innings of England the circumstance of eleven men, most of them first-rate, and all above mediocrity, being out for sixty-five runs, was in itself somewhat unusual at the time on that ground. On the same party going in again, the second and third men—Mr. Ward and another gentleman of great promise—were bowled out within a very few balls of each other, neither getting a run: and on the B.'s being put in for 32 runs only, three of their best men, who had scored between them in the previous innings 98, were out almost immediately, getting only 2.

would go in to meet them; and though this daring style of play was not always successful, on some occasions it was eminently so. I have heard it hinted that (independent of any defects in his play) his manner was not liked by some of the aristocratic patrons of the sport. This may be true; but I never myself observed him guilty of any incivility; and if his temper was not particularly pliant, it should be remembered he was one of a race who from time immemorial have been accustomed to "make no submission."

As one of the best left-handed bowlers of late years, may be mentioned HENRY BATES, who lived, and perhaps lives, at Woolwich—a very tall and bulky man, whose general appearance resembled that of the character of *Wilkin Plammack* in Scott's "Tales of the Crusaders." In vancing to deliver the ball he used to remind me of the moving towers used in ancient Roman warfare. He was a good and *orthodox* bowler, though not perhaps one of the *very* first-rate—the pace moderate. He was a powerful man, and hit accordingly, but as a batsman by no means to be depended on.

WILLIAM HOOKER, a Sussex man (from the western part of the county, I believe), may be classed as one of the best hitters of his time; indeed it may be said of him in this respect, that

"E'en his failings lean to virtue's side," as, perhaps, his principal defect arises from covering his balls too much. As may be supposed, he is not very frequently caught out, nor is he very easily bowled. He is a good field, and I have seen him keep the wicket very fairly. He appears wide awake

in a match, and very fond of the game: occasionally indeed his zeal has rather outrun his discretion. He appears barely of the middle height, but of a stout and compact make.

The same county includes amongst its hardest hitters and best fields JAMES BAKER, a very powerful man, about five feet eleven inches in height, and, though remarkably stout, very active. Though he got runs fast he was not a very safe player. I have heard it said that he resembled Big Ben, the pugilist, in person.

One of the very best general players living is WILLIAM CALDECOURT, a market gardener, and a Middlesex man, by residence at least. He has been from boyhood upwards one of the principal bowlers in constant attendance on the Marylebone Club, who constitute what is termed "the ground." As a hitter he is both steady and efficient, often getting a very long hands. As a fieldman, though not apparently so active as some other men, he is "watchful and wary," and seldom misses a catch; and as a bowler he is also far above mediocrity. He is a well-made man, about the size of Hooker, or perhaps rather taller. In civility and good behaviour he appears to yield to none of his compeers.

Another of the Marylebone ground, who resides there, and supplies bats and the other *material* of the sport, is JAMES DARE, another excellent performer at all points of the game—a cricketer of all work, who can bowl and keep the wicket well, and whose hitting and fielding are of the first description. Notwithstanding his various merits, however, he does

not often play. As a batsman he is a mischievous performer, hitting all over the ground; superior in style and activity to Caldecourt, but not so steady. He is about thirty-seven years of age, of a somewhat pugnacious aspect, and apparently of a rather irascible temper, but a good fellow nevertheless. In make he is rather short, but broad-shouldered and sturdy.

EDW. TWAITES, or THWAITES, was considered to play much in Jordan's style, but was never equal to what the latter was at his best; nor had he the same run of ill-fortune. He was also rather like Jordan in figure; not much taller; in which respect he differed from the generality of his race—the Hastings fishermen—who are usually a very fine grown set.

RICHARD MILLS is another excellent player, about equal to Hooker as a hitter, but a more valuable man altogether, being also a very good bowler. He is a left-handed man, and has frequently played with great success both in his own county and elsewhere. He is about the size of Searle, but a much younger man.

If called upon to name the best man (as a general player) that has made his first appearance at Lord's during the last five years, I should select EDWARD GOWER WENMAN (the right-handed player). There is no department of the game in which he is not far above mediocrity: he is as good a man to back for runs as Searle, and gets them faster: he is one of the best wicket-keepers we have; and in bowling and general fielding he is excelled by few. In running, he gets over the ground like a

hare, and apparently with little exertion; never appears distressed; has much of the ease and *nonchalance* of Saunders in hitting; and appears to possess a temper not easily to be ruffled. He is tall, not bulky, but apparently large-boned and sinewy, and appears young enough to become even better than he is.

GEORGE WENMAN, cousin to the last, is a left-handed man, but is altogether much inferior to him: indeed it is only as batsmen that a comparison can be instituted between them, and in this respect the right-handed man has the best of it. The very small size of George is against him, he being, I think, even shorter than Lillywhite, and of a much slighter make. He is however a neat and scientific player, and a very good man to send in first.

GEORGE, the son of old Andrew FREEMANTLE, is one of the best men Hampshire can at present produce, although he is not exactly a man likely to be selected as such by his looks from a crowd. His appearance altogether is singular: he has a melancholy sallow countenance, with long hair of a dingy yellowish hue; and, though rather above the middle size, long-armed, and of a bony though spare frame; his shoulders are round and high, and his movements the reverse from free or graceful. He is anything (to use a military phrase) but well set up, but "rum ones to look at, devils to go;" and I have seen him get a good share of runs, and quickly. He is very long-reached for his height, and is a slashing hitter (left-handed), but wild, sky-larking, and unsteady. He has, however, distinguished himself at single-wicket, and

some time ago had pluck enough to challenge Broadbridge, but I believe they never met; and I cannot believe that anything but mere accident could enable him to vanquish the renowned 'Jem' in a single game.

Without being swayed by the opinions of such of his countrymen (Yorkshiremen) and others, who would give to THOMAS MARSDEN the title of first cricketer (or anything like the first) in England, I am yet willing to acknowledge that his merits are of a very high description, and he may be considered the undisputed Champion of the North. Like the last man I have noticed, and many other renowned artists, he is left-handed: not a hitter of the highest science or finish, but with ordinary bowling a most dangerous customer, and for sheer force of hitting is perhaps excelled by none. He is and ought to be a very strong man: for besides coming of a race, amongst whom "the raw material" (as the Yankees say) for athletic sports is to be found in perfection, his previous occupation, that of a sailor, must have contributed to strengthen his muscles. Accordingly, though scarcely reaching the middle height, he is of a very robust make. He is a good (not a first-rate) bowler, and a better fieldsmen, and can keep the wicket well; and in whatever situation he may be placed, his indefatigable vigour, his zeal, animation, and quickness of sight are conspicuous. Though his principal fault as a player seems to consist in too much impetuosity (in fact he rather resembles

Jordan in some parts of his play, and, like him, is too fond of running in, to be very safe), he yet appears a good-tempered man, neither is he easily discouraged by reverses. But the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* was doubly in error when, a few years ago, noticing the inferiority of amateurs to professors of various arts and sciences, he instances Lord F. Beauclerk as the first of gentlemen cricketers, but far inferior to the Marsdens*. Now I believe it is the opinion of those best competent to judge, that His Lordship in his day was, "take him for all in all," inferior to very few, if any, of the most accomplished players that ever existed; that probably not one of the present generation can equal him; and that Marsden is certainly not that one. Christopher North (one of the best authorities on athletic exercises as well as on literature) ought to have known this, but *I guess* he has never seen Marsden play, and was probably mis-led by a Sheffield paper.

Norfolk, a county long renowned for producing eminent Admirals and Judges, as well as hosts of naval and legal men of lower degree, has lately sent forth several cricketers of talent, amongst whom FULLER PILCH reigns pre-eminent, and is as conspicuous in the East as Marsden in the North. But, like the latter, it appears to me that he has been *somewhat* over-rated by his most vehement supporters. He is a good player—a fine player—a very fine one: but I must own that in every single point of the game, or in a combination of all of them, I think he

* I have not the Magazine before me, and forget the precise words, but the substance is as I have stated.

has been and is still excelled; and this opinion I retain notwithstanding his late signal victory over the hero of Sheffield at single-wicket. With much muscular strength and activity he is short-breathed, and appears weak as to the lungs. As a hitter he is certainly much superior in style and finish to his late opponent, and indeed in these respects

is exceeded by few. This is partly owing to his great length of limb, and the suppleness and freedom of his wrists and shoulders. Though a tailor by trade, Pilch is a tall and remarkably broad-shouldered young man. He bowls well, and is very good in the field as long as he lasts.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

WILL WICKET.

REARING YOUNG STOCK IN GERMANY.

THE rapid strides our German neighbours make in improving their breed of horses, particularly by selecting the best of our brood mares, must make it interesting to most of our readers to learn some particulars about their manner of rearing their young stock; and we therefore present the following particulars of one of their most famous studs, named

DAS SENNER GESTÜT, THE SENNER STUD,

situated close to the Teutoburg Forest, renowned by being the place where Germanicus or Herman annihilated the Roman legions commanded by Varus. Formerly the horses roamed about almost in a wild state, but now great care is taken in housing the mares and colts during the winter season. The meadows are mostly situated on hilly ground; the grass is so plentiful that the mares and foals carry in summer as firm and as strong flesh about them as if they had been kept in the stables on oats. There is, however, a want of water, which is partly remedied by large cisterns, where the rain water is collected. A well of 216

feet deep (120 feet cut through a rock) is of great benefit, though the water must be first pumped into wooden vats, being too cold to be used without exposure to the atmosphere.

The former chateau (country palace) is now inhabited by the first stud groom: close by are stabling of 180 feet long, and 40 feet wide, divided in several parts, in which the brood mares and foals walk about at liberty. The extremity is converted into small stalls for the three and four-year-old stallions. A large plain of from nearly two to three thousand acres lays before the house, into which the mares and foals during the mornings of the winter season are let out to gambol about at their leisure for the sake of exercise, and to accustom them to any season and weather.

This Stud contains now from 46 to 50 brood mares, and from about 110 to 120 young stock, mostly of Eastern blood: in fact their exterior is so noble, that, without asking for pedigrees, one is satisfied at first sight that they are the progeny of Arabian, Persian, or Turkish horses. An Arabian stallion, bought from the Royal Prussian stud at Neustadt,

has materially assisted in raising the stud to its former high repute. The horses are mostly 16 hands high, but now and then you meet with some of 17 to 17½ hands: they possess a light head, a straight beautiful neck, the tail put on high, very sinewy and strong legs, with capital hoofs, and do not incline to spavin or curb. They are very fast, and tremendous leapers, but are very difficult to break in.

From December till May all horses are stabled at Lopshorn: the brood mares and the four-year-old fillies are not divided, but go together in the same large sheds: the same is the case with the three and the two-year-old fillies. The two-year-old colts have barns for themselves; the three-year-olds have each a separate stall; yearlings, whether colts or fillies, are not separated. All are fed upon the most liberal scale: the brood mares get even beans and tares, and yearlings two feeds of oats a-day. Even during this time of the year no grooming or stable attendance takes place, and one can fairly assert that brood mares generally, with the exception of the first autumn after their birth, when they are branded*, never get handled or broken in.

In the beginning of May all horses are turned out, and they immediately divide into small troops, each led or commanded by an old mare; and it is a very rare case that one of them should absent itself from the rest; only when on the point of foaling the mare leaves them for about twenty-four hours, and secretes herself in the thickest part of the forest. If the troop is surprised

or frightened, the old mare leads them on, the others follow, and it is a splendid sight to see these noble animals, with flying manes and tails, the nose high in the air, flying as fast as the wind up and down the steep hills.

At the time the brood mares are turned out the covering season begins, and the different stallions are brought from the Duke's Mews at Detmold; the mares, roaming about at great distances, are called back by a certain whistle, which they all know and obey: they are tried whether they are horsy by two grooms, having each a long pole in their hands, driving the mare into a large stall, where the teaser is placed; if she is inclined she is driven into a separate stall, but if not is let out again; and as soon as one-half of the mares are tried in this manner, it is agreed by what stallion each mare (who all have names) is to be covered, generally giving her that stallion which assimilates best to her in point of shape, size, and colour.

The act of *leaping* is managed in the following manner:—Two grooms drive the mare into a corner; one of the long beach poles is split at the end, with which he lays hold of the tail of the mare, and pushes it on one side; the stallion is then led to her and leaps her, and on an average two-thirds of the mares get in foal. She seldom foals in less than fifty-one weeks.

No mare is leaped unless full four years old, however large and developed she may be; for experience has taught that the progeny of three-year-old fillies remains small and weakly; becomes deficient in shape; and though

* The brand is P A L with a Crown, being the first letters of the reigning Duke.

this is not very perceptible in the first generation, the next gets worse, and the defects become hereditary. Of the mares, the best are always kept for breeding—only now and then a superior one is broke for the Duke to ride: the colts are scarcely ever castrated, but are used as country stallions, or as saddle and coach horses: they are never worked or

used as stallions until five years old. The mares are considered superior to the stallions, and it is not a rare occurrence that eighty guineas are given for a good one—a very large sum, considering the value of money in that part of Germany. They would be invaluable in Leicestershire as hunters, and are considered the best leapers in the world.

A VISIT TO THE EAST SUSSEX KENNEL AT RINGMER.

SIR,
HAVING hunted a good deal with the East Sussex Hounds in the past season, I was glad of an opportunity of observing them in the kennel, where I take it you may form a pretty good criterion of the likelihood of hounds to perform in the field. Any person who hath an eye to country, and knoweth what fox-hunting is—God knows in the present day, but few do; but, like *Don Juan*, or courtly *Chesterfield*, ride over a certain number of fences, most ignorant of what may be the use of the hounds, save that they make a cursed noise:—but he who doth understand when a hound hits off a puzzling scent, what the hounds mean by stopping in full career, making their cast, and going off again with heads up and sterns down, will at once perceive that nature never intended Sussex to be pre-eminent for the glories of the fox-chase; but the love of venery, which formed the subsistence of the ancient Britons, hath descended as a recreation to their richer and more refined posterity—(“only more refined though because clothed:”—fancy Arviragus, Caractacus, and other worthies clipping across country

in all their painted nakedness)—forming a national and manly amusement, which, I rejoice to say, has not yet been confined by fashion or fastidiousness to those counties and shires where it is seen in its greatest perfection, and where those who go from home for hunting are very naturally attracted; but it has extended itself to counties where obstacles must ever stand in the way—where hunting and the “work of hounds” must be substituted for hard riding, and the emulation of those who shall be first.

“O fortunatus nimium, sua si bona norint.”

Thus the case stands in the country hunted by the East Sussex Hounds. Part of it is a continued range of hilly Downs, at times almost mountainous; and the other part, called “the Weal,” is woody; the rides in the coverts and lanes wondrous sloughy; the inclosures small, and the ground much deeper than the lordly “Vale of Belvoir.” This said Weal—it should be called *Wo*—from being flat, with a strong clay soil, no doubt makes draining difficult and expensive; the expense and difficulty of which seem to me to be marvel-

lously shied by the Sussex Squirearchy and tenantry, who appear to hate a *drainophobia*. The hardened clay surface in a wet season is most unfavorable to scent, while the Downs I have spoken of are very much exposed to wind and sleet-storm; and from the thousand of the bleating tribes being fed thereon, "much to the advantage of relishers of juicy mutton," the hounds have perpetually to fight their way through sheep stains. It is likewise difficult to know the point a fox is making on these Downs: he zig-zags, and runs less straight than in a country where there are hedges, usually skirting the side hills and valleys; and therefore hounds require more room to turn on the scent, and ought not to be pressed by a parcel of scarlet-vested lady-killing hunters, as they frequently are, to the great trial of Mr. Craven's temper and patience. Mr. Craven is usually cautious in not lifting his hounds overmuch: he may be slow and tedious at times; but the Downs being near Brighton, he is generally favored in that country with all sorts and ages, of many of whom it may be said, like *Johnny Gilpin*,

"That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb and rein."

Thus, he has told me, with such a *drag-chain* on him, he cannot take the liberties he otherwise would, as it might make his hounds throw up their heads the moment they came to a check, and the wild *Gilpins* would not let him get their heads again into their right places. However, they manage to kill their foxes; and I saw at their kennel door this summer thirty brace and a half of noses, proclaiming the

success of the last season, and shewing them to be a business-like pack. Mr. Craven does not encourage the vulpecidan traffic, and rarely gives his hounds a fox from the earth.

The pack of which I am treating were got together by a good judge of hounds and hunting, Mr. King Sampson, who liveth in the eastern part of the county, at Hailsham. He is one of the Old School, and used to take the field early,
"When brightly the beams of the morning first glow,"

depending on drag to find his fox, and with reason, for foxes were not then preserved in the county. The early hour at which he hunted not suiting the taste of more modern men, it was suggested to Mr. Sampson by Major (now Colonel) Cator, and by the Officers of the Artillery, whose permanent quarters were then at Ringmer Barracks, that a later hour and more regular establishment of fox-hounds (for Mr. Sampson hunted hares sometimes with the same hounds) might lead to the thing finding support from the gentlemen of the neighbourhood: accordingly the hounds were given up to Major Cator, in 1820, and a regular Hunt was formed, called THE EAST SUSSEX. Amongst the most prominent patrons of the Hunt was, and yet is, Lord Gage. For six years Major Cator managed the hounds, and contributed to the sport of the neighbourhood; and to him is it much indebted for the good fellowship, considerably encouraged by the establishment of a pack of fox-hounds, which in every country leads to a certain spirit of sociality, which the exclusiveness of shooting never promotes. He, "the Major of the

Cannon's Mouth," was deservedly popular, combining the *sua-viter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*.

When the Artillery were removed from Ringmer, and the Barracks fell by the touch of peace, in the spring of 1826, the hounds were on the point of falling under the transferring hammer of Tattersall, from the circumstance of no forthcoming Lord of Sports. The Gentlemen of the Hunt in their distress cast their eyes on a sportsman, once famed in Meltonian ranks (Mr. Craven), to undertake the management of the concern; and in order to oblige them, and being fond of hunting, that Gentleman consented to it. His health is but indifferent, and it can be no sinecure to him, as he lives ten miles from his kennel, and the best half of his hunting is at least twenty miles from his abode.

At first, from foxes being very scarce (his predecessors having had eighteen blanks in the previous season), he only bound himself to hunt twice a week; and at a meeting of the Hunt he said three times a week must fail in shewing sport from want of the wily animal; but that it became a question with the Hunt whether it was worth the experiment trying to hunt another season at twice a week, and during that period observing what foxes were got up by the exertions of individuals, and what number likely to be preserved for future seasons. Their season shewed sufficient sport, and they made out three days a week with about eight blanks; but, as is said in some verses written by a Member of the E. S. Hunt,

"Oh the chase would be dull as the chase
of the hare,
If it were not by friends and good fel-
lowship join'd;
But I hold e'en a blank, if one's friends are
all there,
Is not without charms for a sociable
mind."

Every landed proprietor and the yeomanry in general supported Mr. Craven, and each succeeding year hath extended his country, and occasioned more friends, and more foxes to be preserved: so that for three seasons past these hounds have hunted four times a week during part of the winter, and generally muzzle about thirty brace, though seldom beginning cub-hunting before the middle of September, *de causa paucitate* of the wily animal.

In the first season of Mr. Craven's hunting the country, when foxes were very scarce, as I have already observed, an anecdote of Lord Gage is worthy of being *tableted* for the edification of other Noble Lords and Squirely Gentry, and I believe it to have tended much to the preservation of foxes in this part of Sussex. I wish his splendid example may be followed by all Masters of gamekeepers. The East Sussex hounds had drawn a preserve of his Lordship's, a large covert called the *Plashett*, without finding, and also several adjacent groves with equally bad success, and one of Mr. Craven's favorite hounds, a beautiful bitch called "Rally," was killed by a spike in the covert. His Lordship sent for his keepers before he quitted the field; said he would have no more spikes set; and whether they were to blame or not in being short of foxes he could not say, but that the public would attach the blame to them, and

therefore he discharged them. The keepers were over with Mr. Craven, who lived twelve miles distant, the next morning before he was up; begged pardon; stated their case, and asked his intercession with My Lord; and, on assuring Mr. Craven they would ever do their best to preserve foxes in future, he wrote in their behalf to Lord Gage, and they were reinstated. The Plashett has *always held foxes since*, and has shewn some beautiful runs; and I am advised to come out invariably this season whenever the Plashett country is the meet.

There is every reason to calculate on much sport this year, for I am informed there is a fair show of foxes, and I have seen forty-eight couple of hounds in kennel, and twelve hunters conditioning. The hounds are looking well, and are in good order; they possess substance, some of them very perfect symmetry, and look like business, standing well over their ground, prettily loined, deep chested, and not heavy shouldered, and are fairly sizeable, considering Mr. Craven breeds them nearly all himself, and has not a wide choice, his walks being few and indifferent, and the subscription to the hounds so small that he cannot afford to purchase draft hounds: however, they would not disgrace a better country, and in the field no pack can carry a greater head.

Talking of subscription, it is a pity the Lewes people don't give their money to their Hunt, rather than to keep up their wretched races, where their fifties are absolutely pocketed *con facilità*, and with a proper understanding, by dealers and trainers.

On the course last week everything was "Shackel, Coleman, and Messer"—Messer, Shackel, and Coleman, very good people, I dare say, but it is a pity such a Co. should sweep the South of England. No wonder Gentlemen begin to give up racing.

Mr. Craven's hobby is to see his hounds stoop and do the work themselves. He is very averse to going to halloo's; and in Sussex a countryman on a hill, seeing a fox a mile away below, will halloo on his standing ground, and thus would he bring every hound to him, and the fox would be lost, if Mr. Craven suffered the hounds to trust to their ears instead of their noses. He never allows the hounds to be lifted until they have made their own cast. In drawing gorse no hounds excel them; not a hound is seen outside, and puggy will generally be found if he be at home.

Brighton is much benefited by these hounds, and many persons reside there in the winter who would not were there not fox-hounds. You certainly may easily go into a better country, and where sport may be calculated on with greater certainty; but in a long winter's evening, when you say

"Huntsman rest, thy chase is done!"

where do more enchanting spells assail ye than in this resort of beauty? Man is then softened down from the pursuits of the chase by the tender intercourse with lovely woman, and the song and the dance continue until the hours of rest. Melton may eclipse it in the morning's diversion, but Brighton has its superior attractions in the evening. Success,

then, to the East Sussex! long may the pack flourish! and may their Manager meet with the support he merits by his exertions for others in the good cause!

JAVELIN.

N. B. Your Correspondent SCARLET wrote two years ago in the *Sporting Magazine*, "that the

East Sussex was a fair average pack of hounds, but that there was no particularly clever or handsome hound among them." He would think differently now if he cast his eye over Gladsome, Gracious, Wedlock, Dairymaid, Vagabond, Rummager, Rhapsody, with her young entry, beautiful to behold, *cum multis aliis*.

THE WINNIPISCOGEE LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

SIR,

IF the following extract from a letter recently received by me from a valued Correspondent at New York, United States, is sufficiently interesting for the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, it is much at your service.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. G.

"My last trip has been to the interior of the State of New Hampshire. I shall not stay to describe the different villages (for towns are still very rare) through which I passed in this route, or the variety of the scenery which arrested my attention whilst pursuing my solitary journey, but at once transport you from New York to a Lake in New Hampshire, called Winnipiscogee, which was the extreme point of my journey: it is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, twenty-two miles long, and varying from three to eight miles in width. The waters are deep, pure, and sweet, being supplied by rills from the mountains which surround it: the lakes abound in excellent fish, and, what add greatly to its beauties, are the numerous islands which are scattered about in it, proba-

bly the tops of other hills, whose huge masses were but partially ingulphed in the convulsion which in some early period of time opened the abyss into which the surrounding waters flowed. This Lake was a favorite resort of the Indians, and when they were resting from the chase, fishing in its waters afforded them alike nourishment and recreation. These Indians have long since retired into the Canadas, but they seem to have possessed an exquisite taste for rural and picturesque scenery. Their villages and settlements all prove the truth of this remark; and if the translations are correct, the very names which they gave to their favorite lakes, rivers, and haunts, were expressive, delicate, and most appropriate. "Ohio" is said to mean the most beautiful of rivers; "Nahant," the lovers' walk; and the name of this Lake, *the Smile of the Great Spirit*. The Lake is situated in the immediate vicinity of the White Mountains, the higher parts of which may be said to be covered with everlasting snows. I am told their heads are 5500 feet above the adjacent valleys, and these valleys 3500 feet above the level of the sea.

Indeed such is their elevation, that although they are more than seventy miles within land, they are seen many leagues off at sea, and appear like an exceeding bright cloud in the horizon. I did not attempt to gain the summit of either of them, but the views from such an elevation must indeed be splendid.

"Almost on the bank of the Lake a party was playing at cricket. It is impossible to describe the sensations which rushed upon me at this spectacle; but when they had partially subsided I asked for and obtained permission to join in the game. I had

not forgotten my great attainments as an Albion batsman, and when it came to my turn to go in, after having fielded for a considerable time, I soon scored 47 runs! but the previous exertion had somewhat tired me, owing greatly to my recent illness; and at this point I was obliged to lay down my bat from sheer exhaustion, having rather surprised those I so unexpectedly met with engaged in my favorite game by my scientific display. This day (the 25th of June) I class with those in which I receive my letters from home, and they are happy ones."

FLY-FISHING IN LULLINGSTONE WATERS.

SIR,

A Short time previous to the death of Sir Thomas Dyke, a most interesting Match of Fly-fishing took place in the waters of Lullingstone Castle, in the county of Kent, between two Gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, named D'Almaine and Pocknell, who chose Messrs. F. Freshfield and Monsieur A. Meiville as their umpires—the odds in favour of D'Almaine.

Immediately on their arrival at Farningham, which was about five o'clock, it was agreed that the Match should commence that evening. Accordingly they repaired to Eynsford, and before night fall the competitors had caught six brace and a half each, but the betting was still 3 to 1 in favour of D'Almaine.

At day-break on the following morning the sport was recommenced. It was a rather stormy and windy morning, but nothing daunted the bold Piscators, although the state of the stream was such that they were consi-

derably annoyed by the floating weeds. The success before breakfast was trifling on either side. The wind, however, having abated very considerably after breakfast, at about twelve o'clock Pocknell was three brace and a half a head of his opponent. Betting was now 2 to 1 in his favour, and at that time he had bagged thirteen brace and a half. The umpire of Pocknell (Monsieur Meiville), who had been trying his skill in the art, and who made his principal suffer most materially in the loss of his stock of flies, now caught a fine trout of about three pounds weight, and his joy and extacy were so great, that he immediately called out (with a foreign accent peculiar to himself), "What a dust he does kick up in the water!" and his alarm lest he should lose the fish or break the rod was such, that, in his own peculiar dialect, he vociferously called for the assistance of a bystander: it was, indeed, a noble

fish. The frequent similar droll exclamations of this Gentleman afforded the greatest mirth to the whole of the party, and most materially contributed to give *eclat* to the sport.

Just at this period Pocknell broke the second joint of his rod in striking a large fish, and his umpire being unfortunately some distance from him with his spare rods, his antagonist got a-head of him by two brace; and this altered the betting 2 to 1 in favour of D'Almaine.

At two o'clock (dinner time) D'Almaine had taken twenty-two and Pocknell twenty brace.

Having partaken of a good plain dinner, and rested themselves for two hours, the sportsmen commenced with redoubled vigour. Each was happy in his turn, and the issue appeared to be extremely doubtful. The hospitable and kind Sir Thomas Dyke sent repeatedly to know how the Match was going on.

A violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain now came on, which greatly impeded the Match; but as soon as it abated, the sun shone, and the fish began to rise with impetuosity: in fact, it was like a living water. The wind, however, was too high for the fly to be thrown with that accuracy which the competitors desired; and the loss of flies was also very great, arising from the weedy state of the stream. The success of Pocknell was very great at one particular part of the stream, until the wind unfortunately entangled his line on the opposite side. His opponent's success was equally great at another point, until some cows, stung by flies, made for the water where he was fishing.

About six o'clock the parties met for the first time since dinner, when it appeared there was only one fish difference between them. Having again separated, they continued their sport until half-past seven o'clock, each meeting with the varied obstacles which presented themselves; when, on leaving off, the Umpires took possession of the fish, and, counting the numbers over, declared D'Almaine thirty-six brace and a half, and Pocknell thirty-five brace, being only three fish difference: consequently D'Almaine was declared the winner, it being agreed that the decision should be by numbers and not by weight. The weight of fish was in favour of Pocknell by about three quarters of a pound.

The bet was made between an eminent miller at Dartford and a Sporting Gentleman residing on Blackheath. Neither party knew who was to be his opponent at the time the bet was made, nor did either of the parties know who was to be pitted against him, until, accidentally conversing together on the subject, D'Almaine exclaimed to Pocknell, "then, Sir, you stand opposite your opponent."

A more interesting match perhaps never took place, and the skill of the parties, considering the state of the water and weather, was first-rate.

The kindness of the Noble Baronet in granting immediate permission the moment he was applied to, can never be forgotten; and it would be well if Gentlemen in the possession of such domains were to follow the example of so good and generous a man as the late Sir Thomas Dyke.

GERMAN AND PRUSSIAN RACES

SIR,

I Have the honour to send you the details of the Mecklenburgh Races at Basedow and Gustrow, together with an account of the Prussian Races at Berlin, and hope they will prove as acceptable to our friends in England as they have been gratifying to the warmest Patrons of the Turf in Germany. We are progressing every year.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

J. G. H. VON WACHENHUSEN,

Hamburgh, Sept. 2, 1833.

Hon. Secretary.

BASEDOW SPRING MEETING.

THIS Meeting took place on the 20th of May, commencing with the Basedow Cup Stakes of 10 Freds-d'or each, h. ft., heats, a quarter of a mile and a distance.

Count Plessen-Ivensack's gr. h. Mambrino, 5 yrs, 140lb.....	1	1
Count Moltke-Wolde's b. c. Y. Seymour, 4 yrs, 128lb.....	2	2
M. Lichtwald's b. c. by Shaffer—Robina, 3 yrs, and Baron Biel's b. h. Tickler, 6 yrs, paid.		

Y. Seymour, from having beaten Guerilla last year, was the favorite, but Mambrino took the lead, and won both heats easy.

The Ladies' Stakes of 10 Freds-d'or each, h. ft. seven-eighths of a mile.

Countess Hahn ns. ch. h. Deceiver, 5 yrs, 132lb.....	1
Countess Plessen ns. b. c. Alexis, 3 yrs, 92lb.....	2
Count Hahn's ch. c. by Sultan out of a Haphazard mare, 3 yrs, 92lb.....	3
Count Plessen's Mambrino, Count Moltke's Y. Seymour, and Baron Biel's Guerilla, paid.	

Baron Maltzahn, M. Pogge-Striessenow, M. Engelbrecht, Count Bassewitz-Preberede, M. Pogge-Zierstorf, M. von der Kellenburg, Count Schlieffen, and Baron Hertefeld subscribed, but did not name.

Deceiver started off at score, but evidently too quick to last, and at the half-mile was passed by the Sultan colt, when Alexis also came up. The latter, however, on making the last turn lost ground, and could not recover it; whilst the other two made strong running, and Deceiver came in first by half a length.

The Basedow Sweepstakes of 15 Freds-d'or each, P. P., heats, one mile

and a distance, mares and geldings allowed 3lb.

Count Hahn's b. c. Gondolier, by Godolphin—Whalebone, 3 yrs, 92lb.....	1	1
Count Plessen's gr. h. Mambrino, 5 yrs, 132lb.....	2	-
Baron Biel's b. h. Tickler, 6 yrs, paid.		
Count A. Bassewitz and Count Osten-Sacken subscribed, but did not name.		

In the first heat Mambrino took the lead at a slashing pace for half the course, when Gondolier came up, and they ran head and head till within a few strides from home, when Gondolier made a sudden rush and won by a head. It was an excellent race, and the second heat was looked to with great anxiety, but the spectators were disappointed, the owners having agreed to divide, in consequence of both horses being heavily engaged.

The Basedow-Gustrow Stakes of 10 Freds-d'or each, P. P., one mile and a distance, mares and geldings allowed 3lb.

Count Hahn's b. c. Gondolier, 3 yrs, 92lb.....	1
Baron Biel's b. h. Tickler, 6 yrs, 140lb.	2
M. Lichtwald's b. c. by Shaffer—Robina, 3 yrs, 92lb.....	3
Count Bassewitz-Preberede's gr. f. by Tancred, 3 yrs, 89lb.....	4
Count Plessen-Ivensack's Mambrino and Count Hahn-Basedow's Galantine were drawn.	
M. von der Kellenburg and Count Schlieffen subscribed, but did not name.	

Gondolier and Tickler were the favorites, particularly the latter. After a fair start, the whole kept together at a moderate pace for half the distance: here the two favorites set to work, and made a good race to the last turn,

when Gondolier shot a-head, and won by three lengths.

The Silver Cup given by Count Plessen-Ivenack, with a subscription of 15 Freds-d'or each, h. ft., heats, one mile and a distance:—three-year-olds, 100lb.; four, 116lb.; five, 124lb.; six, 130lb.; and aged, 132lb.—Count Moltke's b. c. Y. Seymour, 4 yrs, walked over—Count Hahn's Deceiver and Baron Biel's Guerilla drawn.

For the Farmers' Stakes (horses *bona fide* the property of Count Hahn's tenants), there were seven heats, and Farmer Wichmann's (from Zwingendorf) ch. g. by Plumper was the principal winner.

Count Hahn's ch. c. by Sultan out of a Haphazard mare received from Count Plessen's ch. h. by Morisco—Cosa-rara, 30 Freds-d'or, h. ft. one mile, 92lb. each.

MATCH.—Count Hahn's b. f. by Eryx, 4 yrs, 132lb. agst Count Ples-

sen's b. f. Emily, by Emilius, 116lb., 40 Freds-d'or, h. ft., one mile and a distance.—Emily took the lead at a very fast pace, closely followed by the Eryx filly; but in making the second turn the former took too wide a circuit, and never could recover her lost ground; consequently Eryx came in an easy winner.

The Champagne Stakes of 10 Freds-d'or each, p. p., seven-eighths of a mile and a distance, mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—was won by Count Plessen's Mambrino, 5 yrs, 132lb. beating easy Baron Biel's Tickler, 6 yrs, 140lb., and Count Hahn's Galantine, 4 yrs, 118lb.—Mambrino, as usual, started off at score, and was never headed—Tickler second; and Galantine last.—His Highness Duke Charles of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, Count Lewetson-Markow, Count von der Osten-Sacken-Marienhoff, and Baron Hertfeld-Liebenberg, paid.

THE GUSTROW RACES—NOVEL MATCH, &c.

THE Gustrow Meeting, which took place on the 30th and 31st of May, and the 1st of June, was attended by a far greater number of people than on any previous occasion: there were many Gentlemen from France, Italy, Russia, and Sweden; some from Austria, and a great many purchasers from the Southern parts of Germany. The Burgomaster of the town of Gustrow, assisted by Baron Bulow and Count Hardenberg-Dronowitz, acted as Steward. During the Meeting Count Hahn's b. c. Gondolier, by Godolphin, dam by Whalebone, was the favorite.

The first race, on Thursday, May 30, was for a Subscription Purse, which was decided as follows:—

Baron Biel-Zierow's b. h. Tickler, by Robin Hood, 140lb. (Tatt) 1
Count Bassewitz-Preberede's b. f. by Snap out of The Black Mare, 89lb.... 2
M. Pauly-Viessenow's b. h. Passe-partout, by Rinaldo out of an English mare, 116lb. 3
M. Pogge-Zierstorff's b. m. Young Miss Andly, by Robin Hood out of Miss Andly, 132lb.; and M. Lichtwald's ch. g. Dagobert, by Dookin out of an English mare, 137lb. not placed.

A Subscription Purse for thoroughbred horses:—

Count Hahn-Basedow's b. c. Gondolier, by Godolphin, dam by Whalebone, 8 yrs, 92lb. 1
Count Bassewitz-Preberede's ch. c. by Godolphin—Johanna, dam by Little John—Timekeeper, 8 yrs, 92lb. 2
Baron Biel-Zierow's b. c. Guerilla, by Catten, dam by Walton, 4 yrs, 116lb.; Count Plessen-Ivenack's b. c. Alexis, out of Y. Zunilda, dam by Lycanor—Rubello, 3 yrs, 92lb.; and Count Schleiffen-Schlieffenberg's bl. c. by The General out of Evclina, dam by Stapleton, 3 yrs, 92lb. not placed.

Sweepstakes of 10 Freds-d'or each, for horses hunting in Basedow and Ivenack in 1832, with the exception of Zephyr, The Cavalier, and Tomiris; Gentlemen riders; twice round the course—was won by Baron Maltzahn-Sommerstorff's Belladonna, 5 yrs, carrying the same weight as in the field, beating the Baron's English mare Miss Partisan, 7 yrs, and Baron Maltzahn-Cummerow's Gallantry, by Whisker out of Guerilla, dam by Walton.

The Gold Cup, given by Countess Hahn, for horses bred on the Conti-

nent, with a subscription of 10 Freds-d'or each; five suba.; three yrs, 96lb.; four, 112lb.; five, 138lb.; six and aged, 140lb.; one mile and a half and a distance.

Baron Biel-Zierow's b. c. Guerilla, by Catton, dam by Walton, 4 yrs 1
Count Plessen-Ivenack's gr. h. Mambrino, 5 yrs..... 2
Baron Hertfeld-Liebenberg's Red Rose, dr. Count Hahn-Basedow and Baron Bulow paid.

FRIDAY, MAY 31.

The Gustrow-Doberan Stakes of 100 Freds-d'or, h. ft., heats, two miles and a distance; for four-year-olds, 116lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; produce of untried stallions or mares 3lb. less, and of both 5lb. —Baron Biel's Guerilla walked over: Count Hahn-Basedow's b. h. by Godolphin out of Sister to Parisot, paid.

The Gustrow-Doberan Stakes of 10 Freds-d'or, h. ft., for horses of all ages and countries, 140lb., one mile and a distance.

Count Hahn-Basedow's b. c. Gondolier, 3 yrs..... 1
Count Hahn-Basedow's ch. c. by Plumper out of Breeze, 3 yrs 2
Count Bassewitz-Preberede's bl. c. Chance, out of Miss Fanny, 4 yrs: Count Schlieffen-Schlieffenberg's bl. c. Negro, by The General out of Evelina's dam by Stapleton, 3 yrs; and M. Lichtwald's ch. c. by Wilshire, dam by Soothsayer—Olivia, 3 yrs, not placed:—H. R. H. Prince William of Prussia's b. c. Firetail, by The General, dam by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, drawn (lame).

The Duke of Holstein's bl. m. Nomanhanna, by Logic—Miss Muley, by Muley; Baron Biel-Zierow's b. m. by The General—Walton; Baron Biel-Zierow's ch. c. by Straitwaist—Metre; Baron Hertfeld-Liebenberg's Lafitte, by Chateau Margaux out of Orania; Count Plessen-Ivenack's b. c. by Tancred out of Y. Vesta; Baron Maltzahn-Sommerstorf's b. h. by Rubello—Fanny; and M. Pogge Zierstorf's b. h. by Shuffler—Smolensko, paid.

The Basedow-Gustrow Stakes of 10 Freds-d'or each, horses to carry the same weights as in 1832; half-breds allowed 5lb.; mares and geldings 2lb. less; one mile and a distance.

Count Hahn-Basedow's Gondolier, 3 yrs 1

Count Plessen-Ivenack's Mambrino, 5 yrs 2
Count Schlieffen-Schlieffenberg's Negro, 3 yrs..... -
Baron von der Kellenburg-Matgendorf did not name.

Count Bassewitz-Preberede's mare by Tancred, Count Hahn-Basedow's ch. f. Galantine by Plumper—Thyrzina, and Baron Biel-Zierow's b. h. Tickler by Robin Hood, paid.

Stakes for Country-horses, one mile and a distance; the winner to receive 50 dollars, and the winners of each heat 5 dollars; weight for age: the horses to have been bred and rode by their owners, or by their grooms—Farmer Grabow's b. m., 7 yrs, was the principal winner.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

The sport to-day was confined to a STEEPLE CHASE for a Silver-gilt Cup, for which the following horses were entered, Gentlemen riders: the thorough-bred m. Tomiris, by Y. Dick Andrews—Juno, dam by Roland, rode by M. Muller; the half-bred m. Miss Partisan, 7 yrs, rode by Baron Maltzahn-Sommerstorf; b. h. Rinaldo, by Ali, rode by M. Pauly-Viessenow; and the thorough-bred h. Zephyr, by Count Hahn-Basedow. —Count Voss-Giewitz acted as Conductor, assisted by Count Bassewitz-Schlietz, Baron Boddin, and Count Bernstorf. The starting-post was on a hill near the farm of Schönhoff, at Zehne, and the winning-post on the heights of the Bauchöfer-fields, but the ground was kept secret till the moment of starting, and the conditions were to go across country, taking everything in the line, and avoiding the roads. A great concourse of spectators assembled, and the line was so chosen that they could see the whole of the race. The signal was given by Count Voss at eleven o'clock, and the gallant competitors started off at score, Tomiris taking the lead. They pursued their course towards the village of Gutow, the winning flag being in sight all the way. The race chiefly lay between Tomiris and Miss Partisan, but the thorough-bred was too much for the latter, and M. Muller was declared an easy winner.

THE BERLIN RACES.

THIS Meeting commenced on the 15th of June in the presence of the King, the Princes and Princesses of Prussia, and an unusual assemblage of people, on horseback, on foot, &c.

The first race was for a Prize to be given by the King, for horses in the hands of their breeders, heats, half a mile and a distance; three-year-olds to carry 120lb.; four, 138lb.; five, 150lb.; six and aged, 158lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—For this ten horses were entered, but four only having appeared at the post by the time specified, the King commanded that the race should proceed. The following started:—

Baron Owstien's ch. g. Dagobert, by Doolin—Arsene, 161lb.

H. R. H. Prince Carolath's ch. h. Pylades, by Helios—Clytemnestra, 156lb.

Colonel Podewit's b. m. Miss Anne, by Dorilas out of the English mare Malvina, 147lb.

Lieut. Laurenz's b. h. Y. Actæon, by Actæon—Agrippina, 150lb.

M. Uebel's b. g. Triton, and Baron Maltzahn-Cummerow's ch. g. Sir Henry, drawn.

Miss Anne took the lead, followed by Pylades, but he swerved to the left and lost ground considerably. At the fourth turn Dagobert came up to Miss Anne, passed her, and came in first, distancing all his competitors.—Run in 5 min. 45 sec.—Dagobert, as a matter of course walked over for the second heat.—His Majesty then presented as the Prize to Baron Owstien the thorough-bred mare Hit-or-Miss, out of Hit-or-Miss, dam by Selim, covered by Patron and Young Corrector.

For the Subscription Purse for half-bred horses from the Continent, 25 Freds-d'or each, 15 ft., nominated in 1832, a quarter of a mile and a distance; three-year-olds, 100lb.; four, 118lb.; five, 130lb.; six, 138lb.; and aged, 140lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Baron Biel-Zierow's b. c. Tickler, by Robin Hood (Tatt), walked over.—Baron Owstein's ch. g. Dagobert, and Count Hahn-Basedow's

ch. g. Hip, by Godolphin—Niobe, paid.

A Purse of 200 Freds-d'or, with a subscription of 10 Freds-d'or each, for horses of all ages and countries, heats, half a mile and a distance; three-year-olds, 120lb.; four, 138lb.; five, 150lb.; six and aged, 156lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—to name on or before the 10th of June—the second horse to receive 50 Freds-d'or.

Baron Biel's b. c. Flame, by Master Robert—Steam, 120lb. 1 1

Count Plessen-Ivenack's gr. h. Mambrino, by Rubello—Alecto, 150lb. 3 2

Baron Maltzahn-Cummerow's bl. f. Olga, by Paulowitz, dam by Soothsayer, 135lb. 4 0

M. Braune's b. f. Galantine, by Reveller—Snowdrop, 147lb. 2 dr.

Count Hahn-Basedow's br. f. Acacia, by Eryx—Misery, 135lb.; Prince Carolath's b. f. Miss Littleton, by Reveller—Legacy, 117lb.; Colonel Berner's b. f. Saraband, by Tramp—Ridotto, 135lb.; M. Lichtwald's b. c. Emilianus, by Emilius—Sal, 138lb.; and M. Lichtwald's b. f. Johanna, by Partisan—Emma, 117lb. started, but were not placed.

Prince Carolath's b. c. Y. Waterloo, by Waterloo—Gavotte, and M. Lichtwald's b. c. Zang, by Merisco—Bupta, drawn.

In the first heat Johanna took the lead, Galantine close up, with Flame, Mambrino, and Acacia at their haunches, the others all very little in the rear. In this manner the race continued with scarcely any variation till the last turn, when Acacia fell. Here hard running commenced between Galantine, Flame, and Mambrino, the former leading; but Flame let out in the last few strides, and won by a head only, Mambrino a good third; Olga fourth; Johanna fifth—the others all distanced.—Run in 4 min. 23 sec.

Galantine was drawn (lame) in the second heat, which was contested by Flame, Mambrino, Olga, and Johanna. The former took the lead, followed by Olga and Johanna, Mambrino last. After the second turning,

however, he came up, passed the two, and was pressing hard on Flame, who kept the first place. From the last turning some excellent running ensued, but Flame preserved the superiority, and eventually won by two lengths.—Run in 4 min. 22½ sec.

This race was unquestionably one of the finest that ever took place on the Continent, as perhaps in no instance was there ever brought together in one race such a number of remarkably fine horses.

The last race of the day was for a Sword, purchased by subscriptions entered into in 1832, for horses of all ages and countries that should be rode in front of the Spring Cavalry Exercises of 1833; Officers to ride, 160lb.; half a mile and a distance.—To be named on or before the 10th of June.—The following appeared at the post:—

Lieut. Low's gr. m. Esperance, rode by Lieut. Rosen.

Lieut. Bismarck's gr. g. Hector.

Lieut. Koakritz's b. m. Brunhilde.

Lieut. Williamsitz-Mollendorf's dark br. h. Orloff.

Lieut. Hegedorf's b. g. Plumper.

Lieut. Count Stollberg-Werningerode and Lieut. Nickisch-Rosenegk subscribed, but did not name.

Brunhilde took the lead, all the others well up. From the first turning Esperance got a-head, followed close by Hector and Orloff. At the fourth turn the latter pressed hard upon Esperance, and a beautiful race ensued between these two until within the distance, when Orloff run in an easy winner by three lengths.—Run in 4 min. 57 sec.

MONDAY, JUNE 17.

H. R. H. Prince William, son of the King of Prussia, graciously officiated as Steward to-day, assisted by Baron Knobelsdorf.

The first race was for Native Horses, the winner to be sold to the Berlin Union for 300 Freds-d'or, heats, half a mile and a distance; three-year-olds, 120lb.; four, 144lb.; five, 160lb.; six and aged, 166lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.

Baron Owstien's ch. h. Dagobert, by Doolin—Arsene, 180lb. (Hart) 1 1
Capt. Plakwe's b. g. Borac, by Polagius out of the English mare Little Sally, 157lb. 5 2
Colonel Barner's ch. h. Sejanus, by Amber—Dorile, 166lb. 2 dr.
Baron Maltzahn-Sommerstorff's b. m. Belladonna, by Rubello—Herodius, 161lb. 3 dr.
M. Winterfeld's ch. c. Gandolin, by Young Haphazard—Ceres ... 4 dr.
M. Minskowsky's b. c. by Snap out of a Timekeeper mare, 120lb. dis.
Prince Carolath's ch. h. Pyriades, Baron Maltzahn-Cummerow's ch. h. Sir Henry, M. Uebel's bl. c. Negro, and M. Uebel's b. g. Triton, drawn.

In the first heat Borac took the lead, followed closely by all, and each alternately going a-head till the third turn, when Belladonna, Sejanus, and Dagobert came in front, and made strong running. At the fourth, however, Belladonna was beat off, and the contest lay between Sejanus and Dagobert. At the half-distance Hart let out, and brought his horse in first by a length.—Run in 4 min. 45½ sec.

For the second heat, the others being drawn, Dagobert and Borac alone appeared, the former taking the lead at a very moderate pace; and thus they continued till near the distance, when both commenced running, but Dagobert's superiority carried him in an easy winner by three lengths.—Run in 6 min. 12½ sec.

Premium of 100 Freds-d'or, given by the Union, for three-year-olds of all countries, 120lb., with 10 Freds-d'or each, h. ft., the second horse to receive half the Stakes—mares and geldings allowed 3lb., a quarter of a mile and a distance.—To be named on or before the 10th of June.

Count Hahn-Basedow's b. c. Gondolier, by Godolphin, dam by Whalebone out of Rosaline by Giles, 120lb. (Ben-skin) 1
M. Braune's ch. Merlin Mare, by Merlin—Brillante, 117lb. 2

Prince Carolath's Y. Waterloo, by Waterloo, 120lb.; Count Plessen-Ivenack's b. f. Emily, by Emilius out of a Camilla mare, 117lb.; and Baron Biel's Flame, by Master Robert—Steam, dam by Waxy Pope, 120lb. not placed:—M. Lichtwald's b. f. Johanna, drawn.

Flame took the lead, the Merlin Mare at his haunches, with all the others close up, and at the last turn these two and Gondolier made strong running. At the distance Flame dropped off, and the contest remained with the Merlin Mare and Gondolier, who made an excellent race, the latter winning by half a length.—Run in 2 min. 10 sec.

The Subscription Stakes No. 20 did not fill.

The Silver Cup, given by the Union, for horses of all countries: three-year-olds, 120lb.; four, 144lb.; five, 160lb.; six and aged, 166lb.; Gentlemen riders—several bars placed across the course to be taken in the race.

Capt. Derenthall's Irish b. m. 165lb. ... 1
Lieut. Willamowitz-Mollendorf's ch. g. Haras, 166lb. 2
Capt. Count Donhoff's ch. m. Wasp, 163lb., and M. Rockhausen's b. g. Favorite, 163lb. bolted.

Lieut. Count Stollberg's m. The Rose, dr.

Lieut. Willamowitz took the first bar, followed by the Irish mare, and thus they continued till all the bars were cleared. Capt. Derenthall then went a-head, and won by three lengths easy.—Run in 2 min. 10 sec.

The last race for the day was for a Saddle and Bridle, made and given by M. Fischer, the saddler—for horses of all ages and countries: three-year-olds, 120lb.; four, 138lb.; five, 150lb.; six and aged, 156lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—a quarter of a mile and a distance.—To be named before starting for the previous race.

Prince Carolath's b. f. Miss Littleton, rode by M. Muechwitz, 136lb. 1
M. Rockhausen's b. g. Favorite (owner), 153lb. 2
Lieut. Count Bruges' ch. g. Renard (owner), 153lb., and Lieut. Emmerick's bl. c. Ourigne (owner), 153lb. not placed.

Favorite got the start, followed by Renard and Ourigne. At the first turn Miss Littleton came up; at the second she beat off the two, and pressed hard on Favorite. At the distance the filly took precedence, and

left Favorite in the lurch by three lengths.—Run in 2 min. 26 sec.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18.

Prince William and Baron Knobelsdorf again officiated as Stewards.

The first race was for Native horses, the winner to be purchased by the Union for 200 Freds-d'or; heats, half a mile: three-year-olds, 120lb.; four, 138lb.; five, 150lb.; six and aged, 156lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.

Colonel Barner's Sejanus, 156lb. 1 1
Baron-Maltzahn-Cummerow's ch. g. Sir Henry, 135lb. 2 2
M. Uebel's Negro - dr.
M. Winterfeld's ch. c. Gandolin, 120lb. bolted.

Prince Carolath's Pylades, M. Uebel's Triton, M. Meyer's Rob Roy, Baron Maltzahn-Sommerstorff's Balladonna, Capt. Pichwe's Borac, and M. Mtskowski's Talisman, drawn.—Baron Oststein's Dagobert was entered, but did not start, having been already purchased by the Union.

In the first heat Gandolin made a slow movement in advance, but bolted at the first turn. Here the others commenced running, and at the last turn Negro was beat off, the race lying between Sejanus and Sir Henry. A good race home ensued, which Sejanus eventually won by half a length.—Run in 4 min. 13 sec.

In the second heat Sir Henry took the lead, and kept it to the distance, when Sejanus let out, and won easy by two lengths.—Run in 4 min. 58 sec.

The Whip, for Native horses, won last year by M. Newman, was challenged for by M. Meyer and M. Mtskowski's Talisman—5 Freds-d'or each, h. ft.; a quarter of a mile and a distance: three-year-olds, 115lb., and four, 120lb.—Talisman walked over; the other two paid.

Stakes for Native horses, the winner to be sold to the Union for 150 Freds-d'or—three-year-olds, 120lb.; four, 144lb.; five, 160lb.; six and aged, 166lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—several bars to be taken in the race—Baron Maltzahn-Cum-

merow's b. f. *Belladonna*, by *Rubello*—*Herodius* (rode by *Miles*), walked over—*Dagobert* entered, but did not start for the reason before named.

Sweepstakes for Native horses foaled in 1828 and 1829 (thorough-breds excepted), 10 Freds-d'or each, h. ft., 10,000 feet and a distance: three-year-olds, 120lb., and four, 144lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—To be named on or before Jan. 1, 1833.—8 subs.

Prince Carolath's g. c. *Dachchanger* walked over.

Prince William and Prince Albrecht (sons of the King), M. Hertfeld, Baron Maltzahn-Cummerow, and M. Meyer paid.

M. Lichtwald's ch. c. by *Comus*, and M. Heller's b. c. *Alcidas*, drawn.

The Cup given by the Prince Royal for horses bred on the Continent—15 Freds-d'or each, 10 ft.; half a mile and a distance: three-year-olds, 120lb.; four, 138lb.; five, 150lb.; six and aged, 156lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—was won by Count Hahn-Basedow's *Gondolier*, 120lb. (*Miles*), beating easily Baron Biel's *Guerilla*, 138lb., and Prince William's *Firetail*, 138lb.—Count Plessen's *Alexis*, 120lb. bolted.—The Cup to be challenged for yearly.

A Hanger, subscribed for by the Members of the Hunt at Halali, for horses of all countries, Gentlemen riders, both horse and man having hunted twice in the season, 175lb. each, one mile and a distance—to be challenged for yearly, and the name of the winning horse and his rider to be engraved upon it:—if wrested from the winner the second year, he is to receive a belt for his own hanger; and so on every succeeding year.

Lieut. Baron Willamowitz-Mollendorf's b. h. *Orloff* (Owner) 1
Prince Charles's ch. g. *Agathon* (M. Rochow-Stalpe) 2
Prince Carolath's ch. m. *Oatlands*—dam by Congress (Owner) 3
Captain Count Donhoff's ch. m. *Wasp* (Owner), and Col. Barner's ch. m. *Mirandole*, by *Gimcrack* (Owner), not placed.

Wasp led, but was soon headed by

Agathon, closely followed by *Orloff* and *Mirandole*. On the third side of the course the *Oatlands* mare came up, and the running with the whole became good, but from the last turn it lay entirely between *Orloff*, *Agathon*, and the *Oatlands* mare, and these made a fine race home, *Orloff* beating *Agathon* by half a length; the *Oatlands* mare a good third.

Handicap Stakes of 50 Freds-d'or for horses of all countries, who did not win a prize on the same course in 1832, with a subscription of 5 Freds-d'or each, h. ft.—the second horse to receive half the subscription—to be named immediately before the start for the preceding race.

M. Braune's ch. *Merlin Mare*, 122lb. (*Wersley*) 1
Baron Biel's *Guerilla*, 135lb. 2
Count Plessen-Ivenack's b. f. *Emily*, 115lb., and M. Lichtwald's *Johanna*, 110lb. not placed.

The horses made a good start, and kept well together, with scarcely any advantage to either till the last turn, when a good race ensued between the *Merlin Mare* and *Guerilla*, the former winning by a length.

Lieutenant Courbiere produced the gr. g. *Cesar*, foaled at Graditz, for the premium of 150 Freds-d'or offered by the Union for the best campaign horse, and was approved of by the Committee.

At the conclusion of the Races the horses purchased by the Union are disposed of by lot or raffle at the prices awarded to them as winners. At five o'clock the company adjourned to M. Seeger's Riding School, when the lots were decided as follows:—

Lieut. Count Dohna, to receive the winner of the Stakes at Berlin and Anclam (to be purchased this year).
Baron Francis Geyer-Schweppenbourg won *Cesar*.
Dr. Reikleben, *Belladonna*.
Lieut. Freyberg, *Dagobert*.
Captain Kitzling-Charlottenhof, *Aurora*, winner at Breslau.
Colonel Count Henckel-Donnersmarck, *Cora*, winner at Pretzsch.
Major Froreich, *Sejanus*.

NEPTUNE'S REJOINDER TO "J. B. G."

I Am most happy, Mr. Editor, through your valuable publication, to assure "J. B. G." I no longer attach any credit to the report that was very prevalent last winter of the *Water Witch* having taken an unfair advantage of the other vessels of the Experimental Squadron, by not obeying the signals to tack. I heard it mentioned publicly; and when I stated the report in my communication to you, it was in the hope and wish that it would meet the eye of the Noble owner, and be contradicted by him or some friend. Now there can be no doubt that it was not true, as from different circumstances I feel confident "J. B. G." speaks from the very best authority. Whether the reason hinted by your Correspondent for Government declining to purchase her be the real one, I am ignorant; but perhaps the Admiralty have been so attacked in Parliament about appointing what is called an unscientific man to the office of Surveyor of the Navy, to the exclusion of the Professors of Naval Architecture, that they do not much fancy having to fight a fresh battle about buying vessels from private yards. Besides, there are a set of men in the Assembly at St. Stephen's ready to lay hold of any circumstance that may have the appearance of a job for Ministers or their friends. I regret she is not in the Service; for, after the pleasure of beating all the men of war is over, I am afraid his Lordship will find her an incumbrance. The season for sailing is so short now Parliament sits so late, that it is really not

worth while fitting out such a vessel, except the owner purposes taking a voyage; and, after all, the pleasantest sailing is in a small vessel; and furthermore *inside the Island* say I for comfort. People may talk about liking to go to Scotland, to Ireland, the Mediterranean, &c. &c. in their yachts as much as they please; I have sailed in all classes nearly in different ports, and though I am hardly ever seasick (and I have crossed the Atlantic and Bay of Biscay more than once), I never was caught in a good breeze in the Channel on board a yacht but I found them anything but comfortable, especially if she was a racer.

A friend of mine was on board one of the 70's a year or two ago, a new vessel, very fast, and her owner a young Member, full of winning Cups, &c., and of course her spars were in accordance with his intentions. In going across to Cherbourg they fell in with the *Elizabeth* (Mr. Moore), one of the best sea-going vessels in the Club. They had each a single reef in at starting. After getting well outside, the breeze freshened, and the spray began to fly about rather more than usual; and every now and then, when the puffs came, their great boom would bend again. The master said something about having another reef down, but the owner, who saw the *Elizabeth* just to windward with only a single reef, did not like being outcarried by a smaller vessel, and said "No: surely we can carry on as long as the *Elizabeth*:" and so he persisted till there was not a

dry inch on the deck, and the boat which was stowed to leeward was nearly afloat, and all on board completely soaked, while those on board the Elizabeth sat down under the lee of the after-bulwarks, and never had a bit of spray abaft the companion. Luckily everything held on, or they might have been in a predicament. But my friend told me he was wet through, half-starved—for cooking was out of the question—and not at all pleased at the risk of being drowned for the sake of the character of his friend's vessel. However, the owner has since become wiser than to strain his vessel, and risk a serious accident, for the mere sake of not being outcarried. Mr. Moore and party knew full well the reason they pressed her so much, and carried on himself rather more than usual on purpose; but then the Elizabeth was more able to bear it, and nothing pleases her owner so much as to get hold of one of these flyers outside in a good breeze; for, if like the I—s, they try to carry on, they are sure to get half buried.

I have often remarked the inconvenient manner the boat is stowed away on board—either laying along one side of the deck, or else across; but in either case much in the way. I have seen a very nice little vessel, built by Captain Symonds, in the Mediterranean, which was admirably fitted up in every way. The sky-light, or rather hatch, of her main cabin was a fixture, but made with two flaps, which lifted up a certain height at each side to admit air, and were kept up by an iron peg. The windows at the sides also opened horizon-

tally. This hatch was made with a groove to receive the keel of the boat, and being hollowed to the shape of the boat's bottom, she remained perfectly steady without any lashings, except in bad weather, when she was lashed fore and aft, and was completely out of the way.

This vessel had a great character for sailing, and none of the men of war could do anything with her on a wind in smooth water; but, like all his vessels, had the full bow above, which made her thump, be very uneasy in a head sea, and very wet, but she was as stiff as a house; she was rigged as a yawl, and very neat, hardly a block to be seen aloft, all the halyards being rove in sheafs. I believe Captain Symonds thought the more you could divide the sail the better a vessel would go to windward. I, however, think that if it were possible to get all the sails in one it would be an advantage. I have seen small vessels with a jib coming right aft to the mast beat all of her class rigged with jib and foresail. Capt. Symonds sold this vessel to Col. Vernon Graham, an extraordinary character in his way; but what has become of him now I know not. I believe there was one of 80 tons built at Portsmouth on her model by the present Surveyor for the Revenue Service, and rigged as a yawl; but she was a failure, not having a chance against the cutters. I suppose she has been altered to what has been proved by the yachts to be the best rig. Should the bows of his vessels be also altered in future, as I hear they are, it will be to the Yacht Club we shall be indebted for the two improvements.

By the reports of the Regattas at Plymouth and Torbay, it appears they have been miserable failures, notwithstanding MOUNTAINEER'S description, which cannot deceive me ; and the one at Cowes was equally so. I therefore hope something will be done to bring vessels of a superior class in competition, and at least afford some sport to those who subscribe towards such things.

With respect to the objections made by your Correspondent to Ryde as an abode for sailing families during the summer, I shall merely state, that there are many vessels constantly laying there, and that not half a dozen times in the summer would a yacht boat find any inconvenience in pulling off ; and if it should happen that Ladies wish to embark when a strong N. W. wind was blowing, for a mere trifle the finest boats in England belonging to the watermen are always to be had.

If your vessel requires scrubbing, half an hour will take her to Gosport Beach ; and as you generally give up your vessel for a day in such cases, she is always back the morning after, long before the owner requires her.

Ryde also possesses the advantage to an invalid recommended sailing, or to any member of a family fond of the water and looking at vessels, but who are subject to sea-sickness, and consequently afraid to venture on board (and there are many such belonging to the Club), of having a pier, where you may enjoy all the advantages of sailing without any of the inconveniences ; and a constant source of amusement is afforded by the men of war at Spithead, and the number of vessels of all sorts constantly pass-

ing and re-passing before your windows, from which you may command a view of more than twenty miles in length.

I am most happy to see by the papers the Squadron have escaped so well from the late heavy gales. I had my fears for them, as it is a nasty coast about Cherbourg to be caught near in such weather as we have had of late. I trust, however, it did not prevent in any great degree the gaieties expected. I do not much envy those who had the pleasure of riding outside during the gale, and hope there were no Ladies so unfortunate. Last trip there were very few English Ladies ventured, but those that did made such a flattering report that I conclude more were tempted this time. Now my humble opinion is, Ladies in particular should confine their aquatic trips to the waters between St. Helens and the Needles ; or, at all events, never venture to sea in company with their favorite Cavaliers if at all inclined to be *unpleasant* at sea. Inside, in fine weather, they are delightful creatures to pay attention to ; and I have known more than one case where a gallant, who had withstood all the attempts of chaperones and daughters' manoeuvres to bring things to a crisis amid the endless *fêtes* in town, and rides in the Park and lanes, surrender at discretion when left to a *tête-à-tête* on a calm moonlight night on board a yacht in the Southampton River. Few places are better adapted for quiet converse with her you are half in love with, than the deck of a nice vessel in the dusk of evening, where, without being remarked by your companions, you can lean over the bul-

warks, and watch the moonlight play on the water while you glide gently along. The heart becomes softened by the scene, and, worldly selfish feelings being forgotten, words are whispered which generally lead to the two becoming one.

It is a fact that one Lady of my acquaintance is indebted for the *bon parti* she made to being stuck on the mud one night near Calchot Castle, and which was done purposely by the owner of the vessel, for the sake of keeping his party on board a few hours longer, and thereby encouraging a slight flirtation that was established between the two. It had the desired effect; for in a very short time after the Gentleman pro-

posed, and the Lady became mistress of 10,000l. a-year, and a yacht, which was forthwith ordered to be built for the following season.

Now I am pretty sure such a thing never would have happened, if, as I once witnessed, the Lady's head had been observed hanging over the bulwarks, giving up all the good Champagne, &c. &c. to the fishes, and looking, I can assure you, anything but loveable: therefore, fair damsels, take the advice of NEPTUNE, and do not venture outside, except by necessity.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

NEPTUNE.

September 10, 1833.

PROGRAMME OF A METROPOLITAN TANDEM CLUB.

THOUGH a "*freshman*," Mr. Editor, in the pages of the SPORT. MAG. believe me I am by no manner of means a "*Griffin*" with regard to (*some at least of*) the "*arts and sciences*" that shine *rubrick* (as a Milesian would say) in "*black and white*" through your monthly columns, and since all things (*save one*, Mr. Editor,) that are done *well* should be done *quickly*, and *that one* upon no account *too slow* either, allow me, if you please, without further preamble, to be my own *arbiter elegantiarum*, and to introduce myself at once to you and your readers as a MASTER WHIP!

I say "*Master Whip*," Sir, on account of having served my "*riglar apprenticeship*" to the wheels.

I have spun every sort of axle (honour bright!), and graduated

methodically for my *Cropster's* degree, from the modest *one-in-hand* through the manifold vehicular orders of curricule—tandem—outrigger—rhinoceros (or random)—and unicorn, up to that *topper* of all *drags*, the slashing, up-standing, go-away, four-horse team!!

I have, moreover, Sir, "*rid post*" (both wheel and pole-end) in full uniform from *many* a ball (with the *boys* dead asleep inside); and furthermore still (but what is there that a *Military Colleger* is *not* fly to?), I have fan'd a kittareen, goaded a German bullock vagon, and steered a flying elk-sledge (the *latter* under circumstances of no very slight periclitation); so that in *common* humility, Mr. Editor, *I think* you will admit that I have diligently studied for, and fairly earned, my diploma of M.W., or Master Whip.

Rife, then, in the elegant and *useful* attainments of the *crop and silkies*, I hope I may be deemed qualified to put forth *the Programme* of an evidently-varmint, and-undoubtedly-neoterick Society, to be known and *nomenclated* by the "style and title" of the "TANDEM CLUB!"

We have had, Sir, as you well know, eminent charioteers during all periods—from the earliest *age* (when Phaeton horsed and drove the old *Sun*) down to the present two-o'clock "Brighton Age;" and we have seen, or heard of, in later days, the prowess of a "Tommy Titmouse," or, as he was aptly termed, *On-slow* (from the facinorous and *muffy* habit he indulged in of driving his *leaders* in kicking-straps), as well as of that pink.....no, that's common place.....that *carnation* of all *cropsters* (and papa of the traces), Sir John Lade, who (between you and I and your readers) *ought* to have had the *varmintest* team in England *kept up for him*, (and that too *free gratis* of all expense,) from the hour of his dropping *his own* (before my time), even unto the day (and I hope a *far-off one*) of his being booked inside for his last jog by the *Black Mail*.

Speaking in the *present* tense, I really know of nothing in the way of *roller-bolts* and *nag's-flesh* that gives me such a comfortable *chirp* as the light and business-like *spin* of Sir Henry Peyton's *twice-two*; and I take leave to think that I fathom the opinion of *most* driving men, when I formally invest Sir Harry with the *Champion's Whip* of *Amateur* Benchsters. Of a verity though, when I try my thoughts back a little, I have not, I fear, paid the accom-

plished Baronet *half* the homage I feel to be owing him, as, since the demise of the Four-in-hand Club, that *best* of *good* coachmen has been left few, if *any*, formidable competitors to dispute the palm of *wagonry*. My Lord Clonmell (it pleases me to admit) is neat, quiet, gentlemanly, and *effective* on his box: Lincoln Stanhope is safe and slow (by the bye, I should joy to see *Brother Fitzroy* hopping the natty Colonel's grey team along): and Harborough's Earl is *by chalks* the fastest *thong* going, or rather *gone*, *Sa Signeurie* being, it is said, over *head* and *heels* in—*Love*. The gay Baron of Berkeley Castle *used* to sit *on* and *behind* (nothing but) a slap set-out, *mais malheureusement* he, like many more *good'uns*, has hung up his *lance-wood* and deserted the purlieus of Achilles: and, alas! our modern Hippodrome (Hyde Park) is now-a-days doomed to see the graceful "Four" give place to the SNOOKS' and MUGGINS's *vun-orse-shay*!

Through the anti-inosculatory propoundings of those gelid eschewers of deosculation! (I flatter myself that's none of your *every-day* sort of writing), the Messrs. Malthus, Jeremy Bentham, and Miss Macauley, we have had Algoa Bay, Fernandez Po, the Canadas, and Swan River, put in requisition as so many vents or waste-pipes for our extra-numerals; and since this frigid and unconjugating trio have prescribed *their* obviates, why should not *I* (in the eleventh hour of the Nation's peril) also administer *mine*? 'Tis for this patriotic reason, then (though I *fear* somewhat given to *Miss-deeds* myself, and, peradventure,

rather *Don-Juan-ishly* prone to populate), that I walk hand-in-glove with the uncuddling Miss Macauley in seeking to reduce our super-abundants; and I feel a gratifying and conscientious conviction that I could not more *effectively*, as well as pleasantly, co-operate with the *vestal* philosopher, than by proposing the establishment of a TANDEM CLUB—" *de gustibus non est disputandum*," (there is no disputing the taste of a tandem); and it must be obvious to the nations of the earth that I have secured the best and widest medium for the circulation of my (*utile et dulce*) Prospectus, in thus bespeaking the distinguished publicity of your universal SPORTING MAGAZINE.

To me, Sir, there is something perfectly electric in the very name of *Tandem*:—the mere thought of one fairly galvanises me: but—it doesn't signify talking, the fit has come on so strong that I *must* lay my pen down for a few minutes!

* * * *

Pheu! I'm quite out of breath, and nearly as *cloudy in the wind* as one of the Colonel's "high-blowers."—Do you know, Mr. Editor, I could stand the temptation no longer, for whenever I trust myself upon the subject of the *silkies*, a driving paroxysm comes over me directly—a sort of *furor dragibus*, or *double-thongo* mania, and I am obliged, ay downright obliged to take a dose of my specific *instantly*.—I think, Sir, I hear you mentally exclaim, "and what the devil (yes, I distinctly heard the word devil) can this wonderful specific

be!" List, most dread Editor, and I will forthwith illuminate you.

For ease and perspicuity's sake we will suppose you then locomotived (in your official *fautewil*) from Warwick Square (like the sixpenny "ride" to St. Paul's in the Colosseum) to my tiny *Turculum* in the Regent's Park, and after wending your tortuous way through divers and sundry gates and doors, you at length reach my exclusive *smuggery* (or, as I from force of habit denominate it, my "barrack room")—what sort of agreeable surprise or treat do you cogitate is in store for you? By the broad hips of Venus no common one, believe me. *Figurez-vous donc* your gentle Correspondent seated on a music stool, which said music stool is placed upon his library table, and in front of him imagine a quaternity of chairs, so disposed as to represent the leaders and wheelers in a four-horse drag (by the bye, *arm-chairs*, I find, go best at wheel, on account of their having a *little* more substance than the leaders).

.....Ah ha! you *heard* that *sharp short crack*, did you? and *well* you might, for never did Sam Goodman hit his *near leader under the bar* in a neater or cleaner style; and then again, I think I see you look with every one of your eyes at the janty manner in which I catch my *point*, and with a learned *hitch* of the wrist, throw my thong up along the *stick*, and *well* over the crop, and like lightning itself drop the *plat* into my wheelers handsomely over their chimes! Yes, yes, Mr. Editor, it's not every *Benchster*, I promise you (though *I says* it), *not* can *hit the tits all round* and *pull 'em*

* Motto of the Club.

together better nor I can; and I'll lay you a new *flogger* (one of Ward's primest, if you like), that I'll take the *shine* any day out of some of your *fanciest Crops*, that work from either the Bull and Mouth, Spread Eagle, Belle Sauvage, or Cross Yards!

But what a devil of a pace I'm going!—my pen's all of a lather, and the *top* of it is shaking (like a horse's tail) from sheer distress. Be good enough, Mr. Editor, if you please, to *skid* for me (as I never gives a chance away, but always uses the *pan** going down these shoots), and by the time we changes horses at the bottom, I shall have my way-bill all ready for you.

Where did I leave off, do you remember? (when you came from Warwick Square to *take a wrinkle* how to finger the *silks*).....O, I recollect; about the magical influence of a Tandem. I repeat, Sir, there is something perfectly electric in the very name of *Tandem*—the mere thought of one fairly galvanizes me; and if I must (for *once*) come down with the truth, I confess I feel more delight in slipping along *eight hoofs* ("follow my leader" fashion) than in any of this world's *other* orthodox pursuits.

Shew, or name me, the living man (wearing a head with a pair of eyes in it), who remembereth not that verdant elderly, 'yclept General Fawcett (christened by the nymphs of *Luna* "Old Evergreen"), perched up in his well-appointed tandem, and doing a bit of "no mistake" from Cumberland Gate to Hyde Park Corner. And who, *à fortiori*, but *loubly* remembereth, even as yes-

* Quere Pen?—Printer's devil.

† He can no longer go the *pace*—free translation by Printer's devil.

terday, poor *non-such* Brydges, *queering* his *queerest* of all *queer twos*, and with "*Missis*" alongside him, tickling the *silks* with all the tact and precision of an A 1 *Cropster*!

By the *white whiskers* of "*Black Will*" (and that's no *small* oath), I consider Tom Brydges, when once fairly cushioned in his *two-story* (or *attic*) tandem, to have been the *highest* driving character in Christendom; and though, poor fellow! his *wiry bit of holly* has at length been laid upon the *Gravesend Omnibus*, it will be *many* a long summer ere his memory is cold, or the "*Devil's Dyke*" and countless other eccentric *feats* either surpassed or equalled. A better or *steadier* dragsman (maugre his *larking cut*) never took hold of a *bunch of leather*; and across a country he was "*second party*" to none. Poor Tom! I have ridden and driven with ye often—*ergo* feel myself competent to declare, that *never, no never* did a *quicker eye* or a *lighter hand* bless a *Jehu* son of dear woman; and as for *nerve* and "*style*," *not often* (the present Company as usual excepted) has a prettier *finger-Smith* sat behind a pair of territts.....But I must "*hold hard*," or I shall begin to *rake* and *bore*, and therefore (unbuckling my reins) I shall only add—*requiescat in pace*†!

Proceed I now, Sir, with your permission, in the development of my *Programme*.

It is hereby projected to establish a METROPOLITAN TANDEM CLUB, consisting of one thousand Members, and the following regulations are submitted as the bye-laws of this new fraternity.

Imprimis—The first ten who shall sign their names, or make their marks, in the Prospectus Book, to be considered as the Formation Committee, and the remaining nine hundred and ninety to be subsequently ballotted for.—*Mem.* Eleven black balls (out of the dozen) to exclude.

2. The *summer* uniform of the Club to consist of a *very* low-crowned, broad-brimmed white silk hat, turned up with green*, and ornamented with a wide black ribbon, after the tasty usage of old Townshend, of Bow-street memory. An orange frock (reaching to the knee) of jean or camelot (*of course* broad-backed and long-waisted), with two-inch diameter mother-o'-pearl buttons, bearing the initials M. T. C. Hip-pockets *without* flaps, and *two* tier of breast ditto on *each* side, with a turnpike-ticket fob in the cuff of the *left* wrist. No waistcoat will be required; but it is confidently expected that each and every Member of the Club will appear on the days of meeting (every Sunday and red-letter day) in a *clean* BLUE shirt (as per pattern to be seen at the Secretary's), a condition now rendered the less trying, by virtue of the philanthropy of my Lord Althorp in having so charitably taken the duty off soap.

3. White cord *crishees* (or *bum-lets*, as the Duchess styles *her* smalls), made *extra-comprehensive* in the seat (like Her Grace's), and buttoned half way down the calf (or where the calf *should* be of such Members as have sent theirs to grass), with multiphicious leather straps and boot garters, *à la* "Sixteen-string

Jack."—*Mem.* Brick-dust coloured long tops, well *shoved down*, and wrinkled over the instep.

4. The *winter* toggery to be the same as the summer, merely substituting orange *plush* for the jean or camelot, and *coming a lily whitney* whenever the Members are ordered to *stuff the upper ben*.

5. No gloves allowed in summer, but in winter *Dutch mits* and otter skins will be tolerated.

6. The *cuffs* of the frock upon no account or pretence to come lower than within *four inches* of the knuckles, lest they should interfere with the free use of the *crop* and *silkies*.

7. Each Member on joining the Club to make his will, which said will or last testament is to contain a codicil, bequeathing his body (as a lover of science) to either Guy's or St. Bartholomew's, and it is *sanguinely* anticipated that through these liberal donations a *quant. suff.* of "subjects" will (until at least all the Members are killed off) be *constantly* ready for the dissecting knife; thus, not only handing one's bones down to posterity in a clock case (instead of their being made into dominoes), but most effectually superseding those inelegant and far less sporting pastimes—*body-snatching* and *burking*.—[*Mem.* It is suggested that Sir Astley Cooper and Doctor Brodie be appointed carcase-butchers to the Club.]

8. Each Member to make an affidavit that at the Sunday and red-letter ordinaries of the Club, he will guard against the commission of suicide, by diligently abstaining from the use of *vinegar* and *black-strap* (facetiously li-

* I have been so eminently fortunate as to secure the late Captain Brydges' unique *thatch* for a pattern.

belled by the *wine-brewers* as "Sherry" and "Port"), such *sloe juice* and "gold-coloured" acid being at once *felo-de-se-ish*, as well as *anti-tandem-ish*.

9. He must also bind himself then and there to *absorb* either single X, XX, XXX, Bottled Stout, "Hodgson's Pale," $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$, Entire, Sixpenny, Intermediate, 'Amber, Cannon, Lamb's-wool*, Egg-hot, Flip, Purl, and Bishop; or (should the *alcohol* be preferred) any of the sundry and wholesome "spirituous cordials and compounds" ("Cream of the Valley" and "Mountain Dew" inclusive), that Messrs. Burnett, Hodges, Booth, Seager, Deady, and other refined "gin spinners," are obliging enough to insinuate into the infinitesimal "cribs," "watering houses," and caravansaries, with which this favored *Hamlet* and its suburbs so comfortably abounds.—[Any com-potator infringing this sumptuary clause to be considered as a rogue in grain, and wanting in spirit, and (therefore) *ipso facto* no longer a Member of the Club.]

10. A thigh of mutton and "stick-jaw"† to be standing dishes with the Club; and fried tripe and pickled onions to be held in esteem amongst the other Apician hors-d'œuvre and entre-mets.

11. Each Member, when going down the road, to carry a short flower (either dahlia, sun, or hollyhock) in the near-side corner of his mouth; the chaste and distinguished effect of which may be any day certified, by yorking the kiddy crop of a fast Greenwicher, as he hops the speedies past the Horse Guards.—[N. B. If more convenient to the party, they have only

to call upon any of the Officers of the Life Guards or Blues (two of whom may be seen daily between the hours of 11 A. M. and 6 P. ditto, screwed down to the open window of their hutch at the H. G.), and they will, I am sure, with their usual "household" suavity, vouch for the imposing effect of the flower in the Greenwicher's eater.]

12. As the flower is to be carried in the near-side corner of the mouth when going down the road, so when coming up the M'Adam (on the return home), each and every Member will be expected to wear a cigar in the off-side corner, in lieu of the flower already described.—[Memorandum: Any Member setting himself on fire, or catting on his foot-board, to "stand Sammy" (all round) at one of the Club's "houses of call" or Tom and Jerry shops.]

13. Members unable to smoke dry, or swallow their spittle, to be fined (in wet) at the discretion of the Smoking Committee, to whom all fumous questions are referrible.—[N. B. No "yards of clay" or spittoons to be tolerated, either when at work or in the Club's "Free and Easies;" but Members having thick (or Nubian) lips will be conceded the indulgence of substituting a nose pipe for the cigar, so called from the bowl of it coming immediately under that nasal feature, and a three-inch sample of which may any (break of) day be had moderately reasonable in Duck-lane (the head-quarters of the hod division), or, at the same hour, of one of the ebrious Irish old basketwomen in Covent Garden.]

14. Doctor's charges and fu-

* Vide Walker—not Hookey.

† I beg to refer the unenlightened, and (no doubt) mouth-watering reader, for an explication of these dainties, to the carte-à-manger of the "Royal Military College."

neral expenses of old women run over, and either maimed or killed by *bona fide* Members of the Club, as well as all *deodands* levied upon the wheels of the Society, to be paid out of a purse called the "Cripples' Fund," towards which purse every Member of the M. T. C. shall pay on his admission the sum of one sovereign sterling, together with the further subscription of two shillings and sixpence monthly.

15. Clerks in counting-houses, Members of the Universities, Students at Law, unbeneficed Clergymen, sons of younger sons, Ensigns in *walking* regiments*, and Half (or no) Pay Officers, intending to join the "Metropolitan Tandem Club," are considerably recommended to procure their *live dog's meat* at the *Knacker Bazaar* in Maiden Lane, where an "extensive assortment" at all times presents itself of *bits of blood* with *plenty of bone*; and as

they are *all* "warranted," and *thoroughly broken*, the "examination fee" to either "the College" or "Field and Son" will thus be rendered perfectly needless.

16. No tandem to be *under* three cubits, but the *higher* above that, *indisputably* the more *slap*.

17. Each tandem to be provided with a small medicine case, as also a folding *litter* cradle (for broken bones), bandages, a few splints (*over and above* what his *horses* may be supplied with), and two or three requisite instruments for the performance of amputation and trepanning.

18. All riders of steeple chases, poets, politicians, stockbrokers, chancellors of exchequer, and *other* out-door patients of *St. Luke's* (whether in *strait waistcoats* or not), to be considered (*as a matter of course*) Honorary Members of the Club.

Finally—Each Member, on pain of expulsion, to keep a *she* valet.

The following *excelling* Noblemen and Commoners to be invited to consider themselves as the "Permanent Staff" of the Club:—

Head (or Crack) Breaksman, Lord Harb—r—gh.

Deputy ditto, Lords Wor—st—r, Sef—n, Dil—n, Polt—m—re, Ches—rf—ld, Clan—c—de, Cast—r—gh — Messrs. Fitzroy Stan—pe, Mat Milton, and Jack Peer.

Principal Rough Rider, Fanny Manners.

Assistants ditto, Prince Est—h—zy and Lord Ellen—r—gh.

Physician (in *Ordinary*), Dr. Eady. -

Consulting Surgeons, Messrs. Goss and Co. ("*Carpe diem*"—"Do-mus et placens uxor.")

Principal Sheriffs' Officers, Messrs. Sloman and Selby.

Cambists. (or Bill Discounters), Messrs. Coster and Co.

Solicitor, John Minter Hart.

Chaplain, Parson Harvey.

Undertakers, Banting and Co.

Master of the Ceremonies, Tom Cribb,

Ordinary, Rev. — Cotton.

* Neither the "Horse Marines," River Fencibles, Artillery Company, or Bomb Brigade, are included amongst the *Pedestrian Corps*,

First Fiddle (on *one* string)—*Il Violino Magico* Signor Paganini.
 Second ditto (on a *monochord* also), at which he is *gallows* good,
 John Ketch, Esq.

Treasurer, Long Wel—s—y.

Secretary, Myself.

In addition to the above “Permanent Staff,” it is recommended to the Club to invite the following Public and Pious Individuals to constitute themselves a *Hortative* Board, under the *imposing* title of
Supervisors of Morals.

The President of the Daffy Clubfor the time being.

The Lord Chan—ll—rditto.

Lord El—nX L C

Jack ScrogginsP R

Spencer Per—v—lM P and C A N T

Lucifer CarlisleQ U O D

Rev. IrvingM A D

Dutch SamP R

Sir Saint Ag—wM P and C A N T

Belzebub Cr—kf—dL E G

Lord Alv—leyU P. S P O U T

Ikey SolomonsL A G D

Lord Adol—us Fitz Cl—ceT R U M P

AND

Mother H !!!

Further and full particulars may be learned at the different Hells and Tread Mills—at the Saloon in Piccadilly, and Rowbotham’s “Finish”—at the Tap of Tattersall’s, and One Tun in Jermyn Street—at the several “Station” and Lock-up houses—at the office of “The Society for the Suppression of Vice”—at the “Supervisors of Morals” Chambers in *King’s Place*—at No. 24, Red Lion Square—of Madame Vestris, Mrs. Waylett, and Miss Sydney, and at the “*Tandem Club House*,” in *Whitecross Street* !

CALEB,

Vivant Rex et Regina !

Hon. Sec.

BRIEF SUMMARY OF SPORT IN THE NORTH IN AUGUST.

SIR,
WHATEVER may have been the puffs in the newspapers, or however good the sport in some particular localities, the breed of Grouse has been so far from even commonly good as in some places to amount nearly to a failure. Nor has this partial plenty or decrease existed so very generally in any one district, at least as far as it

has been possible to ascertain, as to be accounted for on general principles—one range of hill or mountain being tolerably well covered, while its adjoining one was hardly worth setting foot on. “A late spring is a good thing,” says an old proverb, and so, thank Providence, there is everywhere an abundant harvest; but as far

as grouse are concerned there cannot be a worse thing, and this one was the very worst and coldest that the oldest person could recollect. The after-weather was favorable, as the rains, which were very destructive to the partridge in Scotland, were rather serviceable to the grouse, the latter being at the general hatch of the former beyond danger, and requiring, as far as all experience has hitherto gone to prove, much water at this particular period.

There is nothing probably so little generally understood to those who have not witnessed it as what a tract of mountain ground is, particularly at the beginning of a season; and consequently, when they hear or read that Sir Something or Mr. Somebody has floored or bagged his eighty brace on the great 12th, that the reporter is a liar; but such is not the case, and I shall take as short pains as I can to explain it. It is very difficult to convey to the mind, or rather the conception, of the English reader what such an extent is, and unfortunately it occurs not, without what might be deemed paltry supererogation, how to set about it. It must be left then, stating length and breadth to Algebra quoad space, and to a better season than this *generally* quoad birds, to the imagination of the reader.

When a good tract of mountain (by which is meant one that is known to have a *good breeding bottom*, and consequently in the average of seasons to turn out what is technically called "a

good hill") is let, it rents at from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds for the *season*^{*}, and more. Many of these no doubt are tenanted by Scotchmen, whose possessions are in the low lands; but the main are taken by English, and some few Irish parties, whose expense otherwise is consequently enormous. The length and breadth of such tracts of mountain of course differ more or less, but on the aggregate may be stated at from seven or eight miles in length, and from two to three, and more often, in breadth. If then, upon such a tract, two young men start by daylight, with the appliances of relays of good dogs, markers, &c. &c. and a determination to slay even on, provided they be but commonly good walkers, what is there to hinder them to kill their eighty or a hundred brace? It certainly is a most absurd and useless slaughter; and the effects of it are becoming yearly more alarmingly evident, especially as, from the enormous expense to those who come from a distance, the same ground is often let to a fresh party every season. But the spirit of emulation must be gratified; and merely to say that they have done as much as So-and-so, a crack shot, everything is hammered down on the first day.

There is another great evil in this, for which there is no remedy but altering the time; and unless some good sportsman introduces and obtains such a measure, the Moors will cease to be such a magnet as they have been, for no one need expect the generality of hill-renters to listen to

^{*} Braemar, before the late ever-to-be-lamented Sir H. Goodricke bought it, was let for four times as much; and Fallar, the Duke of Athol's celebrated Lodge, never under 500l. Many more could be named.

anything but the passion of the moment. In the middle of August the young birds lie like stones in hot days; consequently the first birds that rise are the old ones, and generally afford a good double shot: with a keen and tolerably good shot down they both are. The old cock is as well out of the way, but in the case of the hen it is murder, both present and prospectively; for there never will nor never can be a fine stock of any game where a good supply of old breeding hens is not kept up. Mind, I acknowledge they will get barren; but better run the risk of that than exterminate them altogether, as is done every year in many places latterly. It is a primary cause of the failure of this species of game, which, whatever Editors of county-newspapers may invent or assert, is shewing itself too plainly to escape even general notice.

In Argyleshire a few years ago the principal proprietors entered into a voluntary association not

to commence shooting until the 20th. This is the day in Ireland, and ought to be everywhere: it would save too many an unfortunate head of young black game, which ought not to be killed until that day, but which now are often indiscriminately bagged. It may seem that this trifling alteration would be of little benefit; but when grouse get a certain length, they make a rapid advance, especially in taking wing, instead of cowering in the heath, and daily become stronger in the flight. This is well known to all practical persons; and from these two causes, the first more especially, the old breeding hens would oftener escape, and the stock of game be less deteriorated.

It would be cause of little surprise, if matters go on as they do, were this species to become extinct in many places, where they are now, or rather were, plentiful; to corroborate which I need go no farther than your own last May Number*. In the article on the localities where grouse

* Indeed where, Mr. Editor, better could I refer; nor am I singular in this opinion: vide *Quarterly Review* in its late plagiarisms from your pages, and which you were obliged to notice officially in a late Number. But it would seem that there are some who consider plagiarism (or what more properly, considering its extent, is in plain English piracy) a feather in a man's cap. There is in *Bell's Life* of the 8th of September an extract from the *Dumfries Courier*, headed "Angling for Salmon," at the commencement of which is the following:—"We can very easily believe that there is a charm known only to the initiated, and a degree of excitement bordering on mental intoxication, in the pleasures both of the Chase and the Turf, when we hear of Scholars such as Mr. John Lockhart mustering whip-in-hand at Melton Mowbray, and discoursing as enthusiastically of hounds and horses, the pedigree of racers and the talents of jockeys, as ever he did of the beauties of literature and the merits of Authors. His late articles have proved a *bonne bouche* to the Sporting World, and a manor for every Journalist to poach on"—(Is not this too audacious?)—"and have imparted to the *Quarterly* a degree of interest in a new direction to which it was a stranger in the palmy days of the well-known Wm. Gifford."....."Save me from my friends," &c. quoth the old Spanish Proverb; for Mr. John Lockhart stands precisely thus:—If, as his would-be panegyrist of the *Dumfries Courier* states, he himself is the enthusiastic discourser, a reference to your old Numbers will shew whence *totidem verbis* he drew his information: if not, as Editor, and especially Reviewer, he is not much better off—first, in allowing any one to foist such a piracy on him, thereby proving he was meddling with what he knew nothing about; and secondly, as regards the Turf article, inserting it as a review of *Darvell's Book*, but of which book there is not a single syllable in the whole article.—Verily when he next goes to "Melton Mowbray whip-in-hand," it would be as well if he picked up as much *scavoir* or gumption as would enable him to prevent himself being imposed on: if that is not the case, doing

are to be found in England, it is stated, "In all the hills in North and South Wales red grouse are only to be found at present: *the black were formerly abundant, but have been all destroyed some years.* I have heard the Rev. Mr. Anwyl, Chaplain to Sir W. Wynne, a man forty years since nearly eighty, say that he remembered them plenty, but that as people improved in shooting they were all killed."—By the way, it appears odd to me that the Swedish grouse has never been introduced into Wales and Scotland.

With respect to the present season, it has been a bad one on the average, though Mr. Butler, of Faskaly in Perthshire, bagged to his own gun seventy odd brace on the 12th. In the same district the shooting on Birnam, by Major Thriepland and Mr. Murray, was nearly as good; and in Logie Almond, South Glenquaich, &c. The well-known Moors in Gledlednaig and Glenalmond, belonging to the estate of Lawers, as well as those of Ochertyre and Monzie, were never so bad, though the latter is so carefully preserved as to be never without a good breeding stock. Lord Willoughby's Moors and the West Highlands are in some places better, some worse, but by no means aggregately good. In the range bordering on Inverness, &c. Mr. Duff and party are said to have shot about two hundred brace a week at Corriemulzie; Lord Hopetown and party, two hundred and fifty at Castletoun; and Messrs. Baily and Ponsonby's

worse. As to its being a credit to the *Quarterly*, it would be as ridiculous in you to attempt generally discussing "Literature and the merits of Authors," as for Mr. Lockhart to try his hand on Sporting Matters. That it was not so in the days of Mr. Gifford, shews his sense, not to have risked incurring the ridicule of meddling with matters he was profoundly ignorant of.

Irish party to have bagged five hundred during the month at Spittall of Glenshee: still farther North, Sirs A. and G. Mackenzie on the 12th pulled down their fifty brace each: while Lord Castlereagh, on the extensive ground of Guisachan could scarcely find a bird; and as he almost immediately shifted his quarters to Sir Gordon Cumming's in Morayshire, it may be presumed that this said shooting of Guisachan was not only a *take* but an *in-take* (take in). In Lanarkshire the birds were scarce, though strong; and Airshire was somewhat similar. In Stratherrick, Frazer of Lovat, and his guest the Marquis of Caermarthen, bagged in four days, 64, 50, 50, and 74 brace.—Birds considered, except in the moist low grounds, scarce but good.

In the South, the Duke of Buccleuch, at his beautiful place of Drumlaurigg, had some good sport, interspersed with otter hunting, which, as the cause, however innocent *per se*, of the untimely death of that true Briton and Sportsman Sir Harry Goodricke, every lover of his country and its sports will hardly like to hear named. Lords Douglas and Ramsay were to meet the Duke in the wilds of Liddesdale; how they succeeded has not transpired: but as His Grace's estates are well preserved, no doubt the sport would be as good as other circumstances would allow. On the other Moors of the South Highlands the birds are reported to have been thin but strong: all through this more particularly al-

ludes to grouse—i. e. the red, as the black game have been much more plentiful.

This is merely the fire-edge—the first off-go of the business; the medium and end will prove the season a scarce one: and once and

again, unless something be done, and speedily, “the game will be up” with all grouse shooting letters, grouse shooters, and grouse gourmands; for it will “be all up with the game.”—Q.

Sept. 10, 1833.

PONTEFRACT MEETING.

“I love Pomfret.....Why? 'tis in all our histories.”—SWIFT.

SIR,

THE ready admission which you gave to my hasty scrawl and description of the Manchester muster induces me again to intrude myself on your notice in a few brief observations on the Pontefract Meeting. Here once, Mr. Editor, in my recollection, the speculators regularly mustered strong; and here many a dark mysterious steed, whose name and properties had lain dormant and unnoticed in the Leger list for the preceding eight months, has been brought forward under especial patronage, risen high in the Turf barometer, and been deeply, aye deeply advocated: here for some years I well remember, if the late Mr. James Croft, of Middleham, had a CHOICE PET who was able to do the desirable, or had fond anticipations entertained of its ability, it was sure to have its pretty name or pedigree patronised by the then numerous partisans of the Brecongill stable*; and not a few of the foremost St. Leger horses in bye-gone years have been here backed for very heavy sums. But such scenes at Pontefract (with sorrow do I say it, and feel it too true) have, like the

fleeting wind, “passed away,” although the town boasts the patronage of that spirited sportsman John Gully, Esq., the Honorable M.P. for the place, who resides within two miles, at his splendid seat Ackworth Park.

The Meeting was on the whole a failure, gaining very few horses and fewer stakes, so that the sport was contracted to two days duration; and I regret to say that Mr. Houldsworth, who has hitherto supported the Meeting by sending three or four horses, had not one (perhaps from other engagements interfering) at the place. Let us hope, however, as from evil causes oft spring good, that these Meetings may with exertion again rally to their former prosperity.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 28.—The company was, as might be expected, only thin—the weather blooming and delightful.

The first Stake was the Old 30 Sovs. each, 10ft.: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; one mile and three quarters, and tempted three to show up, which were—

Slinker, rode by.....	Thomas Lye.
Spider	Geo. Nelson.
Larkspur.....	S. Templeman.

* Brecongill is situated on Middleham Moor, and was the place of residence of the late Mr. Croft.

All these, as we well know, brought with them tarnished reputations. Slinker, from having won a Plate at Lancaster, was the favorite at even, and 2 to 1 was the price against the Spider's industry. Larkspur first put the *spur* to action, and made the running at a pretty fair speed, keeping the lead to himself until near home, where he would, could, or should have won; but, unfortunately, the *swerving line* of beauty, as Hogarth justly terms it, appeared to be an especial favorite of this admired flower, and by tracing its course he lost the *monish* by only a head from Spider; Slinker *slinking* up within three quarters of a length at the close, and consequently exhibiting a pretty sight.

A Free Handicap Stake of three sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, one mile and a quarter, followed, and induced a field of six to appear, as under:—

Augusta, 7st., rode by	A Boy.
Spider, 7st	Thos. Lye.
Slinker, 7st. (carried 7lb. above his weight)	Job Marson.
Flambeau, 9st.	R. Heseltine.
Mr. Gell's b. f. by Polygar, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	A Boy.
Mr. Broomhead's c. by Catton—Camillina, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	A Boy.

Flambeau was the *shining light* at 6 to 4 agst him, and 4 to 1 each was laid against both Spider and Slinker. The whole party came close together to the foot of the hill, where Spider and Slinker singled themselves out and came away, nothing else having any chance, or indeed anything to do with the race—the two running clear away from their companions, a head and head race up to the ending post, where Spider was declared to have just *spun* his head in front—thus making

Mr. Gully, his worthy owner, pocket the profits of the two first events.

A Fifty Pounds Plate given by the Hon. H.V.S. Jerningham, the M.P., for all ages—heats, a mile and three quarters—concluded the first chapter, and was won at two heats easy by Mr. Gascoigne's Isabel, rode by Tommy Lye, and defeating Fanny Horner, Augusta, and Flambeau.

THURSDAY.—A drizzling rainy afternoon.

The Two-year-old Stake opened the proceedings, colts carrying 8st. 5lb.; fillies 8st. 2lb.; seven furlongs; and from seven engagements produced three at the post, as under:—

Mr. Skipsey's Inheritor, rode by	R. Heseltine.
Mr. Foljambe's br. f. by Velocipede	Geo. Nelson.
Lord Wilton's br. c. by Camel out of Arachne,	John Holmes.

Inheritor established his claim to favour at 2 to 1 on him; 2 to 1 agst The Camel. Inheritor took the lead, and made his inheritance doubly sure, by never being headed, and winning in a canter, of course easy—Colonel Wilton's running in second. The Inheritor is a strong useful horse, with great power and substance, and will no doubt be seen to advantage in future days.

The Gold Cup was next exhibited, for all ages, to start at the distance and go once round. This glittering bauble, however, only dazzled the eyes of three aspirants—

Theodore, by Comus, dam by Cerberus, 3 yrs old, rode by	W. Wright.
Tomboy	S. Templeman.
Slinker	Thos. Lye.

Theodore (the seductive name) was backed at even, while Tomboy was laid 7 to 4 against.

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Slinker took the lead, and made fair running, Theodore following second, and Tomboy last, to about a quarter of a mile from home, when Tomboy and Theodore went together in front to the bottom of the hill, where Tomboy left his companion, came away, and won easy.

A Fifty Pound Plate, given by John Gully, Esq. M.P. for all ages; two mile heats; then closed the Meeting, by producing three heats, and being carried off by Mr. Gascoigne's Isabel (who carried 3lb. extra for winning the Wednesday's Plate), again rode by Lye, beating Mr. Lacey's Shepherdess (who won the first heat with some difficulty from Isabel), Mr. Broomhead's colt by Catton out of Camillina, and

Larkspur, who bolted. Isabel was the favorite *Belle*, and won the two last heats easy.

Thus ended the worst Meeting I ever witnessed at this beautiful little town. Hoping, however, that its future sporting may, from the influence and patronage of its opulent neighbours and Sportsmen who reside in this (the Badsworth) country, that some improvement may be effected to prevent its importance from going (like its majestic Castle) entirely to decay; and trusting that another year may find your columns giving a realisation of those hopes in the description of the next Meeting,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

FRIEND NED.

Ferrybridge, August 31st, 1833.

SQUIRE, A FAVORITE HUNTER.

Engraved by COOK, from a Portrait by W. SMITH.

THIS first-rate hunter, the property of John Tonge, Esq., of Morant's Court, Kent, was got by a horse that travelled the country (name unknown), out of a cart mare: he is much esteemed by his owner for his great strength, speed, and activity, no country being too much, and no day too long for him.

SQUIRE has been principally hunted with the Surrey fox as well as stag hounds during the last eight successive seasons, and his greatest achievement was with the latter, in 1832, when they met at Wallingham Common, twelve miles from Mr. Tonge's residence. SQUIRE was sent to covert that morning, and the deer was turned out on Limpsfield

Common, running through the neighbourhoods of Oxted and Godstone, over the hills to Banstead Downs (leaving Epsom to the left), and so on to Esher, where he was taken after a run of between thirty and forty miles. SQUIRE bore his rider through this hard day's work with great spirit and courage, after which he returned the same day to his stables, a distance of thirty miles. He is now twelve years old, and his owner regrets to say has seen his best days, being fearful he shall never meet with his equal; and before he quite terminates his career Mr. T. trusts he is not unworthy of occupying a place in the *Sporting Magazine*.

LETTERS FROM COWES.—No. V.

SIR,

THE season is now fast approaching for laying up the yachts; yet the weather being so fine we have still much company here, and the Equinoctial gales, we trust, are all over before this time. I closed my last Letter on the eve of the Royal Yacht Squadron going over to Cherbourg. Thirty vessels of all classes sailed under the command of the Commodore, Lord Yarborough, in the *Falcon*, supported by Lord Belfast, the Vice-Commodore, in the *Water Witch*; and the account from Cherbourg of the arrival of the Squadron on the 30th ult. describes their entry into that port, with great truth, as being magnificent. It may be as well here to state that the visit of the R. Y. S. was owing to the invitation of the inhabitants, who offered a Silver Cup to be sailed for by yachts of the Squadron during the residence among them of the King and Queen of the French, who had given notice of their intention to remain at Cherbourg four days, and that it would be a most pleasing sight to behold so many beautiful vessels as the R. Y. S. could produce together. This, therefore, is at once a sufficient answer to the many who have stated, and the few who have been led to suppose, that the visit of the R. Y. S. was one of a political nature (it is well known that many of the Ultra Tory prints have declared it to be such); and it is moreover rather amusing to find that *one-half of the owners of yachts present at Cherbourg were of Tory principles*; and, though professedly of that creed, were by no means shy of *accepting a couvert* at the table of the Citizen King, or of joining with their brother amateurs in greeting the Sovereign on his arrival.

The gale of wind, which came on the evening of the arrival of the Squadron, and which lasted off and on for ten days, was the cause, but too well known elsewhere, of many disasters and unfortunate circumstances. The result here, however, produced scarcely anything than a most pleasing effect,

East Cowes, September 22, 1833.

owing to about twenty yachts, which were lying in the Roads and lost their anchors, being obliged to run for shelter into the Town Basin, where about six others, regular *old stagers* and *campaigners*, had previously and at first taken up their position. The whole were then most advantageously situated to make a good display on the arrival of the King, who in procession passed all round the Basin, amidst the firing of cannon and the cheers of the assembled crews amounting to several hundreds; and as the vessels were dressed out with flags of all nations, and they completely filled the Basin, the spectacle was as splendid as can easily be supposed. The King acknowledged the compliment most warmly, and instantly sent for the Commodore, Lord Yarborough, to thank him and all his Officers, and desired that he would bring every day *ten* of the Squadron to dinner. The British cheers were so loud that they were heard like the voice of a huntsman over his pack, far beyond the eternal *Vive le Roi!* of the populace; and some thought (and even said) that the French Marshals who accompanied the King heard a sound in those cheers well remembered in the Peninsula: and indeed I thought myself that old Soult, the Duke of Dalmatia, did not appear to enjoy them half so much as Louis Phillippe.

This was certainly a proud time for the R. Y. S., as they fairly had *de facto* (as the politicians call it) possession of Cherbourg, in spite of a Rear-Admiral's flag flying in the Roads, with four heavy frigates and four corvettes lying there—the King making them the first consideration, giving them all the places of honour at the dinners, balls, and reviews; the Commodore always handing out Her Majesty; the Admiral also placing the resources of the fleet and arsenal at their disposal, &c. &c. &c. A splendid proof as to the last clause of this international good feeling was shewn, by the way, on the occasion of the *Coquette* brig yacht

getting on the Breakwater on entering the port, and where she would probably have been lost but for the promptitude *with which the French ships sent their boats to her assistance.* Indeed nothing could exceed the alacrity and *amitié* that our neighbours evinced in every way towards the Squadron. The only vessels that stood out the gale in the roadstead were, the Falcón, Water Witch, Coquette, and Emily. The Water Witch broke two anchors, and *was quickly supplied* DURING THE GALE by the Admiral's ship the *Atalante*. The King and Royal Family embarked in a beautiful man-of-war steamer (the same vessel which towed over from Egypt the store-ship having on board the granite pillar), and visited some of his fleet; and though it blew very hard, with squalls of rain, he was not deterred from going on board Lord Yarborough's ship, and on that occasion presented him with a superb box, having His Majesty's portrait on it set in diamonds, and also with a packet of medals for distribution to each Member of the R. Y. Squadron commemorative of the Royal visit to Cherbourg.

The weather was so bad that the French ships could not manœuvre under sail for His Majesty's inspection; and the only vessel that appeared under canvas was Captain Pechell's little brig Emily, a beautiful model of her class, and a little craft that so excited the admiration of the King at her working in such bad weather, that it was expected his third son, the Prince de Joinville, would have embarked in her by way of commencing his education in the Navy. Like our own Sailor King, the young Prince is about hauling on "the tarry breeks" in the Royal Navy of his own country.

Balls were given by the Officers of the French Squadron to the Royal Yachts, and by them returned the following evening to the Army and Navy. The flags of the two nations were united in ornamenting the ball-room, and in all the salutes by the French fleet the British Ensign was

invariably hoisted at their fore-top-gallant-mast head.

I have not much to say about our *Doncaster*. The Silver Cup was won by the Arrow, G. Ackers, Esq., beating the Druid and the Janette schooner—the bad weather having continued so long, that all the other vessels which had entered had left for England. The course was three times round the Breakwater, and the wind being light, it was dark before the winner reached the station-vessel; consequently much of the interest had long before ceased, it being well known that the attractions of the *table d'hôte* in France are far superior to any out-of-doors amusement; and, consequently, after the arrival of the happy hour for commencing the operations, or rather discussing the production of the *cuisine*, not a soul would be left to look after *such a thing as a vessel sailing for a Cup!*

On the return of the Squadron to the Isle of Wight, the Earl of Durham gave a most magnificent *fête* at Egypt House to the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. All the Members of the R. Y. S. and the younger branches of their families were present, and with these the young Princess interested herself very much, appeared very happy with her young companions, and joined cordially and merrily with them in the dance.

On this occasion the vessels of the Squadron dropped their anchors in the form of a crescent opposite Egypt, and fired a salute on the healths of the Royal Party being proposed by Lord Durham, which had a most pleasing effect; as had also their illumination and fireworks in the evening. In the midst of these proceedings, the wind having shifted to the N.N.E., the Commodore got under sail to join the Board of Admiralty at Plymouth.

On the 19th the Water Witch went up the harbour to be dismantled and paid off preparatory to her undergoing a complete alteration in her equipment for a yacht—her Noble Owner intending to change her character from a man of war, for

which she was so eminently adapted, and to employ her for his own use, she having so fully realised all his expectations in having proved herself the fastest square-rigged vessel in England; and it is expected that her sailing qualities will be still farther improved. It is now officially acknowledged that no vessel of war can compete with her, and her builder has thereby fully established the superiority of his principle of the construction of the bows; for as to the alterations now in progress in all the new vessels in the dock-yards, which are called there giving more space aloft, what are they but what they are justly called at Cowes—namely, giving bows more like the *Water Witch*? It is only necessary to remark the difference between the bows of the *Pantaloön*, *Harlequin*, and *Vernon*, and those of the *Racer* and *Ringdove*, as well as the difference of their counters.

Lord Exmouth is building a cutter upon the above principles, by Mr. Joseph White; and Mr. John Moore is also constructing one of similar tonnage, by Mr. Ratsey, who styles himself the builder of all the crack cutters and the winners of the prizes!! The *Albatross* is one of these, and to her the King's Cup was no doubt awarded, the *Alarm*, though miles ahead, having deviated from the sailing regulations in not giving way when on the larboard tack. In the race for the Duchess of Kent's Cup, the *Albatross* could not carry her sail, and consequently was obliged to give in; and this crack vessel, on the occasion of thirty yachts going over to *Cherbourg*, was obliged to put back twice, notwithstanding the little *Emily* brig, of thirty-three tons, made good her passage in twenty hours in a head wind and high sea!! The reason was

plain—the *Emily* was not loaded with ballast and spars for merely sailing inside the Isle of Wight, and was therefore competent to cross the Channel in rough weather, which some of the crack vessels found (as the Yankees call it) pretty considerable difficulty to do.

I must here remark that Mr. Ratsey (who is, however, a very clever builder) is not the same person who made those beautiful sails for the *Water Witch* so universally admired, and by none more so than by the Board of Admiralty—a Board of Gentlemen who do not frequently bestow either their praises or their patronage to the prejudice of their own workmen.

Mr. Morgan, of the *Harriet*, has just purchased the Duke of Buckingham's brig *Anna Maria*; and as her owner was not received into the R. Y. S. Society, the addition of this beautiful brig, with those of Messrs. Lynn and Beaumont, now building, will enable the Commodore to form a fine order of sailing.

The *Emily* brig is to be changed into a brigantine, which rig the Americans used with such success during the late war: she will therefore be the first of that plan on the list of the R. Y. S., and no doubt, when completed, will soon have several companions and competitors.

I fear my next Letter will fall short of interesting matter, as most of the vessels will be then laid up for the winter. However, many of the owners and their friends are still at Cowes, and whatever changes may take place I shall put you in possession of. The river *Medina*, however, separates us; but we have also our crack-building yard on this side.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. B. G.

ODDS AND ENDS CONNECTED WITH TURF AFFAIRS.

BY RINGWOOD.

TIME out of mind, Mr. Editor, sporting affairs have been laid before the public in certain periodicals especially set apart for that pur-

pose: and, till within the last few months, no man could possibly have dreamed that the *Quarterly Review* could have descended from its high

estate, and, throwing to the winds the adage of *aquillæ non captant muscas*, discoursed about Fox-hunting, Coaching, and Racing; but it bears with it a charitable quality, as no doubt it intends to afford recreation and amusement to the big-wigs of literature. As to the articles in question being *Reviews* of certain publications connected with sporting, the titles of which are just recited, they appear to be as nearly related to their professed purpose as a horse chesnut is to a chesnut horse—a sort of peg to hang many old and some new tales upon. *N'importe!* the subjects have been treated with a master-hand generally; and, passing by Fox-hunting and Coaching, perhaps I may be allowed in my own shandravan to travel for a stage side by side with the *Quarterly*, now an omnibus, and make such remarks on certain passages in the article intitled “The Turf,” as some little experience in such matters may suggest. But to review a Reviewer! *quelle presumption!!!* Yet without a little of this ingredient, nearly allied to “the last infirmity of noble minds,” our old friend Jack would have never been recorded as the killer of the Giant; or, to come nearer to our subject in question, Mr. Sadler’s nag Dangerous, with 40 to 1 against, would never have started for the Derby. But whatever may be the quantum of this aforesaid quality that I may venture to call my own, in making the following strictures be it understood that I have not a sufficiency to allow me to look for the honour of chastisement in return (at least not in the great book), being sufficiently guarded by my very humble pretensions. But to proceed...

In the compilation to which I have just alluded (for amongst the numerous anecdotes which it records most of them have been in print before, and some of them long before the author of the article in question was born), there is a vein of honest indignation, and in a certain degree an *exposé* of the system of fraud and trickery now so commonly practised on the Turf. This is most decidedly a valuable appendix; and it is only to be regretted that the selection of characters in-

tended as marked ones has not been made in a more judicious manner. It has long been, and still is, a great desideratum that the leading actors of the many robberies and rascalities that have lately been the bane, and will ultimately prove the overthrow, of Racing, should be exposed and exhibited fairly to the world; and the man to do it effectually, or who alone can or ought with any hopes of success to make the attempt, must be armed with these two qualifications—a true and intimate knowledge of all events connected with the Turf, and a character *sans tache et sans reproche*.

Had the author of the article in question any such intention, he cannot, I think, be complimented on his judgment in his selection of characters, or in the spirit of injustice that prompted him to name Messrs. Sadler and Ridsdale in the same page as the Birmingham man. The sketches of the success that has attended the labours of these two first-mentioned persons appear to have been given solely with the view of throwing dirt at his portraits after he had drawn them; for, after enumerating the possessions of Sadler, Ridsdale, and others, he closes his observations with a sarcastic sentence, commencing with these words—“taking for granted that all this is done honestly”—which leaves no doubt on the minds of those who read it of the meaning it is intended to convey. Now, without starting up as the champion of Mr. Sadler or Mr. Ridsdale, it may be only fair to state, that, by those with whom their public life has been passed, they are ranked as liberal, straight-forward, honorable men. Perhaps of all people upon whom Fortune has lavished her treasures, and who have risen from humble but honest means to considerable wealth, no character could be selected to prove that there are minds that can bear prosperity, however suddenly it may have been their lot to encounter it, than one of those whom I have just mentioned, and who it was evidently the intention of the *Quarterly Reviewer* to assail: but “his withers are yet unwrung:” there breathes no man on earth more unassuming, or

less capable of carrying about with him the news of having advanced a step in society, that Robert Riddale. It certainly does appear somewhat unaccountable, that men in general should be given to disparage those, who, starting far behind in the great race of life, have not only overtaken but outstripped many competitors, to send a dart at a *nouveau riche*. Noisy, arrogant, and pretending, is fair with regard to the one party, and may be salutary with respect to the other: but to taunt one who has risen by talent and industry, and who bears "his faculties meekly," with "untoward circumstances" over which he could have no controul, is only the pitiful spite of a little mind, and savours strongly of "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

But to put this matter in a fairer light, let us contrast this character with those, who, by their own villainy have retrograded in the scale. We need not look far for every-day examples. Let us "look upon this picture and on this!" Hundreds of men, who, with the advantages of birth, education, and fortune, and with the example of the good and honorable before them, have started as they thought with good intentions (with which we are told Hell is paved), but without any religious bias or even sound principles of integrity or common honesty, have commenced a career of folly and vice, and soon become shameless and abandoned, for *facilis descensus Averni*, and, creeping through the world's dirtiest ways under the mask, and with the prostituted name, of Gentlemen, have deceived, betrayed, and robbed their friends, cheated their menials, and swindled their tradesmen; and, having visited half the gaols in their own country, have finished their course of degradation and crime fugitives and vagabonds in a foreign land,

"Where friendless, sick, and old, and wanting bread,

The first-born tears of fallen pride are shed."

Portraits of some such characters as these, should the *Reviewer* again lift his hand against the heroes of the

Turf (and many, alas! may easily be found amongst them), perhaps he will be kind enough to give us; and under the lash of his powerful pen such records would most likely make a more lasting impression upon the minds of the generality of readers than the history of those who have been *Fortune's* favorites. We ponder upon and contemplate the one character, for

"It points a moral and adorns a tale;" while the impression made by the other is glittering and transient.

To follow the *Reviewer* step by step through the whole of his commentary is not the intention of this letter, nor indeed would its limits allow of it; and, therefore, after pointing out two or three little things that appear hard to be understood, I shall take leave of his lengthy article.

In the first place, with respect to the quantity of physic given to race-horses, four drams of aloes for a yearling appears an awful quantity; but "Doctors differ," and therefore let it pass.

Yorkshire can hardly lay claim to Bill Scott as her own, the said William having been born in the city of Oxford, and received the first rudiments of his education in the South: and all who know John Day would lament seeing him ride 7st.; but leave honest John alone—he is too good a judge ever to attempt it.

We have then a panoramic description of the several jockeys supposed to be mounted and about to start for the Derby; and, descending to particulars, our attention is called to the appearance of Sam Day's knuckles, and even to the *patellæ* of his knees, omitting, however, the *os coxis*, a very prominent part, and shewn to more advantage by some jockeys than others when taking their preparatory canter.

Our commiseration is then enlisted in behalf of a slim young jockey with a long neck—by the bye no very great advantage to a jockey who so often risks it, although an additional inch or two in his horse's would sometimes be of the most signal importance—and we are told this poor lad only wants a suit of graves-clothes to com-

plete the picture of a corpse (not quite so slightly as a cap and jacket perhaps to ride a race in), from his having wasted 15lb. in the last forty-eight hours. Now there is nothing very wonderful in a jockey's having done this; but to introduce such a case at such a time shews a want of tact not to have been expected from the *Reviewer*: for the young one must have been aware of the time that Epsom Races were held; and if he went there with the expectation of earning a few sovereigns by his profession, and was good enough to be put up for the Derby, it is hardly to be supposed that on the Tuesday in that week he would have weighed, as he walked somewhere about 9st. 10lb. The young jockeys of the present day know better how to attend to their business, and never carry 15lb. of superfluous flesh about them at such meetings as Epsom: nor is there a young jockey of the present day who would want to take off as many ounces to ride for the Derby. But, perhaps, too great fidelity in description of such things may be old-fashioned or vulgar, and we must therefore regard it as the aberration of a mighty genius scorn- ing to pay attention to trifles.

And now, *most puissant Reviewer, bon jour!*.... I now proceed to note down a few things pertaining to Racing not mentioned in the great article just alluded to.

Taking racing as a sport or amusement, this part of the story is but of secondary consideration: betting is all-in-all; and so great influence do the Fraternity possess over these things, that distances have been changed, weights altered, and in fact races made, on purpose to suit their speculations. I confess I am one, with many others, who lament the alteration in the King's Plate articles; and if we look back to the original intention of these gifts, we shall find that they were bestowed for the encouragement of such a breed of horses whose end was to be of general service to the country, and whose racing capabilities were but as the means. In this canting age, we are prepared for a great deal of trash and morbid sensibility respecting the sufferings of

man and beast; and the innovators complain of the cruelty of running an aged horse, well prepared, with 12st. upon his back two miles, or perhaps three, as was the case in a few instances, two being quite sufficient to prove both speed and stoutness. If their accusation is good, what do they think of a three-year-old going a four-miles sweat at a good pace with very nearly the same weight upon his back about once a week, as all of them do in training, only to prepare them to run perhaps not half the distance? But those who know anything of the matter are well aware that cruelty to race-horses has long been done away with, and cannot be brought forward against owners or trainers of horses in the present day.

Another objection was that the King's Plates were so frequently walked over for, owing to the dislike that many owners of horses had to running for them. In some instances it might be so; but I never yet knew an owner or trainer of race-horses who would not willingly run for them when they thought they had a chance to win, and proud of having an animal in their possession that could win them into the bargain. And now that the weights are altered, pray let us ask how many competitors will be found against Camarine with 9st. 11lb. on her back? or whether first-rate three-year-olds, with 7st. 11lb. won't occasionally put His Majesty's 100gs. into their owners' pocket without being stripped for it? But we may content ourselves with looking at the *Racing Calendar*, where we shall see that King's Plates will be walked over for as usual. Three-year-old racers can have always plenty to do; all the good things are in their walk: and, in my humble opinion, they ought not to be allowed to start for King's Plates till one year of probation has been gone through; for no man who is really a lover of that noble animal the horse, or who really loves racing as a national sport, can be satisfied in seeing a weedy devil of a three-year-old filly, that, if taken out of training, would not fetch 20l., with the present monkey-weight upon

her back, and the gift of a bit of speed alone, run away with that prize which was originally intended to produce the test of speed, stoutness, and strength combined: but such performances are nearly at an end: and the only place that can now boast of the honour of shewing what the English race-horse can do with a man upon his back is Heaton Park. Long may the races there flourish, under the patronage of its Noble Owner! and long may such nags as old Jocko, Liston, Dr. Faustus, Vanish, Jupiter, Sarah, Tranby, Carthago, and others of the right stamp, be annually seen and admired at this splendid sporting meeting!

Now, taking 12st. as a maximum racing weight to be occasionally run with, surely the horse that carries it well, as a mere animal, must be regarded in the highest possible light, and, for the purposes of increasing and multiplying his species, invaluable. Taking it for granted that his escutcheon is without stain (and few are the race-horses of the present day whose pedigrees will not bear the severest scrutiny), he is just as likely to get speedy horses as others, with the chance of adding stoutness into the bargain. And again, should some of his progeny fail as racers, there is the chance, from the size and substance of their sire, that they may inherit noble qualifications.

There are few sportsmen who have lived thirty years in this world, that at some period or other of their lives have not known some woman, some horse, or some dog, that they talk about as long as their tongue will perform its office. If I may allowed to introduce one of my very great favorites from amongst horses to your notice, it will be OLD NIMROD, by Topsy Turvy, a perfect sample of the useful and ornamental. His first season as a stallion is now closed, having served racers, hunters, and hack (the whole of which characters are combined in him, and all of which he is likely to suit), at Badmington, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort. He was lately the property of Mr. Isaac Day, of North Leach, and now belongs to

Mr. William Kimber, of Bourton-on-the-Water, in Gloucestershire. He was several seasons a race-horse in the summer, and a hunter in the winter, not only *de jure* but *de facto*. He is the winner of many Cups, Plates, and Stakes in different parts of the country, and always reckoned a most dangerous customer at high weights and through dirt. Indeed, so highly did his first-named Master think of his capabilities—and we all know Isaac Day is no common judge in such matters—that he offered to run any race-horse in the world, with 15st. on his back, across a deep country, four miles, for 300 sovs. To the most perfect symmetry was added the most docile temper; and if ever a young lady in a consumption had been ordered to take horse-exercise, Nimrod was the nag to have carried her: a plain snaffle, without a martingale, was all the tackle necessary to steer him. And to shew that my encomiums are not entirely without foundation, I shall take the liberty of adding the opinion of one, which, as evidence, is worth registering. I was in the scale, weighing to ride this horse over Stockbridge, when I was thus accosted by the late celebrated Gentleman-jockey Delmè Radcliffe, who was also preparing to ride in the same race:—"Well, Sir, what are you going to ride?" On my replying "Nimrod," he observed, "Ah! my friend, you are indeed a lucky man: I remember the time when I would have given cheerfully fifty guineas for such a treat. Of all animals I have ever crossed he is one of the most perfect." He now carries his present master, a very hard rider, 14st. in the saddle, with the Duke of Beaufort's and Lord Seagrave's packs.....And it is the excluding such horses as these from King's Plates (for in point of fact the present weights amount to the same thing) that is to be lamented by all real sportsmen; and no doubt against such proceedings they mentally enter their protests.

I am, Sir, &c. RINGWOOD.

Worcester, Sept. 16, 1833.

(To be continued.)

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

IN the Craven Meeting 1834, Sir M. Wood's Camarine, 9st. 4lb. is matched agst Mr. Houldsworth's Circassian, 7st. 12lb. (both then 6 yrs old), D. M., 300, 100 ft.

Heaton Park Races.—This Meeting, at Lord Wilton's seat, near Manchester, which always boasts an assemblage of rank, consequence, beauty, and elegance unequalled at any other Meeting, is this year, we understand, placed under the superintendence of Mr. John Etty, of Manchester, who is appointed Clerk of the Course. Mr. Orton, who so ably fills the Chair at the York Meetings, is also the Judge.

The remarkable powers of the race-horse were strikingly displayed at the late Kendal races. When Laurel Leaf, Ecclefechan, and Sir James Boswell's colt were running for the Maiden Plate, Ecclefechan bolted, and carried away with him Laurel Leaf, who was running on the outside of him. Sir James's colt followed, with Dodgson upon him, and he was so frightened, it being his first appearance in public, that his first bound from the course, which is elevated, was 10 yards, his second 8, and his third $7\frac{1}{2}$, making $25\frac{1}{2}$ yards at three strides.

ATTEMPT TO PUT DOWN CHELTENHAM RACES.

The *Saint Agnes* of Cheltenham have been at "their dirty work again," in the hope of "knocking up" these races, on the stale and oft-refuted pretext of their being a nuisance, by the congregating of black-legs, gamblers, swindlers, pickpockets, and other vagabonds. This may indeed be called the age of cant and hypocrisy; and it is a consideration of a truly melancholy nature to look around, and behold so many of the "little great" renouncing the charities of social life to upraise the hideous monster *Fanaticism* in all its deformity. Under a mock profession of piety they would exclude every innocent recreation—they would, by shutting our "bold peasantry" from

the pursuits congenial to their nature, turn them into miserable zealots, who, pondering in thought upon the irrational doctrines these would teach until the brain becomes diseased, finally sink into utter hopelessness and despair. We have often pointed out and refuted these pernicious errors of opinion, and we trust every friend to his country will lend his best aid in furnishing an antidote to the existing folly. We are happy to say the attempt at Cheltenham has been frustrated; and the races are to be continued. That some disreputable proceedings have occurred is unquestionable, but these might have been prevented by a vigorous police, without curtailing the amusements of the people.

A very respectable meeting was held in that town on Saturday, Aug. 31, to take into consideration a Protest against the races—Lord Seagrave in the chair. His Lordship referred to the origin of the Cheltenham Races, which, he said, were established at the wish of the inhabitants, expressed very generally at that time; and in compliance with that wish his Lordship and Lord Rossmore became Stewards for the first year. His Lordship then observed that he did so from no interested motive, as it was well known that races were not favorite amusements of his; he took little if any personal interest in them; but he had ever supported them as being calculated, in his opinion, to be of advantage to Cheltenham, and otherwise on the ground that they were the popular national games of England, and of public utility. Indeed, he was convinced our cavalry force would never have maintained that superiority for which it was conspicuous during the last war, had it not been for the national breed of horses having been kept up, principally in consequence of the encouragement and stimulus afforded to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and breeders of England, through the means of races.—Lord Ellenborough observed, that he had done his best to

encourage and keep up races, considering them a good amusement for the people, and one in the enjoyment of which all ranks participated; but it was only when they were properly conducted that he could continue his support to them. He thought if the races were on the hill there would probably be more hells in Cheltenham. Under all the circumstances, he confessed he should have been more pleased if the meeting had agreed to do away with the races. But at the same time, if they were continued, he hoped the meeting would come to some resolution to support the Magistrates. He thought it would be desirable to remove the races from Cheltenham, and establish county races in another part of Gloucestershire upon an extensive scale.

Resolutions were eventually agreed upon, regretting the necessity of the Protest, but trusting that, by the assistance of the meeting and other inhabitants of the town which would be afforded the Magistracy, on future occasions all discreditable occurrences would be prevented.

STUD SALES, &c.

The Annual Sale of the Underley Stud took place at Doncaster on the 18th and 19th of September, by Mr. Tattersall, as under:—

A Bay Yearling Colt, by Longwaist out of Young Duchess by Walton; no engagement:—to the Duke of Leeds, 56gs.

Engaged in the Oaks 1835:

Bay Filly, by Bustard out of Doll Tear sheet:—to Sir Mark Wood, 45gs.

Ches. Filly, by Bustard out of Camellina: to Sir Mark Wood:—50gs.

Bay Filly, by Longwaist, dam by Orville or Walton:—to Mr. Etwall, 64gs.

Bay Filly, by Longwaist out of Rosanne:—to Lord Orford, 60gs.

Bay Filly, by Longwaist, dam by Orville or Ivanhoe:—to Mr. Pettit, 60gs.

Engaged in the Derby 1835:

Bay Colt, by Mameluke out of Miss Orville by Pendulum:—51gs.

Bay Colt, by Longwaist out of Young Sweetpea:—to Mr. Greatrex, 200gs.

Bay Colt, by Longwaist out of Sister to Shuttle Pope:—to the Duke of Cleveland, 205gs.

Bay Colt, by Longwaist out of Eliza by Rubens:—to Mr. Greatrex, 290gs.

Bay Colt, by Bustard out of Clare:—to the Duke of Cleveland, 205gs.

Bay Colt, by Longwaist out of Prima Donna:—to the Duke of Cleveland, 250gs.

Ches. Colt, by Bustard, dam by Comus out of Margrave's dam:—to Mr. Fox, 76gs.

Brown Colt, by Giraffe out of Longwaist's dam:—to the Duke of Cleveland, 400gs.

Bay Colt, by Longwaist out of Calypeo:—to Sir M. Wood, 105gs.

Ches. Colt, by Muley out of Bequest:—to Sir W. Anstruther, 580gs.

The following were also sold at the Doncaster Meeting by Messrs. Tattersall:—

Lord Exeter's.

Bay Mare, by Woful out of Zealot's dam, covered by Redgauntlet:—to Mr. Turner, 36gs.

Bay Mare, by Catton out of Dulcinea, covered by Sultan:—to Mr. Clark, 50gs.

Bay Mare, by Captain Candid out of Paulina, covered by Sultan:—to Mr. Clark, 82gs.

Patron was bought in at 360gs. and Hæmus at 256gs.

Lord Langford's.

Sir Hercules, by Whalebone out of Peri:—to Mr. Botsall, to go to America, 750gs.

Peri, dam of Sir Hercules, with a colt foal by Starch; purchased for the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, 400gs.

Yearling Filly, by Roller out of Peri:—to Mr. Powlett, 95gs.

Elighè, by Teddy the Grinder:—to Mr. Spalding, 25gs.

Barebones, 4 yrs, by Bonassus out of Elighè:—to Mr. Avery, 45gs.

Mr. Mott's.

Bay Filly, 2 yrs, Sister to The Fairy; in the Riddlesworth 1834, and the Oaks:—to the Duke of Richmond, 80gs.

Shelah, 2 yrs, by St. Patrick out of Mulebird:—to Mr. Evans, 12gs.

Grey Yearling Filly, by Stumps out of Lunaria's dam; in the Two-year-old Produce 1834, and the Three-year-old Produce 1835, at Wolverhampton:—to Mr. Clark, 62gs.

Br. Yearling Colt, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck; in the Produce at Lichfield and Wolverhampton 1835:—to Mr. Twiss, 7gs.

Yearling Filly, by Pantaloon out of Vexation:—to Mr. Walters, 30gs.

Lunaria's dam, by Sancho; stinted to Stumps:—to Mr. Bradley, 154gs.

Red Rose, by Merlin out of Mona; stinted to Lottery:—to Mr. Hart, 70gs.

Mar., by Middleton out of Pewit; stinted to Lottery:—to Mr. Hart, 60gs.

Zarina, by Morisco out of Ina; stinted to Cadland:—Mr. Marshall, 60gs.

*Hunters, &c. the Property of
Mr. Foljambe.*

The Bantam, aged, by Orion :—45gs.
Harlequin, 7 yrs, by an Arabian :—100gs.
Tamburini, 5 yrs, by Figaro out of Lu-
naria's dam :—47gs.
Passive Resistance, 5 yrs, by Woldsman :
—55gs.
Scamp, 5 yrs, by Tramp :—42gs.
Burgomaster, 4 yrs, by Brutandorf :—
53gs.
Grey Colt, 4 yrs, by Catton, dam by Sir
H. Dimadale :—45gs.
Ches. Mare, 6 yrs, by President :—7½gs.

The following lots were sold by
Mr. Tilburn at the same Meeting :—

Ches. Colt, 2 yrs, by Figaro :—to Mr.
Hodgkinson, 99l. 15s.
Grey Yearling Filly, by Actæon :—to
Mr. Puk, 27l. 6s.
Bay Colt, 3 yrs, by Whisker :—to Mr.
Beardsworth, 28l. 7s.
Ches. Mare, by The Pirate :—to Mr.
Stanhope, 36l. 15s.
Bay Filly, 2 yrs, by Lottery :—to Mr.
Hindle, 13gs.
The stallion Sandbeck :—to Mr. Hobson,
105l.
Filly, 2 yrs, by Chateau Margaux :—to
the Marquis of Exeter, 57l. 15s.
Bay Colt, by Mulatto :—to the Duke of
Richmond, 126l.

HUNTERS.

The Laird, by Duplicate :—to Mr. Bran-
denburgh, 61l. 19s.
Grey Gelding, by Grey Thornton :—to
Mr. Beardsworth, 28l. 7s.
Brown Gelding, by Blucher :—to Mr.
Hindle, 33l. 12s.
Ches. Gelding :—to Mr. Peel, 84l. 2s.
Bay Horse, by Minos :—to Mr. Lee,
16gs.
Brown Horse :—to Mr. Smith, 16gs.
Ches. Horse, by Comus :—to Mr. Brad-
ley, 29l. 8s.

BROOD MARES.

Nivalis, by Blacklock :—to Mr. Clarke,
73l. 11s.
Bay Mare, by Swiss out of Flambeau's
dam :—to Mr. Holborn, 105l.
Ursula :—to the Marquis of Exeter, 42l.
Bay Mare, by Filho da Puta :—to Mr.
Turner, 37l. 16s.

HALF-BRED HORSES.

Ches. Mare, by Amadis :—to Mr. Spence,
21l.
Bay Mare, by Cervantes :—to Mr. Smythe,
31l. 10s.
Bay Mare, by Cervantes :—to Mr. Coul-
man, 27l. 6s.

At Scarisbrick Hall, near Orms-
kirk, Lancashire, the property of the
late Thomas Scarisbrick, Esq., August
28th—by Mr. Lucas of Liverpool.

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.

Georgiana, by Teniers out of Peruviana :
to Mr. Robinson, 42gs.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Scamp, by Lottery out of Mrs. Clarke :—
to Capt. White, 180gs.
Ches. Colt, by Peter Lely out of Little
Red Riding Hood :—to Mr. Hollins-
head, 43gs.
Bay Colt, by Lottery out of Chapeau de
Paille :—to Mr. Brown, 155gs.
Bay Gelding, by Peter Lely out of I'm-
sure-I-shan't :—to Mr. Diconson, 120gs.
Bay Filly, by Peter Lely, dam by Whis-
ker :—to Mr. Hollinshead, 32gs.
Brown Filly, by Young Corrector out of
Bonny Bess :—to Mr. Lees, 40gs.
Brown Filly, by Neptune out of Perseve-
rance's dam :—to Mr. J. Reynolds,
58gs.

YEARLINGS.

Bay Colt, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck :
—to Mr. Diconson, 190gs.
Ches. Colt, by Velocipede out of Rose :—
to Sir T. Stanley, 74gs.
Bay Filly, by Peter Lely out of Bonny
Bess :—to Mr. Lees, 40gs.

BROOD MARES.

Chapeau de Paille, by Rubens out of
Fadladinida, with a ches. filly foal at her
foot by Velocipede :—to Mr. Wilson,
185gs.
Young Duchess, by Constable ; stinted to
Lottery :—to Mr. Lees, 70gs.
Whisker Mare ; stinted to Lottery :—to
Mr. Boardman, 36gs.
Rose, by Rubens ; stinted to Felt :—to Mr.
Willis, 16gs.
Little Red Riding Hood, by Warrior :—
to Mr. Lyon, 17gs.
Bonny Bess, by Old Corrector out of Lady
Abess :—to Mr. Lees, 25gs.
Bay Mare ; stinted to a half-bred horse :
—to Mr. Atkinson, 44gs.

FOALS.

Bay Colt, by Peter Lely out of Bonny
Bess, with a brown cart mare :—to Mr.
Trafford, 38gs.
Ches. Colt, by Peter Lely out of Little
Red Riding Hood, with a ches. pony :—
to Mr. Ackers, 24gs.
Bay Colt, by Peter Lely—Young Duchess :
—to Mr. Thompson, 14gs.

HUNTERS, &c.

Rose, by Grey Orville :—to Mr. Cross-
thwaite, 180gs.
The Priest, 7 yrs :—to Mr. Hollinshead,
85gs.
Driver, by Langolee, 6 yrs :—to Mr. Di-
conson, 180gs.
Grey Gelding, by The Marshal, 5 yrs :—
to Mr. Diconson, 150gs.
Brown Mare, by Sir Gilbert, 5 yrs :—
to Mr. Trafford, 85gs.
Brown Mare, 7 yrs :—to Mr. Diconson,
75gs.

Brown Gelding, by Swiss :—to Mr. Leicester, 20gs.

Mallow Mass, with a foal at her foot by Herbert Lacy :—to Mr. Diconson, 45gs.

Brown Mare ; stunted to a half-bred horse : to Mr. Bibby, 10gs.

HARRIERS.

Twenty-two couples of Harriers :—to Mr. Diconson, 45gs.

On the 30th of August the following well-known Hunters, with six lots of high-bred Fox-hounds, the property of G. Osbaldeston, Esq. (reducing his establishment), were sold by Messrs. Tattersall, at Brixworth, near Northampton :—

HUNTERS.

Clasher, 21gs.—Blucher, 28gs.—Gully, 20gs.—Hannington, 30gs.—Quorn, 150gs.—A Bay Mare, 35gs.—A Black Gelding, 25gs.—A Bay Gelding, 20gs.—12 others bought in.

FOX-HOUNDS.

Lot 1.—Cardinal 8 yrs, Careless 6, Jasper 5, Archer 4, Harmony 3—Active, Comus, Vocal, Cruizer, Ringwood (young hounds) :—to Hon. Mr. Moreton, 30gs.

Lot 2.—Sportful 8 yrs, Frantic 6, Bachelor 5, Restless 4, Judy 3—Ardent, Carnage, Collier, Sportsman, Captive (young hounds) :—to Hon. Mr. Moreton, 30gs.

Lot 3.—Affable 8 yrs, Fickle 6, Chantress 5, Ranter 5, Rosy 4—Trywell, Jason, Freeman, Patience, Roderick—(young hounds) :—to Mr. Foljambe, 105gs.

Lot 4.—Volatile 8 yrs, Furrier 6, Buxom 5, Rasselas 5, Caroline 4, Riot 3—Vanguard, Contest, Friendly, Juliet (young hounds) :—to Hon. Mr. Moreton, 110gs.

Lot 5.—Tempest 6 yrs, Commodore 5, Vengeance 5, Harriet 5, Roman 4, Ruin 4—Pilot, Varnish, Justice, Proctor, Bounty—(young hounds) :—to Hon. H. Moreton, 110gs.

Lot 6.—Jailer 6 yrs, Plyant 5, Sultan 3—Athol, Factor, Fancy (young hounds) :—to Hon. H. Moreton, 80gs.

Mr. Sylvestre, of Hamburgh, has purchased of Mr. Boag, of Rock, a bay mare, Sister to the dam of the Duke of Cleveland's Emancipation, price 100gs. ; also of Mr. Faucus, of South Charlton, for 150gs. the stallion Guerilla, by Partisan out of Coquette by Dick Andrews.

Mr. Beardsworth's Ludlow has been purchased by Mr. Dulewski, a Russian Gentleman. After the sale he ran for the Cup at Warwick, which he won, with 60 sovs. in specie, for his new master, beating Liston and Manchester.

During the last month the export trade in horses has been very brisk.

CRICKET.

The second match between Sussex and England commenced on Tuesday the 17th of September at Brighton. From the closeness with which the preceding match terminated, the greatest interest was excited in the admirers of this manly game, and an immense concourse of spectators assembled to witness its progress. The two elevens were nearly the same as in the former match, Mr. Jenner, Mr. Roper, and Cobbett being substituted for Mr. Ward, Lord Clonbrock, and Wenman on the part of England, and Mr. Jones in the room of Hooker, for Sussex. England went in first, and then game at the commencement was anything but auspicious, the early wickets being rapidly lowered. Pilch and Marsden, however, by their admirable play, changed the face of affairs materially, and before they parted scored upwards of fifty runs—the total for the first innings amounting to 96. Sussex then went in full of confidence, but with the knowledge that they had their work to do against the excellent fielding and bowling of their antagonists. Three of their wickets fell without a notch, when Brown was put in, with a hint that he must play at every ball. This he did resolutely and successfully, and Morley, a "safe wicket," being in with him, they brought the game round, so as to give hopes of conquest, Brown slashing away, and making 34 runs from his own bat. At the "close of day" the wickets were struck, Sussex with one wicket to go down, and 26 behindhand. On Wednesday morning they renewed their innings, and the two wickets marked 9, leaving their opponents 17 a-head. England in their second innings scored but 63, leaving Sussex to go in for 80 runs. The commencement of their second innings was equally unfavorable on the part of Sussex with their first, four wickets falling for as many runs. Brown then went in, on the forlorn hope, to Lennaway, but, in his anxiety to get notches, was shortly run out, and U P was the universal cry—and it was so! The remainder of the Sussex lost their wickets in "double quick time," and

a speedy termination was put to the game. Mr. Jenner's wicket-keeping was the admiration of every player on the ground.—At the close of the game the score stood thus:

<i>England.</i>		<i>Sussex.</i>
First innings	96	79
Second innings	63	37
	<hr/> 159	<hr/> 116

England winning by 43 runs.

On the 2d of September a match was played on the Hyde Park ground, Sheffield, between eleven of the Norwich Club and the same number of Sheffield players, which lasted four days, and terminated in favour of the latter by 121 runs, as under:

<i>York.</i>		<i>Norfolk.</i>
First innings	138	67
Second innings.....	196	146
	<hr/> 334	<hr/> 213

There was some excellent play on both sides, and the fielding of the Yorkists admirable. In the Norfolks' second innings, when the two Pitches met together, it was a high treat to the lovers of batting—nothing could excel the beauty of their play. Marsden for Sheffield, in his first innings, did not score, but in his second he made 53: Woolhouse marked 31 and 13; Vincent, 19 and 32; Dearman, 14 and 40.—On the Norwich side, the greatest number of notches were got by F. Pilch, 10 and 23; N. Pilch, 10 and 22; Wilkinson, 5 and 25; Pile, 20 and 11; and Roberts, 0 and 21.

On the same day (Sept. 2) an interesting and well-contested match was commenced between eleven of the Nottingham Club against twenty-two selected from the town and county, all being allowed to field. Some admirable play was exhibited on both sides; and after a great variety of fluctuations and changes of fortune the game terminated in favour of the twenty-two, with two wickets to go down:—

<i>Eleven.</i>		<i>Twenty-two.</i>
First innings	110	94
Second innings	106	128
	<hr/> 216	<hr/> 217

With the view of encouraging this noble game, Lord Suffolk, at the esta-

blishment of the Norfolk Club, proposed to have one of the meetings in the course of the season held at Gunton Park. On the 10th the sixth anniversary was celebrated, and, as usual, various other sports and pastimes were introduced for the amusement of the public, to whom the Park was thrown open. The wickets were pitched at twelve o'clock on the beautiful and level ground in front of the Hall—the contending parties being eleven Etonians, Members of the Norfolk Club, against eleven other Members. The Club went in first and scored 80, and the Etonians 150, of which Mr. Kynaston made 46, Mr. Strahan 31, and Mr. H. Jenner 25—thereby heading their opponents by 70. On the following day the weather was so unfavorable that the match could not be resumed: the rustic sports and pastimes were, however, commenced about four o'clock, notwithstanding a heavy rain, which lasted during the whole time.—There was a ball on both evenings at the Hall, each very fully attended by the most respectable families in the neighbourhood.

ARCHERY.

The Selwood Foresters held their last meeting for the season on the 28th of August at Stourhead. The morning dawned propitious. From Alfred's Tower, "bosom'd high in tufted trees," the signal flag, unfurled, wafted a proud and promptly accepted challenge from the bold Bowmen of Wilts to the renowned Archers of the Vales of Somerset and Dorset, inviting them to a trial of skill on the same spot where their rude forefathers met at the call of a Patriot Monarch to repel the invaders of their country. The meeting was by far the most brilliant of the re-unions of the Selwood Foresters, whose silver crescent, unlike its changeful prototype, has never waned, and now bids fair to realise its hope-inspiring motto, "Crescat," in the accomplishment of which every admirer of this elegant and social amusement will heartily join. A large party assembled, and shooting commenced at one o'clock, and continued till near eight. The first prizes were the "Alfred bows," given by the

Society, and impressed in gold with their device and cipher, won by Miss Selwyn and Lord Charles Thynne. The second Society's prize, a rare Scotch Thistle, fresh from Cairn Gouram, bedewed and glittering in its native gems, was won by Miss Davies. The Lady Patroness's prize, for the second-best shooter, a beautiful locket, was won by Miss Talbot. After dinner, an embroidered cap, acquiring sevenfold interest from having been worked by the fair hands of seven young Ladies of the Society, with a silken work-bag, given by Miss Benett, of Pythouse, were shot for and won—the former, at a hundred paces, by Mr. Bailward; the latter, by Miss Hobhouse, at the usual distance. A set of Turquoise combs, presented by Mrs. Seymour, of Knoyle House, was shot for and won by Miss Talbot, the lovely and fortunate winner of several of the Society's prizes precluding her from the outward circles, but of course improving her acquaintance with the gold. When the company could no longer see to shoot, dancing commenced in the Pavilion, and was kept up to a late hour with a buoyancy of youthful spirit, untired by the previous exertions of the morning.

The Herefordshire Bowmen met for the second time on the 28th of August at the Hill Court, near Ross, the seat of Kingsmill Evans, Esq. The meeting was numerous attended by the Members of the Society; among whom were Lord Eastnor, Lady Emily and Mr. Foley, M.P., Sir R. Price, M.P., Sir George Cornwall, Sir John Geers Cotterell and family, Mrs. Hanbury of Shobdon Court, the Lady Paramount for the year, &c. The company assembled at one o'clock, and soon afterwards the shooting commenced, which continued till near eight. The Lady Paramount then distributed the prizes, the elegance of which, and the good taste displayed by Mrs. Hanbury in their selection, were highly extolled. The first Lady's prize was awarded to Mrs. Charles Walcott; second, to Mrs. Scudamore, of Kentchurch Park:—the first Gentleman's prize to Colonel Drummond, of Underdown; and the second to the

Rev. K. E. Money. The delighted party then repaired to the house. Lady Emily Foley opened the ball, which was continued with great spirit until a late hour, when the company separated, delighted with the pleasures of the day and the polite and obliging attentions of the worthy entertainer.

On the following day (the 29th) the West Somerset Archers closed their meetings for the year. The day being fine occasioned a brilliant assembly of Archers, who exhibited their skill at the target with admirable precision. The prizes were severely contested. The Ladies' was won by Miss Jemima Guerin; the Gentlemen's, being a handsome bow presented by the excellent President, Mr. Popham, by Mr. R. Bower. Among the company were, Sir J. Trevelyan, Sir T. B. Lethbridge, Sir R. Seppings, Lady Slade, Mr. Carew (the original proposer of the meetings), Mr. Tynte, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Bickham Escott, &c. The evening concluded as usual with a ball in the tent.

On the 6th of September a meeting of the Society of Royal British Bowmen took place at Condover Park, near Shrewsbury, the beautiful mansion of E. W. Smythe Owen, Esq. In addition to the Members of the Society about 200 of the Nobility and Gentry of the county and the Principality were present, besides a countless assemblage of respectable persons from Shrewsbury and its vicinity, who were admitted into the elegant demesne to witness the skill of the Archers. More than 200 of the Society and guests, including Lord Hill, Sir W. W. Wynne, Sir Rowland Hill, and members of the principal families in Shropshire and North Wales, partook of the refreshments provided in the tent; and Lord Hill, on proposing "All friends round the Wrekin," took occasion to mention how partial His Majesty was to all remembrances connected with the county of Salop and the Principality, in which district the Society of Royal British Bowmen was formed and continued to flourish. His Lordship also proposed the health of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, introducing it with an appropriate

compliment. The toast was greeted with much applause, and the worthy Baronet returned thanks with great feeling. Miss Anna Kenyon, of Cefn, won the first Society's prize; Miss Eyton, of Llwyn-Onn, the second Society's prize; and Miss Fanny Kenyon, of Cefn, won the Bracelet given by Mr. Lloyd, of Rhagatt.

The West Berkshire Archers held their last target day for the season on the 10th of September, at Benham-park. Every circumstance combined to render this a most brilliant meeting: the weather was as propitious as the heart of the most enthusiastic lover of the bow could desire—mild, still, and sunless. Several Royal Toxophilites and other Associates attended, and skilfully and closely contested the prizes with the Members of the Society. Miss Fanny Bacon carried off the Lady's chief prize, and also the Silver Arrow for the greatest number of hits in the target; Miss Emma Compton, the Silver Arrow for the best gold; and Miss Smith, of Forberry, the second Arrow for the number of hits. The Gentleman's chief prize was won by Mr. T. Hogan Smith; and the Silver Arrows, for the best gold and the greatest number of hits, by Mr. Seawell, a Toxophilite, and Mr. Cookson. Mr. Edwin Meyrick retained the belt, being again the Captain of numbers for the day. The evening concluded as usual with a ball, to the inspiring music of Weippert's band.

AQUATIC.

The match for an elegant Silver Cup and Cover, value 50gs., was sailed for Below-bridge, by the Royal Yacht Club on the 9th of September, in honour of His Majesty's Coronation—the distance, from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. As the Commodore (Mr. B. Moore) sailed his own vessel, his *locum tenens* hoisted his flag on board the Oberon, engaged for the accommodation of the Members and their friends. On this vessel arriving at Greenwich, the preparation gun was fired, when the following yachts took their stations opposite the Hospital:—

<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Captains.</i>
Tiger.....	12	W. Kopff, Esq.
Gypsey.....	6	J. Christian, Esq.
Emulation ...	14	W. Kerrison, Esq.
Vestris	8	J. Weston, Esq.
Antelope	9	B. Moore, Esq.

The Plover entered, but drawn.

The signal for starting was given at a few minutes before eleven o'clock, when the vessels were all in trim nearly at the same time. The Gypsey went out first, but was soon pounced upon by the Tiger, with the Emulation close at her stern, and the Vestris and Antelope in their rear. They kept this position till off Woolwich, when the Emulation shot by them all, the Vestris second, and from this period the contest lay entirely between these two vessels. Some beautiful sailing occurred at Barking between the pair, but the Emulation went round the distance-boat first, at 9 minutes past 2, the Vestris at 25 minutes past, and the Antelope at 18 and the Gypsey at 15 minutes before 3. The Tiger gave up on entering Gravesend reach. On their return the Emulation still kept her advantage all the way up, though towards the close the Vestris overhauled her so considerably that doubts were entertained which would arrive first at the goal. At 6 minutes to 6, however, the Emulation was hailed as the winner, and the Vestris did not arrive till eight minutes after her. The Gypsey and Antelope were a long way astern.—A numerous flotilla accompanied the match, including the Victorine, with the Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club's flag hoisted. The wind blew rather fresh from the N.E., and the handling of the leading vessels was beautiful throughout. The Cup was afterwards presented to Mr. Kerrison on board the Oberon with the usual ceremonies.

SHOOTING.

Game.—The Earl of Surrey, having determined to discontinue his present plan for the preservation of game within the manors of Worksop and Shireoaks, and to extend the privilege of shooting, coursing, and fishing to his tenantry upon their own farms, has issued from the manor-house at

Worksop the following liberal regulations :—

“ Each tenant shall be allowed to kill rabbits and game upon his own farm, but shall not, under any circumstances, either beat for or kill them upon land not in his own occupation. This privilege shall extend to the tenant only, it being intended that his friends shall not sport with him without the permission of the Earl of Surrey, expressed through his agent. The rule already laid down and observed with reference to coursing shall continue in operation, excepting that the season of coursing shall commence on the first day of October, and terminate on the first day of March. No tenant shall shoot at or destroy rabbits or game within the woods or plantations, or in any manner disturb the same. Each tenant shall exert himself to the utmost in the detection of poachers, and the prevention of unauthorised persons from trespassing on his farm. The Earl of Surrey and his friends shall exercise the right of shooting over the farms within those manors at his Lordship's pleasure. The tenant of land adjoining any stream of water will be permitted to angle in such stream, but will not be allowed to do so in the store and mill ponds, which are intended to be preserved, as heretofore, for the exclusive use of his Lordship and friends.”—*Worksop Manor, Aug. 1, 1833.*

This is as it should be. Every farmer will thus be enabled to participate in the pleasure and enjoy the game fed on his own farm, and will have an interest in preserving it from the depredation of poachers.

On the first day of the season Sir Richard Sutton and Colonel Peel shot upon the Abbey Farm at Thetford 100 brace of birds and 16 hares, of which number Sir Richard killed 73 brace.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A very beautiful specimen of the Thick-kneed Bustard (*otis ædicnemus*), Great Plover of Bewick, was lately taken in Lincolnshire.—“ We do not recollect an instance of this bird having been observed in the northern parts of the kingdom ; and the same is noticed by Mr. Bewick. Neither is it frequent so far west as Devonshire, and still more rare in Cornwall ; and is not, we believe, found to breed in either of those counties, but only occasionally observed from some accidental cause.”—MONTAGU—*Sup. to Ornithological Dictionary.*

Mr. Darling, jun. of Leadenhall-market, has shewn us, also, a curious bird called the Goatsucker (*caprimulgus Europæus*) ; by some the nocturnal swallow, and by others the fern owl, the goat-owl, and the dorr-hawk. This bird feeds on insects. It makes but a short stay with us, arriving the latter end of May and disappearing in September. Scopoli seems to credit the report of their sucking the teats of goats, an error delivered down from the days of Aristotle. It begins its flight towards evening, making a loud and singular noise, so much resembling that of a spinning-wheel that in Wales this bird is termed *Aderyn y Droell*, or the Wheel-bird. When perched its note is no more than a small squeak, repeated four or five times. It lays its eggs on the bare ground, usually two, of a whitish hue, prettily marbled with a reddish brown. Its plumage is a beautiful mixture of white, black, ash-colour, and ferruginous, disposed in lines, bars, and spots. The bill is scarcely one-third of an inch long ; the gape of the bill, when opened, nearly two inches from tip to tip ; that of the mouth, from corner to corner, one inch and three quarters : the tongue is very small, and placed low in the mouth. It flies with its mouth wide open for the more easily taking its prey.

HUNTING ANECDOTE.

When the late Sir Ferdinando Poole was a young man, he used to take great pleasure in looking on at the Easter Epping Hunt ; and having gone on one occasion, on the previous evening, to the Bald-faced Stag, retired to rest at his usual hour. A wagoner, whose horses were baiting at the inn, had occasion to go out to his wagon in the night, previous to starting, which stood on the opposite side of the road facing the inn. The night was very dark, and Jolt, happening to cast up his eye, was horrified by the appearance of an apparition all in white at one of the windows that was open, and which was executing as many antics as a Fantoccini puppet. As soon as he could call upon his recollection, he made himself scarce by retreating to the yard, and, entering

by the back door, alarmed the house. The Ghost, like most others, was soon discovered to be a living one, and no other than Sir F. Poole, whose imagination had been so strongly impressed in sleep with the morrow's occupation that he had thrown up the window, and mounted the sill, where he was, in a fine dreaming frenzy, whipping and spurring away in imaginary full chase; and so strong was the deception, that, though he was near stone cold, he was awakened with difficulty, and did not receive the least harm from this strange freak.

FUNERAL OF SIR HARRY GOODRICKE.

On Thursday the 29th of August the remains of this universally-lamented Gentleman were removed from Ravensdale Park, county Louth, to Warren's Point, and embarked on board his own yacht intended to be towed by the *George the Fourth* steamer, but in consequence of the tempestuous weather they were subsequently transferred to the steamer, from which the yacht was disengaged. On Friday the landing took place at Liverpool, where several hundreds of his friends—amongst whom were the greater number of his Sporting companions, and all the Nobility and Gentry from the surrounding country who at the time of his decease were anxiously awaiting his arrival in the North to take the lead of their intended sport—were assembled to accompany the body to its last resting place. The desolating storm of Saturday occasioned considerable delay, and the funeral *cortege* did not arrive at Ribstone Hall till Monday afternoon. The coffin, amidst the sorrowing regrets of his dependents, was taken from the hearse, and deposited in the venerable private chapel of the mansion.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday, September 4, the solemn procession, consisting of a hearse-and-six, two mourning coaches-and-four (containing the deceased's friends, his agents, and Stewards), followed by several private carriages, and the tenantry in deep mourning, wearing black scarfs, mounted two and two, set out for Hunsingore church, two miles and a half from Ribstone, where the Good-

ricke family had once a mansion, and its church has been their place of sepulture for some generations past.

The mournful cavalcade moved at a slow pace to Hunsingore amidst crowds of sympathising spectators. The coffin was received by the Rev. Mr. Bellairs, Vicar of Ribstone, and his Curate Mr. Green, at the entrance porch. The former, who had been an intimate College friend of Sir Harry, performed the ceremony, but his emotion frequently rendered whole passages nearly inaudible. The church was filled to an overflow, and whilst the affecting ritual was proceeding not a dry eye was observable: such indeed was the universal grief that prevailed that each individual appeared to be deploring the loss of his nearest connexion. There were, indeed, many and powerful considerations to excite sorrowing emotions on this occasion. The race of Goodricke, that had been known in the district for ages as the benefactors of their tenantry, and indeed of all around, *was ended!* The last of the family was about to be committed to the silent tomb, cut off in all the prime of manhood and in the heyday of popularity, whilst in the possession too of the "love, honour, and obedience" of all who had the happiness of knowing him.

"Alas, for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before."

The village choir performed the Funeral Anthem, which was sung with great pathos and simplicity. The ceremony ended, the coffin was lowered into the vault beneath, and placed in one of the recesses of its dreary chambers. From several inscriptions on those which had previously been deposited therein, it would appear that a remarkable fatality had visited this family as to the shortness of the days that had been allotted them. Sir Harry was 36, his father 37, another of his ancestors 21, and a fourth 44. The last rites being rendered, the different personages who had taken a part therein returned to Ribstone Hall, all powerfully affected by the scene in which they were partakers.

SPORTING ACCIDENT.

An event of a melancholy nature occurred on the night of the 31st August, near the high ridge of mountains between Blair and the Spey, which separate the counties of Perth and Inverness. About four o'clock on that day Captain Ross, M.P. arrived at the Bridge of Tilt, and, wishing to reach his shooting-lodge at Invereshie that night, procured a guide to shew the short road through Glenbruar. For several hours the weather continued favorable, but before they got through Glenbruar the rain began to fall heavily, and their progress up the mountain was much impeded. They deviated from the track, and night coming on increased their difficulties, but still no danger was apprehended. When about five miles from Glenfeshie a light directed them to a bothy (temporary hut) occupied by a shepherd, who immediately set out to assist them in regaining the path. By this time the weather had become a great deal worse, and the original guide shewed some symptoms of fa-

tigue. Having regained the track, he mounted the horse, but the severe cold compelled him again to take to his feet. The path or track leading to Glenfeshie had now become so distinct that Captain Ross and the shepherd pushed on, leaving the guide to follow at his leisure. About one o'clock on the following morning Captain Ross reached a shepherd's house in Glenfeshie, having still ten miles over the mountain to go to Invereshie. Here he waited for the guide to join him, when, finding he did not come up, he proceeded on alone, sending back the shepherd and another man to his assistance. These shepherds expected at every step to fall in with him: they had proceeded, however, only between three and four miles, when they found the body of the unfortunate man stretched across the path perfectly lifeless. The melancholy intelligence was conveyed to Invereshie without delay, when every attention which humanity could suggest, or decency require, was paid to the body of the unfortunate sufferer.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

As might have been anticipated, there were very few at the Rooms on the 23d of September, many of the Leading Members of the Turf having gone from Doncaster to participate in the festivities of the Noble Owner of Heaton Park: on the 26th, too, the same cause operated, and the attendance consequently thin. It is needless to say, scarcely any business was done on either day. We can, therefore, only speak in general terms.—For the DERBY more horses are backed than usual at so early a period, and some active speculations are anticipated. The odds at present are—14 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's Bubastes (taken); 16 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Olympic (offered); 16 to 1 agst Duke of Cleveland's Guardian (offered); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Chifney's colt out of Emiliana's dam (taken); 20 to 1 agst Captain Gardnor's Comet (offered); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Walker's Delirium (25 to 1 taken).

The betting on the OAKS has hitherto been merely nominal, but the ensuing Newmarket Meetings may produce some stir in the market for both these great Stakes.

We have elsewhere given (p. 436) the state of the odds on the LEGGER for 1834 at Doncaster, and to this we have nothing to add.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In paying the debt of acknowledgment to our numerous friends for their unceasing kindness, we are bound in courtesy first to thank "J. R." for his very handsome letter.—*Laudari a viro laudato* is indeed gratifying.

Among the various communications received, which either arrived too late for the present Number, or have been unavoidably postponed from our previous arrangements having been completed, we have to thank STUB, JAVELIN, BURCOT, DETONATOR, RIPARIUS, AMBO, EBLANENSIS, and "H. C. D." for their continued favours. We are something like the cat in a well-stored larder—at a loss to fix upon the daintiest *morceau*.

"A Constant Reader in East Kent" is informed that the person he inquires after lives at Milton, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire.

ERRATA.—In the article "Odds and Ends connected with Turf Affairs," p. 432, there is an inaccuracy in the punctuation which renders the passage obscure. A new sentence should begin after the word "competitors" (line 9), thus:—"To send a dart at a *nouveau riche*, noisy, arrogant, and pretending, is fair with regard to the one party, and may be salutary as to the other: but," &c.—In the same page, for *cari* read *coccis*; and in the preceding, for *aquilla* read *aquila*.

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The Proprietors respectfully inform the Subscribers, that if they are desirous the Portraits of favorite Horses, Greyhounds, &c. should appear in the **SPORTING MAGAZINE**, they have only to send the Pictures to 18, Warwick Square, and, if approved, they will be put into the Engraver's hands, *without any expense*, and the Pictures carefully preserved and returned when done with.

END OF VOLUME VII.—SECOND SERIES.

Printed by M. A. Pittman, Warwick-square, London.

RACING CALENDAR, 1833.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

MONDAY, April 8.—The **CRAVEN STAKES**, a subscription of 10 sovs. each:—two-year-olds, 6st.; three, 8st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 13lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 9lb.—A. F.—Twelve subs.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. *Camarine*, by Juniper, 4 yrs (Robinson) 1
Mr. Stanley named b. f. *Lady Charlotte*, by Catton, 2 yrs..... 2
Mr. Wagstaff's b. c. *Fang*, by Langar 3

Previously to this the following horses started (*Fang* and *Lady Charlotte* being left behind), when *Camarine* came in first, and Mr. Vansittart's *Rubini* second: this being declared a false start, *Camarine*, *Lady Charlotte*, and *Fang* started, and came in as above.

Sir M. Wood's *Camarine*, 4 yrs; Duke of Rutland's *Theban*, by *Tiresias*, 6 yrs; Mr. Hunter's *Volage*, by *Waverley*, 5 yrs; Mr. Vansittart's *Rubini*, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs; Lord Berners's *Brother to Chapman*, 3 yrs; Mr. Cooke's *Drover*, by *Partisan*, 4 yrs; Mr. T. Wood's br. c. by *Filho da Puta*, out of *Mermaid* by *Merlin*, 2 yrs; Lord Exeter's *Minima*, by *Sultan*, 2 yrs; and Colonel Peel's *Malibran*, by *Whisker*, 2 yrs.—Four to 1 on *Camarine*; after the false start, 10 to 1 on her.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds.—Ab. M. Mr. Forth's b. c. *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, by *Whisker* out of *Scandal*, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.

(C. Edwards)..... 1
Mr. T. Wood's ch. c. *Ambrosio*, by *Middleton* or *Waterloo*, 3 yrs, 9st..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Exeter's b. c. *Byzantium*, by *Sultan*, 3 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Mills's b. f. *Kate*, by *Lapdog*, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Chifney's ch. f. *Emiliana*, by *Emilius*, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Amesbury*, by *Phantom*, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Mary Ann*, by *Truffle*, 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. *Lady Barbara*, by *Catton*, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Lord Chesterfield's bl. f. *Olga*, by *Paulowitz*, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Batson's b. f. *Banquet*, by *Truffle*, 3 yrs, 8st.; Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. *The Hermit*, by Mr. Lowe, 3 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Greville's bl. f. *Sister to Tom Thumb*, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Lord Verulam's ch. c. *Basto*, by *Truffle* out of *Tredrille*, 3 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Mr. Ridsdale's b. g. by *Lottery* out of *Swiss's dam*, 2 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Lord Berners's ch. c. by *Oscar* out of *Tippitywitchet*, 2 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. M. Stanley named *Lady Charlotte*, by *Catton*, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; Colonel Peel's b. f. *Frailty*, by *Bedlamite* or *Paul Pry*, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; and Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Sierra*, by *Wamba*, dam by *Marmion*, grandam by *Precipitate*, 2 yrs, 6st. 9lb. (carried 7st.)

The following paid:—Lord Lowther's *Messenger*, 3 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Gully's *Hokee Hokee*, 3 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Payne's *Corset*, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; and Sir M. Wood's *Count Robinson*, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb.

Five to 1 agst *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, 6 to 1 agst *Emiliana*, 6 to 1 agst *Kate*, 6 to 1 agst *Miss Mary Anne*, and 10 to 1 agst *Ambrosio*.

The Nineteenth RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Ab. M.—Untried mares or stallions allowed 5lb., if both, 5lb.—Seventeen subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Lucius*, by *Emilius*, out of *Cobweb*, 8st. 4lb. (Robinson) 1
Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Anglesea*, by *Sultan* out of *Mona*..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Jersey's br. f. *Joanna*, by *Sultan* out of *Filagree*; Mr. Wilson's b. c. by *Chateau Margaux*, dam by *Partisan*, out of *Silvertail*, 8st. 2lb.; and Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Blank*, by *Lottery* out of *Auburn* by *Blacklock*, 8st. 4lb.—Five to 4 agst *Silvertail*, and 7 to 4 agst *Anglesea*.

The DESERT STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. A. F.—Five subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Weeper*, by *Weful*, dam by *Cervantes* (Conolly)..... 1
Mr. Payne's ch. c. by *Wrangler* out of *Miss Stephenson* 2
Lord Conyngham's b. c. *Sir Thomas*, Brother to *Blythe*..... 3
Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Ketchup*, by *Moses* out of *Mushroom*..... 4

Six to 4 each agst *Weeper* and *Brother to Blythe*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M. Six subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Brother to Marcus*, by *Emilius*walked over.

MATCH.—Duke of Portland's b. c. by *Lottery* out of *Pledge*, 8st. 10lb., rec. ft. from General Grosvenor's b. f. *Feiucca*, by *Johnny* or *Skiff*, out of *Myrtle*, 8st., R. M. 10, h. ft.

MATCH.—Lord Lichfield's ch. c. *Mounteagle*, by Sligo out of Ina, 8st. 4lb. rec. ft. from Lord Jersey's c. *Ishmael*, by Sultan out of Sister to Cobweb, 8st. 7lb., R. M., 300, h. ft.

MATCH.—Mr. Ridesdale's b. c. *Glancus*, by Partisan, rec. ft. from Lord Chesterfield's br. c. *Elvaston*, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb. each, D. M., 200, h. ft.

MATCH.—Lord Lichfield's ch. f. by Sligo out of Miniature, received ft. from Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Cymbal*, by Emilius out of Sister to Pastille, 8st. 4lb. each, D. M., 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, April 9.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for foals of 1830:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—Those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares allowed 3lb.—only one allowance.—Six subs.

General Grosvenor's b. f. *Falernia*, by Chateau Margaux out of Selina by Delpini, 8st. 11lb. (Arnall)..... 1
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Fidalgo*, by Sultan out of Tontine, 8st. 4lb..... 2
Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. by Lapdog out of Effie Deans by Ashton, 8st. 4lb..... 3
Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Janissary*, by Partisan out of Maid of Kent, 8st. 4lb. 4
Two to 1 on Fidalgo.

SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—Those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Despot*, by Sultan out of Fanny Davies, 8st. 4lb. (Robinson) 1
Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius out of Shoveler 2
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella, 8st. 4lb. 3
Six to 4 on Despot.

MATCH.—Lord Orford's gr. c. *Clearwell*, by Jerry out of Lisette, 8st. 7lb. (Wright) beat Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Weeper*, by Woful, 7st. 11lb., T. Y. C., 200, h. ft. Six to 4 on Weeper.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Three subs.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. f. *Chantilly*, by Gustavus out of Veil (Robinson) 1
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella..... 2

The OATLAND STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. I.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Hunter's b. c. *Rouncival*, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (Nat)..... 1
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. *Trustee*, by Catton, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Walker's b. c. *Consol* by Lottery, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Beiram*, by Sultan, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre out of Mouse, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Gully's b. f. *Lady Fly*, by Bustard, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb.; Mr. Wilson's br. c. *Argent*, by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; and Mr. Gully's br. c. *Hokee Pokee*, by Muley, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.—Four to 1 agst the Mouse colt, 4 to 1 agst Hokee Pokee, 5 to 1 agst Consol, 5 to 1 agst Beiram, 5 to 1 agst Trustee, 10 to 1 agst Rouncival.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. A. F. rising three yrs old, got by stallions which never covered at a higher sum than 100s., groom's fee excepted.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. *Forester*, by Gustavus, out of Young Pipylina, recd. ft.

WEDNESDAY, April 10.—**The COLUMN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. the produce of mares covered in 1829:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—Those by untried stallions or out of untried mares allowed 3lb; if both 5lb.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. f. *Revelry*, by Reveller out of Harriet by Pericles (Nat)..... 1
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Dirce*, by Partisan out of Antiope 2
Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. c. *Toby*, by Tarrare out of The Witch (h. untried)..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of Pledge (horse untried); Lord Exeter's b. f. *Mantilla* by Sultan out of Dulcinea; Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Anglesea*, by Sultan; Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Chateau Margaux, dam by Partisan, out of Silvertail (both untried); and Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius out of Shoveler.—Three to 1 agst Revelry, 3½ to 1 agst Dirce, and 5 to 1 agst Toby.

SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of 50l.:—for two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 7lb.; and four, 9st.—T. Y. C.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Contriver*, by Partisan out of Sister to Scheme, 2 yrs (Pavis)... 1
Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Camarine's dam, 2 yrs..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Gully's b. f. *Ceres*, by Emilius, 2 yrs; Mr. Roberts's b. c. by Sultan out of The Whig's dam, 2 yrs; and Lord Exeter's b. c. *Brother to Beiram*, 2 yrs.—Seven to 4 agst Contriver, and 5 to 3 agst Ceres.

THE ANSON DINNER STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.—Nine subs.

Lord Exeter's b. a. by Sultan out of Emmeline, 8st. 7lb. (Darling)..... 1
 Lord Lichfield's ch. f. by Sligo out of Miniature, 8st. 2
 Three to 1 on Emmeline.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds.—D. M.—Five subs.
 Col. Peel's b. f. *Malibran*, by Whisker, 6st. 12lb. (Nutmeg)..... 1
 Mr. Turner's b. f. *Lady Charlotte*, by Catton, 6st. 5lb. 2
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. a. *Emperor*, by Figaro, 6st. 10lb. (carried 6st. 12lb.)..... 3
 Even on Malibran.

THE BILDESTON SALE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. (bred by Mr. Wilson).—D. M.—Five subs.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler out of Mits Stephensonreceived,
 Col. Peel's b. c. *Young Rapid*, by Stainborough; and Mr. Henry's c. by Albany out of Miss Lydia, Sister to Miss Fanny—withdraw their stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—out of Mares that never bred a winner.—D. M.—Three subs.

Col. Peel's b. f. *Malibran*, by Whisker.....received.

MATCH.—Mr. Ridsdale's *Glaucus*, by Partisan, received ft. from Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Mountebank out of Ada, 8st. 7lb. each, R. M., 200, h. ft.

THURSDAY, April 11.—MATCH.—Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. *Falernia*, by Chateau Margaux, 8st. 3lb. (Arnall) beat Mr. Cosby's b. f. *Temperance*, by Lapdog, 8st. 7lb. R. M., 100, h. ft.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.—Rising three yrs old.—Five subs.

Lord Verulam's b. c. *Little Cassino*, by Sultan out of Tredrille (Conolly) 1
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Fidalgo*, by Sultan out of Tontine 2
 Lord Worcester's b. c. by Zealot, dam by Canterbury out of Merrythought (allowed 3lb.) 3
 Even betting on Little Cassino, and 6 to 4 agst Fidalgo.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Six subs.
 General Grosvenor's *Falernia*, by Chateau Margaux, 6st. 7lb. (carried 6st. 12lb.) (Nat) 1
 Sir M. Wood's br. c. *Dromedary*, by Camel, 7st. 12lb. 2
 Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler out of Miss Stephenson, 6st. 4lb. 3
 Eleven to 8 on Falernia.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
 Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Ketchup*, by Moses, 7st. 12lb. (Pavis) 1
 Mr. Cosby's b. f. *Temperance*, by Lapdog, 8st. 3lb. 2
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. *Felucca*, by Johnny or Skiff, 7st. 6lb. 3
 Mr. Forth's b. f. by Sultan, dam by Woful, out of Holbein's dam, 8st. 2lb. 4
 Lord Lowther's St. Julien, by Chateau Margaux, 8st. 7lb. paid.
 Even betting on Ketchup, 4 to 1 agst Temperance, and 4 to 1 agst the Sultan filly.

MATCH.—General Grosvenor's b. f. *Blue Eyes*, by Truffle out of Blue Stockings (J. Day) beat Lord Verulam's b. f. by Sultan out of Manille, 8st. 3lb. each, T. Y. C., 200, h. ft.—Three to 1 on Blue Eyes.

THE FORFEIT CLASS OF THE OATLAND STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—D. I.—Thirteen subs.
 Mr. Kirby's br. f. *Dinah*, by Champignon, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (Conolly)..... 1
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Oxygen*, by Emilius, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Six to 4 on Oxygen.

THE CLARET STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. I.—The owner of the second horse withdrew his stake.—Eight subs.
 Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. *Trustee*, by Catton (S. Ghifney) 1
 Lord Conyngham's b. c. *Minster*, by Catton 2
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Beiram*, by Sultan 3
 Mr. Gully's ch. c. *Margrave*, by Muley 4
 Even on Trustee, 5 to 2 agst Minster, and 3 to 1 agst Beiram.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Untried mares or untried stallions allowed 3lb., but only one allowance.—No course mentioned.—Five subs.
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. *Toby*, by Tarrare out of The Witch (horse untried) walked over,
 Mr. Thornhill's f. by Martin out of Surprise,
 Mr. S. Stonehewer and Mr. Thornhill divided the ft.

MATCH—Lord Tavistock's c. by Sultan out of Phantom, 8st. 7lb, rec. ft. from Lord Chesterfield's f. (dead) by Whisker out of Chapeau de Paille, 8st. 4lb., D. M., 200, h. ft.

FRIDAY, April 12.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Verulam's ch. c. *Basto*, by Truffle out of Tredrille, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Conolly)... 1
 Mr. Cosby's br. f. *Giantess*, by Muley, 3 yrs, 8st. 1lb. 2
 General Grosvenor's Blue Eyes, by Truffle, 2 yrs, 8st. 12lb..... 3
 Seven to 2 on Blue Eyes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Five subs.
 Mr. Kent's roan f. by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam (Boyce)..... 1
 Mr. Vansittart's b. f. *Elisena*, by Whisker out of Darioletta..... 2
 Lord Lowther's b. f. *Scurry*, by Partisan out of Scratch..... 3
 Even betting on the winner.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
 The winner to have been sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Sierra*, by Wamba, 2 yrs, 7st. 10lb. (Pavis) 1
 Mr. Cosby's *Giantess*, by Muley, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Duke of Portland's Will Scarlet, by Robin Hood, 3 yrs, 8st. 12lb..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Roberts's b. c. by Sultan out of The Whig's dam, 2 yrs, 7st. 13lb.; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Sultan, dam by Woful, out of Holbein's dam, 2 yrs, 7st. 10lb.; and General Grosvenor's *Felucca*, by Johnny or Skiff, 2 yrs, 7st.—Two to 1 agst *Sierra*, 4 to 1 agst the Sultan filly, and 4 to 1 agst Will Scarlet.

SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of 50l. :—two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 13lb.; five, 9st. 4lb.; six and aged, 9st. 8lb.—D. M.—The winner to be sold for 300gs.

Lord Lichfield's gr. g. *Gab*, by Swap, 4 yrs (Arnall)..... 1
 Mr. Gardner's bl. f. *Ida*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Burlington's b. f. by Bizarre out of Barossa, 2 yrs; Duke of Grafton's br. c. *Oedipus*, by Emilius out of Pastille, 3 yrs; Mr. Stephenson's *Alice*, by Truffle out of Aline, 2 yrs; Mr. Richardson's Landrail, by Bustard, 5 yrs; Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. Brother to Kate, 2 yrs (carried 6st. 12lb.); Mr. Sowerby's *Coroner*, by Magistrate, aged; Lord Exeter's *Minima*, by Sultan, 2 yrs; and Mr. Kirby's b. f. *Diana*, by Catton, 4 yrs.—Three to 1 agst *Diana*, 4 to 1 agst *Gab*, 4 to 1 agst Landrail, 5 to 1 agst *Alice*, 6 to 1 agst *Minima*, and 8 to 1 agst *Coroner*.

The PORT STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts and fillies not named in the Claret :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. M. M.—The owner of the second horse withdrew his stake.—Fourteen subs.

Lord Exeter's br. f. *Galata*, by Sultan (Darling)..... 1
 Mr. W. Chifney's *Emilliana*, by Emilius 2
 Colonel Peel's b. c. *Archibald*, by Paulowitz..... 3
 Lord Lowther's b. c. *Messenger*, by Partisan 4
 Mr. Batson's b. c. *Mixbury*, by Catton 5
 Even on Archibald, 7 to 2 agst *Galata*, and 7 to 2 agst *Emilliana*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—rising three yrs old.—D. M.—Six subs.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Anglesea*, by Sultan (Robinson) 1
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan out of Emmeline..... 2
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Divan*, by Sultan out of the dam of Dervise 3
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Elvaston*, by Sultan out of Piquet 4
 Five to 2 on Emmeline.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb.—D. M.—Five subs.
 Mr. Cooke's ch. f. *Tarantella*, by Tramp out of Katharine (Wright) 1
 Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan out of Augusta ... 2
 Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius out of Shoveler 3
 Five to 4 on *Tarantella*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 6lb.—D. M.—Six subs.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan out of Emmeline (Darling)..... 1
 Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of Pledge 2
 Six to 5 and 5 to 4 on Emmeline.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Three subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. <i>Weeper</i> , by Woful (Nat)	1
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Octave, Sister to Oxygen	2
Six to 4 on <i>Weeper</i> .	

The ALB STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—The winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Lord Berners's br. c. by Emilius out of Rotterdam (J. Day)	1
Lord Lowther's b. c. Lazarone, by Partisan out of Trictrac	2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Spencer, by Sultan out of Dulcinea	3
Five to 4 on the winner, who was claimed, and 5 to 2 agst Spencer.	

MATCH.—Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry, rec. ft. from Lord Chesterfield's Brother to Marcus, 8st. 7lb. each, R. M., 200, h. ft.

MATCH.—Lord Verulam's b. f. by Sultan out of Manila, rec. ft. from Mr. Vansittart's b. f. Raffle, by Lottery out of Slight, 8st. 4lb. each, D. M., 100, h. ft.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, March 13.—The **TRIAL STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two and three-year-olds.—The Mile Course.—Eleven subs.

Sir G. Pigot's b. c. <i>The Grand Falconer</i> , by Merlin, 3 yrs, 9st. (Arthur)	1
Mr. Bristow's b. f. Pagoda, by Polygar out of Pedestrian's dam, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Lichfield's ch. f. by Camel out of Frederica, 2 yrs, 7st. ; Sir J. Gerard's b. f. Dame Durdan, by Banker out of Euxton's dam, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb. ; Mr. W. Lacey's b. f. Moselle, by Chateau Margaux, 2 yrs, 7st. ; Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Truant, dam by Filho, out of Spindle, 2 yrs, 7st. ; Mr. Bristow's b. f. Languish, by Cain out of Lydia by Poulton, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb. ; Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Funny, by Fungus, 2 yrs. 6st. 12lb. ; Mr. E. Peel's b. f. Marianne, by Champion out of Aglaia, 2 yrs, 7st. (rider fell) ; and Mr. Sadler's b. f. Eleanor, by Middleton, 3 yrs, 9st. (rider fell).

The LEAMINGTON CUP of 50 sovs. added to a Subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.

Colonel Charretie's b. g. <i>Goldcoat</i> , 3 yrs, 9st. (Mr. Burton)	1
Mr. Wightwick's b. f. Lottery, 4 yrs, 10st. 8lb.	2

The PILLERTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Six subs.

Col. Charretie's b. c. <i>Swing</i> , by Fitz-Walton, 3 yrs, 9st. 9lb. (owner)	1
Mr. Hopkinson's br. c. Napoleon le Grand, by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 9st. 9st.	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. F. Ongley's b. c. Donnington, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ; Mr. Peyton's br. g. Glove Cutter, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ; and Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. by Palmerin, 3 yrs, 9st. 9lb.

The HURDLE RACE of 10 sovs. each, six leaps, two miles, was won by Mr. Whistler's b. m. *Countess*, by Crecy, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Becher) beating four others.

The HACK STAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 added.—Mile Course.—The winner to be sold for 40 sovs.—Seven subs.

Mr. North's br. m. <i>Miss Warwick</i> , 9st. 11lb. (Mr. Mitchel)	1
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Blinker, 9st. 11lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Col. Charretie's b. g. Cantab, 9st. 11lb. ; Mr. Whistler's br. h. The Serpent, 10st. ; and Mr. Briscoe's b. g. Silver-tail, 9st. 11lb.

The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50 sovs., was won by Mr. Lucas's b. g. *The Asps*, 6 yrs, 12st. 12lb. (Mr. Burton) beating one other.

The FARMERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. was won, at two heats, by Mr. F. Robbins's b. g. *Lefty*, 3 yrs, 10st. 2lb. (Mr. Sabin), beating seven others.

FORCED HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each.—Once round and a distance.—Seventeen subs. Lord Warwick's ch. c. by Bobadil out of Double Entendre, 2 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (Barlow), 1 Colonel Charretie's Captain Rock, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Whistler's b. m. Countess, aged, 9st. 4lb. ; and Mr. North's br. m. Miss Warwick, 9st. 10lb.

COTTISFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, March 20.—The COTTISFORD STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added; Newmarket Craven weights.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.
 Mr. Sadler's b. f. *Eleanor*, by Middleton, 3 yrs (Chapple) 1
 Mr. Day's Busk, by Whalebone, aged 2
 Mr. Colman's ch. f. *Palmella*, by Sober Robin out of a Sister to Rough Robin's dam, 2 yrs 3

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 25 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Billesdon Coplow weights.—A winner of the Pillerton, Bosworth, or Coplow, to carry 7lb.; of two of them, or either twice, 14lb. extra; a winner of any other race, 5lb.; if twice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Nine subs.

Mr. Coleman's br. c. *The Curate*, by Brahmin, 3 yrs (Col. Bouverie) 5 1 1
 Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, 4 yrs 1 2 2
 Mr. Willes's br. g. by Champagne, 6 yrs 3 5 3
 Mr. ———'s b. g. *Sober Robin*, 6 yrs 2 4 4
 Mr. Smith's b. g. *Whittle*, aged 4 3 5

MATCH.—Mr. Booth's b. h. *Lancastrian*, by Merlin, recd. from Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Robin*, 12st. each, four miles, 100 sovs., h. ft.

The FARMERS' CUP, value 10 sovs., with 40 in specie, was won by Mr. W. Mansfield's bl. g. *Sailor*, 3 yrs, beating two others.

The HACK STAKES was won by Mr. Sadler's *Latitat*, beating five others.

PYTCHLEY HUNT MEETING.

FRIDAY, March 22.—The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50 sovs., given by Lord Southampton, was won by Mr. Dickens's *Vanguard*, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb., beating two others.

The NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., for horses not thoroughbred.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Ten subs.

Mr. Hopkinson's b. c. *Napoleon le Grand*, by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 10st. 2lb. (Mr. Kent) 1
 Mr. Coleman's b. c. *The Curate*, by Brahmin, 3 yrs, 10st. 2lb. 2
 Colonel Charretie's b. c. *Swing*, by Fitzwalton, 3 yrs, 10st. 4lb. 3

The OPEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added.—Once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Three subs.

Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. *Camillus*, by Cannon-ball, aged, 11st. 4lb. (Colonel Bouverie) 1
 Mr. J. Smith's b. c. *Peru*, 4 yrs, 10st. 12lb. 2

The FARMERS' CUP, value 50 sovs.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. J. Sherman's b. c. *Fitzwilliam*, by Amadis, 3 yrs, 10st. 2lb. (Mr. Griffiths) 1 2 0 1
 Mr. S. Pell's ch. g. by Jujube, 3 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. 2 1 0 2
 Mr. Aspinall's b. g. *Farmer's Boy*, 6 yrs, 12st. 5lb. 3 3 3
 Seven others started.

The HACK STAKES was won by Mr. Harris's br. m. *Cricket* (late Miss Warwick), 10st. 7lb. (Capt. Becher) beating four others.

LICHFIELD SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, March 27.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb. rising two years old.—T.Y.C.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. *Noodle*, by Bedlamite, out of Sinbad's dam (Spring), 1
 Mr. Mott's b. f. *Shelah*, by St. Patrick 2
 Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Bedlamite out of Mischance 3
 Mr. Lacey's ch. f. *Frantic*, by Bedlamite, out of Catherine 4

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; and three, 9st.; fillies allowed 3lb.—Last Mile.

Mr. Lacey's b. f. *Moselle*, by Chateau Margaux, 2 yrs 1

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir J. Gerard's br. f. *Only that*,

by Partisan, out of Scribe, 2 yrs ; Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. Amphitrite, by Tiresias, 3 yrs ; and Mr. Williams's b. f. by Woful, out of Mandoline, 2 yrs.

The TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Newmarket Craven weights.—Last Mile.
Mr. Mott's b. c. *Clarion*, by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (Calloway) 1
Mr. Moore's br. c. *Giovanni*, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb. 2
Mr. Tomes's br. h. *The Burgess*, by Filho, 6 yrs, 9st. 9lb. 3
Mr. Lacey's b. f. *Moselle*, by Chateau Margaux, 2 yrs. 6st. 4
Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. *Amphitrite*, by Tiresias, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb. 5

PRODUCE MATCH.—Lord Lichfield's b. f. by Camel out of Frederica, recd. from General Yates's c. (dead) by Whisker, dam by Manfred, out of Sunflower, 8st. 4lb each.—Last mile, 50 sovs. h. ft.

The BOSWORTH STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—
Three subs.

Mr. Price's ch. m. *Dandina*, by Pavilion, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Phillips) walked over

The FARMERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. with 10 for the second horse.—Two-mile heats.
Mr. Robinson's br. f. *Manuella*, 4 yrs, 11st. 7lb. 1 1
Mr. Flavell's gr. f. *Agnes*, by Swap, 4 yrs, 11st. 2lb. 2 2
Two others started.

CROXTON PARK MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, April 3.—The FARMERS' PLATE of 50gs. with 10gs. to the second horse, given by the Gentlemen of the Belvoir and Quorndon Hunts, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Farmers.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Lindley's b. h. by Smyrna, 5 yrs (Mr. Spriggs)..... 1 1
Mr. Vincent's br. m. by Negotiator, 4 yrs 2 2
Eight others started.

MATCH.—Count Bathyan's ch. g. *Meltonian*, aged, 12st. 4lb. (owner) beat Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Filho, 11st. three-quarters of a mile, 25 sovs.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for horses of all denominations.—Once round and a distance.

Lord Lichfield's br. c. *Dissolution*, by Emilius, 10st. 9lb. (Mr. White) 1
Sir J. Boswell's br. g. *Cistercian*, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Sprigg's ch. g. *Brunswicker*, aged, 11st. 5lb. ; Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. *Camillus*, aged, 12st. 9lb. ; Mr. Lacey's br. g. *Negotiator*, 4 yrs, 11st. 3lb. ; and Mr. Sharman's br. c. *Fitzwilliam*, 3 yrs, 10st. 1lb.

The BILLESDON COPLOW STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Seventeen subscribers.

Mr. F. Ongley's b. c. *Donnington*, by Champignon, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Mr. Burton) 1
Mr. Kent's br. c. *Napoleon le Grand*, by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 10st. 9lb. 2
Lord Lichfield's br. g. *Brother to Dunton*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 11st. 2lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Milward's b. m. *Hippona*, by Filho, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. ; Mr. Mott's br. m. *Gazelle*, by Muley, 6 yrs, 12st. 7lb. ; Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. *Bilberry*, by Hedley or Manfred, 6 yrs, 12st. ; Mr. Jones's br. g. *Tommy Tickle*, by Muley, aged, 13st. 2lb. ; and Mr. Burbridge's b. g. *Mantrap*, 6 yrs, 12st.

MATCH.—Mr. Craven's ch. g. *Splendour*, 12st. 10lb. (Mr. White) beat Lord E. Thynne's br. h. *Banker*, 11st. one mile, 50 sovs.

A PLATE of 60 sovs., given by the inhabitants of Melton Mowbray, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—The second horse to save his stake.—Once round.

Mr. Kent's br. c. *Napoleon le Grand*, by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 10st. 12lb. (Owner)..... 1
Mr. M. Stanley names b. g. *Little Tommy*, 4 yrs, 10st. 12lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed.—Count Bathyan's ch. g. *Meltonian*, aged, 12st. 5lb. ; and Mr. Powell's ch. g. *Shark*, aged, 12st. 5lb.

The SCURRY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all denominations, winners excepted ; 12st. each.—Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. W. Coke's b. m. *May-fly*, aged (Mr. White)..... 1
Mr. G. Potter's b. g. *Midnight*, aged 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Powell's ch. g. Shark, aged, Mr. Pogson's ch. m. Gad-fly, 5 yrs ; Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Clinker, aged ; Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Filho, 8 yrs ; and Mr. Lacey's br. g. Snuff-box, aged.

FORCED HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each, for the winners of each race.—Ten subs.
Mr. Kent's br. c. *Napoleon le Grand*, by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (Owner)..... 1
Mr. Milward's b. m. *Hippona*, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 11st. 3lb..... 2
The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Powell's ch. g. Shark, aged, 11st. 3lb. ; Mr. Jones's br. g. Tommy Tickle, aged, 12st. 7lb. ; Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. Bilberry, aged, 12st. ; Count Bathyan's ch. g. Meltonian, aged, 11st. 4lb. ; Mr. F. Ongley's b. c. Donnington, 4 yrs, 11st. 12lb. ; Lord Lichfield's br. c. Dissolution, 3 yrs, 10st. 13lb. ; and Mr. W. Coke's b. m. May-fly, aged, 12st.

HAMBLEDON HUNT MEETING.

(SOBERTON DOWN.)

TUESDAY, April 9.—The **FARMERS' CUP** of 50 sovs., heats, a mile and three quarters, was won by Mr. Freeland's b. m. *Cottager* beating two others.

The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. for horses not thorough-bred, and regularly hunted with the H. H., N. F. H., or Hambledon Hounds.—Heats, a mile and three quarters.—Gentlemen riders, 12st. each.—Eleven subs.

Capt. Williamson's br. c. by Vampyre (owner)	1	1
Mr. T. H. Campbell's Lady Bird, by Wanderer	2	2
Mr. Halkett's Barrister	3	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Captain G. Delme's Quicksilver ; Mr. R. Hetley's Brown Stout ; Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Bob Handy ; Mr. Maidman's Blue Ruin ; and Mr. Chamberlain's Planet.—A good race, won cleverly. The winner is a fine powerful horse upwards of seventeen hands high.

A **CUP**, the gift of the Members of the Hambledon Hunt, for horses the property of Farmers residing, or occupying within the limits of the Hunt.—Mile heats.—11st. each.

Mr. Updell's b. g. Bold Forester	1	1
Mr. Houghton's ch. m. 6 yrs	2	2
Mr. Legg's b. m. 3 yrs	3	3
Mr. Freeland's May Fly, 4 yrs	4	dr.

MATCH.—Mr. Delme Radcliffe's gr. g. *Pantaleon*, 11st. 7lb. (owner) beat Mr. R. Hetley's gr. g. Nutmeg, 11st., 50 sovs., three quarters of a mile.

The **HACK STAKES** of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, three quarters of a mile.—11st. each.—The winner to be sold for 25 sovs.

Mr. Maidman's ch. m. <i>Miss Fairplay</i>	1	1
Mr. Yea's named Gentle Johnny	2	2
Mr. Pery's gr. g. Pantaloon	3	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. R. Hetley named Empress ; Capt. Delme named Little-thought-of ; Mr. Vicat's Madame Vestris ; and Mr. Delme's Crazy Jane.

CAISTOR MEETING.

TUESDAY, April 9.—**PLATE** of Fifty Pounds.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles.

M. J. C. Marshall's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , by Catterick out of own Sister to Jemmy, 5 yrs, 11st. 9lb. (owner)	4	1	1
Mr. Marfleet's b. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Filho, aged, 10st. 12lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Brook's br. g. <i>Clink'ean</i> , by Clinker, 5 yrs, 11st. 9lb.	5	4	2
Mr. Wilmot's br. m. <i>Bangtail</i> , by Blucher, aged, 11st. 12lb.	6	3	4
Mr. Cooper's br. m. <i>Gaiety</i> , by Clinker, 6 yrs, 10st. 12lb.	2	6	dr.
Mr. Parkinson's gr. m. <i>Mermaid</i> , by Arbutus, 4 yrs, 9st. 12lb.	2	5	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-old colts and fillies, not thorough-bred. Leger weights.—Once round.

Mr. A. Taylor's ch. c. by Johnny Raw, walked over.

BEDFORD SPRING MEETING.

THURSDAY, March 23.—The **OAKLEY STAKES** of five sovs. each, for hunters not thorough-bred.—Heats, from the distance post.—Once round.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Higgins's ch. m. *The Nun*, 6 yrs, 11st. 12lb.....walked over.

The **FARMERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs., the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. was won, at two heats, by Mr. H. Bolton's ch. g. by Wouvermans, 12st. beating three others.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Six subs.

Mr. Newman's br. c. *Reform*, by Don Cossack, 3 yrs, 9st. 10lb..... 1

Mr. Peyton's br. g. *Glove-cutter*, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb. 2

Mr. Sprigg's ch. g. *Brunswicker*, aged, 12st. 3lb..... 3

The **LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE**, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each. Once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Newman's br. c. *Reform*, by Don Cossack, 3 yrs, 9st. 10lb..... 1

Mr. Sprigg's ch. g. *Brunswicker*, aged, 12st. 3lb..... 2

Mr. Peyton's br. g. *Glove-cutter*, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (bolted) 3

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, 2 ft. with 20 added.—The last three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Sprigg's ch. h. *Brunswicker*, aged, 11st. 1

Mr. G. Ongley's gr. g. *The Flyer*, aged, 11st. 8lb. 2

Mr. Newman's br. c. *School-boy*, 3 yrs, 11st. 5lb. 3

Mr. Smith's br. h. *Naughty Tommy*, aged, 12st. 2lb..... 4

EAST SUSSEX HUNT MEETING.

MONDAY, April 8.—The **FARMERS' STAKES** of three sovs. each, with 10 added by Mr. Craven for the second horse.—Heats, the New Course.—Twenty-five subs.

Mr. D. Gilbert names bl. g. *The Purser*, by Little John out of Crazy Jane, 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Brackingsbury) 2 1 1

Lord Sheffield names b. m. *Rhoda*, by Crocius, 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb. 1 3 3

Mr. Gratwick names ch. m. *Vestris*, by Cannon Ball, aged, 12st. 4lb. - 2 2

Mr. Pinder names b. g. *Devil's Dyke*, 5 yrs, 12st..... 3 4 4

Five others started.

The **EAST SUSSEX HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added by the Town and Vicinity of Lewes, and five for the second horse by Mr. Craven; 12st. each.—Heats, two miles and a half.—Eight subs.

Lord Lake names b. g. *North Star*, 4 yrs (Mr. Johnson)..... 1 1 -

Sir W. Ball's b. g. *Scud*, 5 yrs - 2 1

Five others started.

The **PIC-NIC CUP**, value 50 sovs. and five sovs. given by Mr. Craven for the second horse, heats, one mile and a half, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Lamb's b. g. *Election*, 5 yrs, 12st. (Mr. Thomas) beating Mr. Hillman's Robin Adair, 4 yrs, 11st. 4lb., and five others.

CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, April 10.—The **Craven STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—for two-year-olds, 6st.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and three furlongs.

Duke of Cleveland's ch. f. by Whisker out of Pucelle, 2 yrs (Robinson) 1

Mr. Hebden's b. f. *Lustre*, by Swiss out of Flambeau's dam, 2 yrs..... 2

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. f. by Whisker out of Miss Fanny, 3 yrs 3

Col. Cradock's b. c. *Brother to Homer*, 2 yrs 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Leeds's b. f. *Lady Maud*, by Jerry, 3 yrs; Mr. Skipsey's b. c. by Young Phantom or Tinker, 2 yrs, 6st.; and Duke of Cleveland's b. g. *Brother to Chorister*, 3 yrs.

The **RICHMOND CLUB STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies rising two yrs old, 8st. each.—One mile.—Five subs.

Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Actæon out of Bella (Thompson) 1

Mr. Smith's br. f. *The Window Shut*, by Jerry out of Decision 2
 Duke of Leeds's ch. f. by Whisker, dam by Octavian, out of Young Mary 3
 Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. f. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Fry 4

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—
 Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. *Tesane*, by Whisker out of Lady of the Tees (3lb.).—(Templeman) 1
 Mr. Stephenson's br. c. *Rousseau*, by Blacklock (3lb.) 2
 Mr. Jaques's f. *Pantomime*, by Swiss out of Comedy 3

THURSDAY, April 11.—The OLD STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st., rising three years old.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. W. Crompton's br. c. *Satan*, by Lottery out of Dairymaid (Johnson) 1
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. *Partner*, by Whisker out of Landlady 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. *Allegre*, by Jock out of Bravura; and Mr. Mills's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Middlethorpe.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st., rising two years old.—Yearling Course.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Whitelock's b. c. by Lottery out of Gin (allowed 3lb.).—(Nicholson) 1
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Rye (allowed 3lb.) 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. *The Count*, by Figaro out of Catgut (3lb.); Mr. Jaques's b. f. by Walton out of Galena; and Mr. Arrowsmith's ch. c. *Rifleman*, by Whisker out of Tourist's dam.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st., rising two years old.
 One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. G. Crompton's br. c. *Mellerstain*, by Corinthian out of Smolt (Johnson) 1
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. *Monitor*, by Wanton, dam by Sir Andrew 2
 Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Actæon out of Bella -

CANTERBURY SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, April 9.—The KENTISH HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each.—Old King's Plate weights.—Winners of the value of 50l. to carry 10lb. extra.—Horses bred in the County of Kent allowed 5lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, nearly two miles.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Christian's b. c. *Metheglin*, by Filho, 4 yrs (Mr. Palmer) 1 1
 Mr. Sladden's br. g. *Balloon*, aged 6 2
 Sir W. Gearey's ch. g. *Swap*, aged 3 dr.
 Mr. H. Back's br. h. *Cardinal*, aged 4 dr.
 Mr. Hobb's br. g. *Rifleman*, 5 yrs 2 dr.
 Mr. Kennett's b. g. *Haphazard*, aged 5 dr.

The FARMERS' SILVER CUP was won, at four heats, by Mr. Hobb's br. g. *Rifleman*, by Ranter, 5 yrs, beating Mr. Christian's ch. g. *Cavenham*, and four others.

The Annual EASTER PLATE was walked over for by Mr. Palmer's b. f. by Skim.

HOLDERNESS HUNT MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, April 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of half-bred mares foaled in 1830; 9st. each.—To be ridden by any person but a jockey.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. E. Smith's b. f. *Brutina*, by Brutandorf out of Jessy (Fox) 1
 Mr. Hopkinson's b. c. by Brutandorf out of Collina 2

GOLD CUP, value 260 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—To be ridden by Members of the Holderness Hunt.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. G. H. Thompson's ch. h. *The Farrier*, by Bellerophon, aged, 12st. (Owner) ... 1
 Mr. H. Hudson's b. g. *Forester*, by Spectre, aged, 12st. 2

The following started but were not placed:—Mr. R. Bower's b. h. *Dutchman*, by Cervantes, aged, 12st.; Mr. D. Jones's br. m. *The Dot*, by Norton, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb.; Mr. J. Hall's ch. h. *Roué*, by Reveller, aged, 12st.; Mr. P. C. Maxwell's b. h. *Banker*, by Blucher, 4 yrs, 10st.; Mr. H. Maxwell's br. h. *Kingerby*, 6 yrs, 12st.; Mr. R. Jackson's b. m. *Coquette*, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb.; Mr. J. C. Athorp's b. h.

Junior, 6 yrs, 12st.; Capt. Ramsden's br. h. Arlington, by Blucher, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb.; and Mr. T. Barkworth's b. h. Flint, by Woldsman, aged, 12st.

THE HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each:—four-year-olds, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Thorough-bred horses that never won to carry 7lb., and a winner of 50l. or upwards, 10lb. extra.—Maiden horses, not thorough-bred, allowed 3lb.—To be ridden by Members of the Holderness Hunt.—Once round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Hon. C. Langdale's b. m. *Circe*, by St. Patrick, 5 yrs (Mr. Jackson)..... 1
Mr. T. B. Hodgson's b. h. Prior, by St. Leger, 5 yrs..... 2
Mr. W. C. Maxwell's b. g. Stingo, 4 yrs 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. H. B. Darley's ch. h. Pilot, by Cervantes, 6 yrs; Mr. D. Jones's bl. m. Elizabeth, by Cleveland, 4 yrs; Mr. P. C. Maxwell's b. h. Banker, by Blucher, 4 yrs; and Mr. G. H. Thompson's br. m. Betty Martin, by Blacklock, aged.

THE DRINGHOE STAKES of five sovs. each, to carry 13st. each.—To be ridden by Members of the Holderness Hunt.—Once round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Wainman's ch. h. *Champagne*, by Champagne (Owner) 1
Mr. M. C. Maxwell's b. g. Redshanks, by Cardinal Wolsey 2
Mr. R. W. Richardson's b. g. The Emperor, by Vespasian 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Smith's b. h. Parchment, by Solicitor; Mr. G. H. Thompson's br. h. Rattler; and Mr. D. Jones's gr. f. Ida.

THE FARMERS' TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added by the Hunt.—Two miles.

Mr. W. Witty's br. f. by Borodino, dam by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 10st. 7lb. (Owner)... 1
Mr. Smith's gr. m. Brenda, by Minos, aged, 12st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Witty's br. h. Bluebeard, by Blacklock, 5 yrs, 12st. 3
Four others started.

THURSDAY, April 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of seven sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—To be ridden by Members of the Hunt.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. G. H. Thompson's b. m. *Prosody*, by Dr. Syntax, aged, 12st. 4lb. (Owner)..... 1
Mr. Hesseltine's ch. c. Jerry Hawthorn, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb. 2
Capt. Ramsden's br. h. Arlington, by Blucher, 5 yrs, 11st. 8lb. 3
Two others started.

SWELTER CUP, value 150 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for Hunters carrying 14st. each.—The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Once round and a distance.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. W. C. Maxwell's b. h. *Barrister*, by Minos out of Cottage Girl, aged (Mr. Davidson) 1
Mr. H. Hudson's b. g. Forester, by Spectre, aged 2
Four others started.

MATCH.—Mr. D. Jones's b. h. *Tommy* (Mr. Davidson) beat Mr. E. Smith's b. h. Parchment, by Solicitor, 14st. each, once round, 50.

MATCH.—Mr. G. H. Thompson's b. h. *Rattler*, 6 yrs (Owner) beat Mr. Reynard's b. h. Tom Thumb, 11st. each, two miles, 50.

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 30 added by the Town of Beverley.—Once round and a distance.—Twelve subs.

Mr. G. H. Thompson's ch. h. *The Farrier*, by Bellerophon, aged, 12st. 2lb. (Owner) 1
Mr. W. B. Wainman's ch. h. Champagne 2
Five others started.

THE SCURRY STAKES of five sovs. each.—The winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.—T. Y. C.—Eight subs.

Mr. Smith's b. f. *Brutina*, by Brutandorf out of Jessy, 2 yrs, 9st. 4lb. (J. Fox)..... 1
Mr. T. B. Hodgson's b. h. Prior, 5 yrs, 11st. 9lb. 2
Five others started.

FARMERS' CUP, value 25 sovs. with 25 sovs. added, for horses that ran in the Farmers' Trial Stakes.—Two miles.

Mr. Witty's br. h. *Bluebeard*, by Blacklock, 5 yrs, 10st. 12lb. 1
Mr. Consitt's b. h. The Whig, by Grenadier, 5 yrs, 10st. 12lb. 2
Three others started.

BATH SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, April 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 10st. 7lb.; fillies, 10st. 4lb.—not thorough-bred.—One mile.—Gentlemen riders.—Four subs.

Mr. C. W. Codrington's b. c. *Dodington*, by Champignon (Mr. Peyton) 1
Mr. J. Codrington's b. g. by Zealout out of a half-bred mare 2

The **LANDDOWN TRIAL STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses that never won (matches excepted):—two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 10lb.; four, 9st. 3lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A mile and a quarter.—Twenty-seven subs.

Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. *Funny*, by Fungus out of Rarity, 2 yrs (J. Gibbert)..... 1
Mr. J. Day's ch. c. by Luzborough out of Miss West, 2 yrs..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Messer's b. f. *Miss Eldon*, by Flibbertigibbet, 3 yrs; Mr. Harris's ch. g. by Sprite out of Taglioni's dam, 2 yrs; Mr. Holloway's b. f. *Zebra*, 3 yrs; Mr. Dilly's br. f. *Dusky*, by Luzborough out of *Game-lia*, 2 yrs; Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Languish*, by Cain out of *Lydia*, 2 yrs; Sir L. Glyn's ch. f. *Malibran*, by Muley out of *Prima Donna*, 2 yrs; Mr. Griffiths's ch. f. *Indulgence*, by Waxy Pope out of Old Port's dam, 2 yrs; Mr. Currie's b. c. *Rokeby*, by Cain out of a half-sister to Counsellor, 2 yrs; Mr. Bristow's br. c. *Barney Bodkin*, by Cain, 2 yrs; and Mr. G. Sainsbury's b. c. *Easton*, by Luzborough, dam by Fyldener, 2 yrs.

The **LADIES' SILVER CUP** value 30 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st. 3lb.; four, 10st. 3lb.; five, 10st. 10lb.; six, 11st. 3lb.; and aged, 11st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A horse having won at any one time the value of 50l. (matches excepted) to carry 10lb. extra.—The second horse to save his stake.—Heats, a mile and a half and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Twenty-two subs.

Mr. Price's ch. m. *Dandina*, by Pavilion, 5 yrs (Mr. Griffiths) 1 1
Mr. Burton's b. f. *Sister to The Admiral*, 4 yrs..... - 2
Mr. J. Bayly's ch. c. *Warrior*, by Straitwaist, dam by Bellator, 3 yrs 2 -
Col. Charretie's b. c. *Swing*, 3 yrs..... - -
Mr. Hopkinson's gr. g. *Blue Ruin*, 6 yrs - -
Mr. Newman's b. c. *Reform*, 3 yrs - -
Mr. Mansfield's ch. c. *Wakefield*, by Vampyre, 3 yrs..... - -
Mr. Sadler's b. g. *Latitat*, aged - dr.
Mr. Day's *Brilliant*, aged - dr.
Mr. Piercefield's br. c. *The Major*, 4 yrs - dr.
Mr. King's b. f. by Marshall out of *Gazelle*, 3 yrs..... - dr.

The **HACK STAKES** of three sovs. each, with a Purse added:—three-year-olds, 9st. 6lb.; four, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Thorough-bred horses to carry a stone extra.—The winner to be sold for 35 sovs.—Heats, a mile and a quarter.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subs.

Mr. Peyton's b. g. *Don Juan*, aged (Mr. Peyton)..... 1 1
Mr. Sadler's b. g. *Latitat*, aged 2 2

Two others started.

MATCH.—Mr. Haddy's b. g. *Harold*, by Manfred, aged, 12st. 7lb. (J. Day) beat Mr. Hawkins's *The Lion*, aged, 12st., three-quarters of a mile, 50, h. ft.

THURSDAY, April 18.—The **BATH STAKES** (handicap) of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30 added.—A mile and a half and a distance.—Nineteen subs. (nine of whom paid only five sovs. each.)

Mr. Day's b. g. *Liston*, by Ambo, aged, 8st. 10lb. (A. Pavis)..... 1
Sir L. Glyn's ch. h. *Bryan*, by Blacklock, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. 2
Mr. Elliott's b. c. *Sinbad*, by Swap, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. *Wassailor*, by Reveller, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. J. H. Peel's br. c. *Changeling*, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.; and Mr. W. Smith's br. f. *The Witch*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.

The **DODINGTON PARK STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred:—four-year-olds, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—A winner of the Bosworth Stakes to carry 5lb., of the Billesdon Coplow 7lb., of both or either twice, 10lb. extra.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Six subs.

Mr. Peyton's br. g. *Glove Cutter*, 4 yrs, (Mr. Becher) 1
Mr. Piercefield's br. c. *The Major*, 4 yrs..... 2
Mr. Burton's b. f. *sister to The Admiral*, 4 yrs..... 3

The YORK STAKES (Handicap) of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, one mile.—Ten subs.

Mr. Harris's <i>Dictator</i> , 4 yrs, by Antelope out of Taglioni's dam, 6st. 5lb.....	1	1
Mr. Peyton's b. g. Don Juan, aged, 8st. 12lb.....	2	2
Mr. Trelawney's b. g. Walter, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb.....	-	-
Mr. Currie's Hylas, 3 yrs, 8st.....	-	-
Mr. Messer's Miss Eldon, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb.....	-	-
Col. Charretie's Captain Rock, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.	-	-
Mr. Elliott's Sinbad, 4 yrs, 9st.....	-	dr.
Mr. Yates's gr. g. Clown, 5 yrs, 6st. 7lb.	-	dr.
Mr. Hawke's b. f. by Gainsborough, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.....	-	dr.
Mr. Haddy's b. g. Harold, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb.....	-	dr.

The SCRUB STAKES of five sovs. each, was won at four heats by Mr. Leigh's gr. g. *The Dwarf*, aged, beating four others.

MALTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, April 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—for colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb., rising two-year-olds.—Half a mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Watt's b. c. <i>Bubastes</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Whisker out of Miss Cranfield (Nicholson)	1
Mr. G. Walker's ch. f. Maid of Lune, by Whisker out of Gipsy Fairy.....	2
Mr. Skipsey's b. c. Wyndham, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Blacklock.....	3
Mr. Bell's b. f. by Palmerin, dam by Fitz Teazle	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for fillies, rising three yrs old, 8st. 3lb.—One mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Watt's ch. by Blacklock out of Muta	0	0	1
Mr. Hudson's gr. Vesta, by Arbutus out of Olive-leaf.....	0	0	2

The WELHAM SILVER CUP, value 50 sovs. by subscription of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, that had never won or been in a training-stable before the 1st of March 1833, and had been regularly hunted up to that time, 13st.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Mr. R. Bower's b. c. <i>Scorton</i> , by Minos, dam by Screveton, 4 yrs (Mr Singleton)...	1
Mr. R. Bower's, jun. b. h. The Dutchman.....	2
Mr. T. E. Dyson's b. g. The Emperor, by Vespasian.....	3
Mr. M. Foulis's b. h. Patch-work, 6 yrs	4

FRIDAY, April 19.—The COTTAGE STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses that had been regularly hunted, 12st.—Gentlemen riders.—Once round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Thompson's b. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Doctor Syntax (Capt. Thompson).....	1
Mr. R. Bower's ch. h. The Roué, by Reveller.....	2
Capt. Ramsden's br. f. Arlington, by Blucher	3
Mr. T. Sykes's b. h. by Dinmont out of Sister to Speaker	4

MATCH.—Mr. M. Foulis's b. h. *The Dandy*, by Dinmont, 11st. 7lb. (the owner) beat Mr. R. Bower's b. c. *Scorton*, by Minos, 11st. (who bolted), once round and a distance, 50 sovs. 15 ft.

PLATE of 50l. for horses that never won that value:—two-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; three 8st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five and upwards, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. W. Richardson's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Cerberus, 2 yrs (Noble).....	1	-	1
Mr. T. E. Dyson's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Cerberus, 2 yrs.....	-	1	2
Mr. Wyse's br. f. Shepherdess, by Young Phantom out of Cottage Girl, 2 yrs	-	2	3
Mr. W. Brown's b. f. Isabel, by Blacklock, dam by Filho da Puta, 2 yrs... 2	-	-	dr.
Mr. Hopkinson's gr. g. Brutendorf, dam by Minos, 2 yrs (bolted).....	-	-	dis.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY, April 22.—FIFTY POUNDS:—for four-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six and aged, 8st. 7lb.—Last three miles of B. C.

Mr. M. Wood's br. m. <i>Lucetta</i> , by Reveller, 6 yrs (Robinson).....	1
Lord Berners's br. h. by Comus out of Rotterdam, 5 yrs	2

Three to 1 on *Lucetta*.

The OPTIMIST STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. M. M.—Three subs.

Mr. Hunter's br. m. <i>Volage</i> , by Waverley, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (Arnall)	1
Mr. Scott Stonechewer's Variation, by Bustard, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb.	2
Seven to 4 on Variation.	

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.

Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. <i>Miss Mary Anne</i> , by Truffle, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (Pavis)	1
Mr. Richardson's b. m. Landrail, by Bustard, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	2
Lord Lowther's b. c. Messenger, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Greville's br. f. Dryad, by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.	4
Five to 2 each agst <i>Miss Mary Anne</i> , Landrail, and Messenger, and 3 to 1 agst Dryad.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.

T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. R. Stephenson's b. f. <i>Alice</i> , by Truffle (Pavis)	1
Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Elvaston, by Sultan	2
Lord Berners's ch. c. by Oscar out of Tippetwitchet	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Sowerby's b. f. *Tigress*; Lord Exeter's br. f. *Minima*; Mr. Bromley's b. f. by Albany out of *Gaccia Pistu's* dam; and Sir M. Wood's br. c. *Dromedary*.—Five to 2 agst *Dromedary*, 4 to 1 agst *Elvaston*, 4 to 1 agst *Minima*, and 5 to 1 agst the Oscar colt.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—R. M.

Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. <i>The Saddler</i> , by Waverley, 4 yrs, 9st. (Robinson)	1
Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. <i>The Hermit</i> , by Mr. Lowe, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Kirby's br. f. <i>Dinah</i> , by Champignon, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.	3
Six to 4 on <i>The Saddler</i> , and 2 to 1 agst <i>Dinah</i> .	

MATCH.—Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. *Trustee*, by Catton (Chifney) beat Lord Conyngham's b. c. *Minster*, by Catton, 8st. 7lb. each, A. F., 200, h. ft.—Seven to 4 on *Trustee*.

MATCH.—Mr. Gully's ch. c. *Margrave*, by Muley, 8st. 9lb. rec. ft. from Lord Conyngham's *Bassetlaw* (dead), 8st. 2lb., Ab. M., 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, April 23.—The KING'S PLATE of 100gs. for mares:—three-year-olds, 8st. 4lb.; four, 9st. 4lb.; five, 9st. 10lb.; six and aged, 10st.—R. C.

Sir M. Wood's *Camarine*, by Juniper, 4 yrs.....walked over.

Renewal of the TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a Subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb., rising three yrs old.—R. M.—Thirty subs.

Lord Orford's gr. c. <i>Clearwell</i> , by Jerry (Robinson)	1
Lord Exeter's b. c. Sir Robert, by Sultan out of Emmeline	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Walker's br. c. *Boscobel*, by Chateau Margaux out of *Miss Craigie*; Mr. Walker's br. c. *Mussulman*, by Muley out of *Mufti's* dam; Sir S. Graham's b. c. *Jason*; and Col. Peel's ch. c. *Nonsense*.—Five to 4 agst *Clearwell*, 4 to 1 agst *Nonsense*, 4 to 1 agst *Mussulman*, and 5 to 1 agst Sir Robert.

The LINCOLN'S INN STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. by Sultan out of <i>Arethissa</i> , 8st. 2lb. (Boyce)	1
Mr. Henry's b. c. by Albany out of <i>Miss Lydia</i> by Walton, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. W. Chifney's c. by <i>Emilius</i> out of <i>Benefit's</i> dam, 8st. 5lb.	3

Even betting on the winner, and 2 to 1 agst the Albany colt.

The LINCOLN'S INN STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Mr. Thornhill's br. f. <i>Misrule</i> , by Merlin out of <i>Surprise</i> , 8st. 5lb. (Connolly)	1
Mr. R. Wilson's b. or gr. f. by Albany, dam by <i>Tiresias</i> , out of <i>Turban's</i> dam, 8st.	2
Four to 1 on <i>Misrule</i> .	

MATCH.—Mr. Henry's Tam o'Shanter, by *Tiresias*, rec. ft. from Mr. A. Hunter's blk. p., owners to ride, B. C., 200, h. ft.

MATCH.—Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. by Sultan out of *Arethissa*, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Lord Huntingfield's f. by *Wrangler* out of *Lark*, 8st. Ab. M., 100, h. ft.—Three to 1 on the winner.

WEDNESDAY, April 24.—MATCH.—Lord Worcester's b. c. by *Zealot*, dam by *Canterbury*, out of *Merrythought* (Robinson) beat Lord Lichfield's ch. c. *Mounteagle*, 8st. 7lb. each, R. M., 100, h. ft.—Three to 1 on the winner.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.

Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Vestris</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Connolly)	1
Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. <i>Rubini</i> , by St. Patrick, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Vagrant, by Tramp, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ; Mr. R. Prince's b. c. Amphictyon, by Tiresias, 4 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. Forth's b. c. Sir Benjamin Backbite, by Whisker, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb. ; Mr. Mills's b. f. Kate, by Lapdog, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb. ; and Mr. Cooke's b. c. Drover, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.—Five to 4 agst Rubini, 5 to 1 agst Vestris, 5 to 1 agst Sir Benjamin Backbite, and 7 to 1 agst Vagrant.

FIFTY POUNDS :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. 11lb. ; and five, 9st. 4lb.—
B. C.

Mr. M. Wood's ch. f. Camarine, by Juniper, 4 yrswalked over.

THURSDAY, April 25.—The KING'S PLATE of 100gs. :—four-year-olds, 11st. ; five, 11st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 12st.—R. C.

Mr. M. Wood's *Lucetta*, by Reveller, 6 yrs (Robinson) 1
Mr. Sowerby's Vagrant, by Tramp, 4 yrs 2
Seven to 4 on *Lucetta*.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. *Catalonian*, by Skiff, 7st. 10lb. (S. Mann) 1
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Ketchup, by Moses, 8st. 6lb. 2
Col. Peel's br. f. Frailty, by Bedlamite or Paul Pry, 7st. 4lb. 3
The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Munroe's br. f. by Camel, dam by Soothsayer, out of Hare, 7st. 10lb. ; Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Enchantment, by Merlin, 8st. 8lb. ; Lord Lichfield's Mounteagle, by Sligo, 7st. 7lb. ; and Lord Lowther's b. f. Scurry, by Partisan, 7st. 3lb.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. Toby, by Tarrare out of The Witch, 8st. 12lb.paid.
Five to 4 agst the Camel filly, 4 to 1 agst Frailty, 4 to 1 agst Ketchup, and 5 to 1 agst Mount Eagle.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—
Untried stallions or untried mares allowed 3lb.—Five subs.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Anglesea*, by Sultanwalked over.
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Lucius, by Emilius out of Cobweb.
Lord Tavistock, and Lord Jersey divided the forfeits.

Renewal of the ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Rising three yrs old.—Twenty-eight subs.
Mr. Cooke's ch. f. *Tarantella*, by Tramp (Wright) 1
Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Falernia, by Chateau Margaux 2
Mr. M. Wood's br. f. Vespa, by Muley out of Miss Wasp 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Jersey's br. f. Joanna, by Sultan ; Mr. Walker's ch. f. Energy, by Blacklock ; Duke of Grafton's br. f. Octave, by Emilius ; Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Misrule, by Merlin ; Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Blue-eyes, by Truffle ; Mr. Gully's b. f. Diversity, by Muley out of Variation's dam ; and Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fidelity, by Whisker.—Two to 1 agst Tarantella, 5 to 2 agst Vespa, 6 to 1 agst Falernia, 7 to 1 agst Joanna, and 8 to 1 agst Octave.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. I.—Three subs.
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. f. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Robinson), 1
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Sarpedon, by Emilius, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (broke down) 2
Four to 1 on Lady Elizabeth.

FRIDAY, April 26.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of ten sovs. each, for all ages.—
T. Y. C.

Mr. Gully's b. c. *Carlton*, by Catton, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (Pavis) 1
Mr. Wagstaff's b. m. Landrail, by Bustard, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. 2
Lord Chesterfield's Elvaston, by Sultan, 2 yrs, 6st. 9lb. (carried 6st. 13lb.) 3
Mr. Greville's Dryad, by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.paid.
Even betting on Landrail, and 3 to 1 agst Elvaston.

Third Year of a Renewal of the NEWMARKET STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. :—
colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. M.—The owner of the second horse to receive
100 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Thirty-five subs.

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. *Forester*, by Gustavus (Arnall) 1
Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry out of Lisette 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, by Sultan ; Mr. Batson's ch. f. Revelry, by Reveller ; Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Anglesea, by Sultan ; and Col. Peel's ch. c. Nonsense, by Bedlamite.—Five to 4 agst Clearwell, 5 to 2 agst Forester, 5 to 1 agst Revelry, 8 to 1 agst Nonsense, and 10 to 1 agst Anglesea.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

The WHIP was not challenged for in this Meeting.

MONDAY, May 6.—MATCH.—Mr. Massey Stanley's b. c. *Skimmer*, by Skiff out of Tempest's dam, 8st. 2lb. (Wheatley) beat General Grosvenor's br. c. by Stainborough, out of Twatty, 8st. 5lb. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.—Six to 4 on Skim.

The **WRETCHED STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. A. F.—Four subs.

Lord Tavistock's b. c. *Cowdray*, by Sultan out of Phantom (Robinson) 1
 Lord Conyngham's Sir Thomas, Brother to Blythe..... 2
 Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. by Sultan out of Arethissa 3
 Six to 4 agst Brother to Blythe, 5 to 2 agst Lord Stradbroke's colt, and 5 to 2 agst Cowdray.

MATCH.—Mr. Hunter's br. c. Rouncival, by Partisan, 8st. 5lb. recd. ft. from Lord Chesterfield's Tourist, by Doctor Syntax, 8st. 3lb., last three miles of B. C., 50.

TUESDAY, May 7.—MATCH.—Duke of Richmond's b. c. Ketchup, by Mosca, 7st. 3lb. (Pavis) beat Lord Exeter's Byzantium, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb., T.Y.C., 50 sovs.—Six to 4 on Ketchup.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; and four, 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—The winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Lord Stradbroke's b. g. *Crocodile*, by Camel out of Witchery, 3 yrs (Pavis) 1
 Mr. T. Wood's b. f. Sierra, by Wamba, dam by Marmion, 3 yrs..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Greville's Dryad, by Whalebone, 4 yrs ; Mr. Goodisson's Carlton, by Catton, 4 yrs ; Sir M. Wood's Dromedary, by Camel, 3 yrs ; Mr. Henry's b. c. by Albany out of Miss Lydia by Walton, 3 yrs ; and Lord Exeter's Minima, by Sultan, 3 yrs.—Even betting on Carlton.

The winner was claimed.

First Class.—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—D.M.

Mr. Kent's ro. f. *Baleine*, by Whalebone out of Miss Craven's dam, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb. (S. Rogers) 1

Mr. S. Day's b. m. Landrail, by Bustard, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Hunter's br. m. Volage, by Waverley, 6 yrs, 9st. 10lb. ; Lord Lowther's b. c. Messenger, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ; and Mr. Vansittart's b. f. Elisena, by Whisker, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb.

Second Class.—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—D. M.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Vagabond*, by Cain, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Pavis)..... 1

Mr. Batson's Mixbury, by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. 2

Lord Jersey's Fingal, by Middleton, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb..... 3

Mr. Cooke's Drever, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. 4

Mr. M. Stanley's Blythe, by Catton, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb..... 5

Two to 1 agst Mixbury, 2 to 1 agst Fingal, and 5 to 1 agst Vagabond.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. *Catalonian*, by Skiff (S. Mann)..... 1

Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason, by Centaur 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Ridsdale's b. g. by Lottery out of Swiss's dam ; Mr. Cooke's bl. c. Disaster, by Woful, dam by Fitz-James, out of Leviathan's dam ; Lord Exeter's Brother to Beiram ; Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless ; Sir M. Wood's Contriver, by Partisan ; Mr. Osbaldeston's Tutor, by Sultan ; Duke of Grafton's Divan, by Sultan ; and Duke of Portland's Brother to Amphiaras.—Six to 4 on Tutor, 7 to 2 agst Jason, and 10 to 1 agst Catalonian.

WEDNESDAY, May 8.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *Emperor*, by Figaro (Wheatley)..... 1

Mr. Sowerby's Plantagenet, by Camel, dam by Andrew..... 2

Sir M. Wood's Dromedary, by Camel..... 3

Colonel Peel's Frailty, by Paul Pry or Bedlamite 4

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan out of Marinella 5

Seven to 4 agst Lord Exeter's colt.

MATCH.—Mr. Kent's *Rubini*, by St. Patrick, 7st. 11lb. (Boyce) beat Mr. Osbaldeston's Saddler, by Waverley, 8st. 7lb., both 5 yrs, A. F., 100.—Six to 4 on Saddler.

HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. for three, four, five, six yrs old, and aged horses.—A. F.
Mr. Sowerby's ch. h. *Vagrant*, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (S. Mann)..... 1
Mr. Mills's b. f. Kate, by Lapdog, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Ld. Orford's br. m. Naiad, by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb. ; Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre out of Mouse, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. ; Mr. Baison's b. f. Banquet, by Truffle, 4 yrs, 6st. 9lb. ; Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Chateau Margaux, dam by Partisan, out of Silvertail, 3 yrs, 6st. ; Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Camarine's dam, 3 yrs, 5st. 13lb. ; Mr. Clover's Chamols, by Antelope, 4 yrs, 6st. 7lb. ; and Mr. Munroe's br. f. by Camel, dam by Soothsayer, out of Hare, 3 yrs, 5st. 7lb.—Two to 1 agst Banquet, 5 to 1 agst Kate, 6 to 1 agst the Mouse colt, and 6 to 1 agst Vagrant.

THURSDAY, May 9.—The **JOCKEY CLUB PLATE** of 50l. for horses the property of Members of the Jockey Club :—four-year-olds, 7st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 3lb. ; six, 8st. 9lb. ; and aged, 8st. 11lb.—B. C.

Sir M. Wood's ch. m. *Camarine*, by Juniper, 5 yrs (Robinson)..... 1
Lord Tavistock's Taurus, by Phantom or Morisco, aged 2
Seven to 2 on Camarine.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—
T. Y. C.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Vagabond*, by Cain, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Pavis) 1
Mr. Hunter's Volage, by Waverley, 6 yrs, 9st. 8lb. 2
Sir R. K. Dick's Miss Mary Anne, by Truffle, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb..... 3
Mr. Vansittart's Elisena, by Whisker, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb.....(bolted)

Five to 4 agst Vagabond, 2 to 1 agst Volage, and 5 to 1 agst Elisena.

The following paid :—Col. Peel's Lochinvar, 5 yrs, 9st. 8lb. ; Duke of Richmond's Gondolier, 6 yrs, 9st. 6lb. ; and Mr. Ridsdale's Emperor, 3 yrs, 7st.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—
T. Y. C.

Mr. Shard's b. f. *Zitella*, by Reveller out of Evens by Walton (E. Wright) 1
Lord Lowther's ch. c. by Reveller out of Aline 2
Lord Orford's ch. f. by Emilius out of Rachel 3

The following also started but were not placed :—General Grosvenor's br. c. by Stainborough out of Twatty ; Mr. Prince's c. by St. Patrick out of Nessus' dam ; Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. by Whalebone out of Aladina by Aladdin ; Mr. M. Stanley's Skimmer, by Skiff ; Mr. Mills's b. c. by Lapdog out of Fancy ; and Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Brother to Forester by Gustavus.—Two to 1 agst Zitella, 7 to 2 agst Skimmer, 7 to 1 agst Lord Lowther's c., 7 to 1 agst Lord Orford's f., 10 to 1 agst Mr. Prince's c., and 10 to 1 agst Mr. Mills's c.

FIFTY POUNDS :—three-year-olds, 6st. 2lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 7lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—T. M. M.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.

Lord Berners's br. h. by Comus out of Rotterdam, 6 yrs (J. Day) 1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Emir, by Centaur, 3 yrs 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Kirby's Dinah, by Champignon, 5 yrs ; Mr. Bloss's Water Witch, by Whalebone, 5 yrs ; Mr. Ley's The Hermit, by Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs ; Mr. J. Rogers's b. f. Whim, by Bizarre out of Barossa, 3 yrs ; Mr. Langham's b. f. by Emilius out of Sal by Scud, 3 yrs ; Mr. Clover's b. f. by Comus out of Ringdove's dam, 3 yrs ; Lord Lichfield's Sister to Terry Alt, 3 yrs, (carried 6st. 8lb.) ; Mr. Newton's ch. c. by Emilius out of Jannetton, 3 yrs ; and Mr. T. I. Wood's br. c. by Filho da Puta out of Mermaid, 3 yrs.—Two to 1 agst the winner, 5 to 1 agst Emir, and 5 to 1 agst Whim.

CHESTER MEETING.

MONDAY, May 6.—The **GROSVENOR STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Stand Committee :—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—The winner of this Stake once to carry 5lb., twice 8lb. extra.—The Grosvenor Course, about one mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Lord Derby's gr. c. *Falconbridge*, by Falcon, 4 yrs (Lear) 1
Sir T. Stanley's br. h. Caractacus, by Conductor, 5 yrs 2

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Ludlow, by Filho, 4 yrs 3
 Mr. Cooke's b. m. Sally Mags, by Catton, 5 yrs 4
 Seven to 4 agst Ludlow : in running even on him.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ;
 fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Seventeen subs.

Mr. R. Turner's b. c. by Figaro out of Clinton's dam by Comus (Lye)..... 1
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Waxy Pope, dam by Rubens (3lb.) 2
 Lord Westminster's br. c. The Controller, by Filho out of Etiquette (3lb.) 3
 Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, by Langan out of Rufina..... 4
 Lord Westminster's b. f. Honeymoon, by Filho da Puta out of Hybla (3lb.) 5
 Even on Sir Thomas Stanley's colt, 2 to 1 agst The Controller, and 5 to 1 agst the
 winner.

MATCH.—Lord Grey of Groby's b. c. *Philosopher*, by Astrologer out of Baroness,
 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. J. F. France's b. f. Lauretta, by Lottery out of Springe, 8st., one
 mile, 100, h. ft.

MATCH.—Mr. Armitstead's b. g. by Lottery, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (Calloway) beat Mr.
 Francis's b. f. Orphan, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb., two miles, 100 sovs. h. ft.

The TRADESMEN'S CUP of 100ga. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each,
 10 ft. and five ft. only if declared, &c.—To start at the Castle-pole, and run twice
 round and end at the Coming-in chair.—The second horse received 25 sovs. out of
 the Stakes.—Twenty-two subs. (one of whom paid the larger and ten the smaller ft.)
 Sir R. Bulkeley's b. h. *Pickpocket*, by St. Patrick out of Sister to Lusa, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.

(Darling) 1
 Mr. Mostyn's b. m. Her Highness, by Moses, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. 2
 Lord Derby's gr. h. Speculator, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Inde-
 pendence, aged, 8st. 11lb. ; Mr. Mott's b. h. Clarion, by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ; Mr.
 Hobson's b. g. Ossian, by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb. ; Mr. J. Robinson's b. h. Manches-
 ter, by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ; Mr. Yates's br. m. Hope, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ;
 Mr. Armitstead's ch. f. Miniature, by Teniers, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb. ; Sir G. Pigot's b. c.
 Grand Falconer, by Merlin, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. ; and Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Chester, by
 Filho, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.—Seven to 2 agst Pickpocket.

MAIDEN PLATE of 50l.—The second to receive 10l.—Three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb. ;
 four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.
 —Heats, twice round.

Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom, dam by Bustard, 4 yrs

(Arthur) - 2 1 1
 Mr. Griffiths's ch. f. Saccharina, 4 yrs - 1 2 2
 Mr. H. Phillips's br. g. Mammoth, by Elephant, 5 yrs..... 1 - 3 dr.
 Lord Derby's br. f. Wagtail, by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 2 - dr.
 Mr. Legh's br. c. Osman, by Muley, 4 yrs - - dr.
 Mr. R. Mostyn's b. f. St. Winifred, by Master Henry, 4 yrs - dr.

TUESDAY, May 7.—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100ga. :—three-year-olds,
 7st. 2lb. ; four, 9st. 2lb. ; five, 10st. ; six and aged, 10st. 5lb.—Thrice round, rather
 more than three miles.

Mr. Robinson's b. h. *Manchester*, by Whisker out of Muta by Tramp, 5 yrs
 (Darling) 1
 Mr. Nanney's br. h. Belmont, by Figaro, 5 yrs 2
 Two to 1 on Manchester.

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.—Once round and a distance.—
 Four subs.

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. *Kitty Fisher*, by Bravo out of Wedlock's dam, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.
 (Jones) 1
 Mr. Burton's b. g. Catlap, by Catton, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb..... 2
 Lord Westminster's br. f. Decoy, by Filho, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb..... 3
 Kitty Fisher the favorite.—A pretty race between the first two, and won by only a
 neck.

SIXTY GUINEAS, given by the Members for the City :—three-year-old colts, 6st. 8lb.,
 fillies, 6st. 6lb. ; four-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb., fillies, 8st. 1lb.—Heats, two miles.

Sir G. Pigot's bl. c. *Grand Falconer*, by Merlin out of Active, 4 yrs (Arthur) ... 1 1
 Mr. E. Smith's br. c. Parthenon, by Conductor, 4 yrs 4 2
 Mr. B. Taylor's b. c. Hogarth, by Vanloo, 4 yrs 3 3
 Mr. Critchley's b. f. by Lottery out of Harpham Lass, 4 yrs 2 dr.

WEDNESDAY, May 8.—The **DEE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Once round and a distance.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Mostyn's br. c. *Jack Faucet*, by Jack Spigot out of Pickpocket's dam (T. Lye) 1
Mr. Price's br. c. *Caliban*, by Camel out of Banshee 2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Waxy Pope, dam by Rubens..... 3
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. *Katinka*, Sister to Miss Maria.....fell.
Even on Jack Faucet, and 3 to 1 agst *Caliban*. Darling, who rode *Katinka*, we are happy to say, was not the least hurt by his fall.

The **STAND CUP**, value 100 sovs. the Gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Twice round and a distance.—The second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Ten subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. h. *Pickpocket*, by St. Patrick out of Sister to Luss, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Darling)..... 1
Mr. Scarisbrick's br. h. *Birmingham*, by Filho, 6 yrs, 9st. 2
Lord Derby's gr. h. *Speculator*, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb., and Lord Derby's gr. c. *Falconbridge*, by Falcon, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. also started but were not placed.—Even on *Pickpocket*, and 7 to 4 agst *Birmingham*.

HUNTER'S STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two miles.

Mr. Hobson's b. c. by *Bedlamite*, dam by *Jupiter*, 3 yrs, 9st. (Darling) 1
Mr. Burton's b. f. by *Catton*—The *Admiral's* dam, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Horridge's gr. g. *Saddler*, by Paul Potter, aged, 12st., and Mr. Mott's b. g. *Gauntlet*, by *Bedlamite*, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb. also started but were not placed.

The **ANNUAL CITY PLATE** of 60gs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. *Giovanni*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Don Juan, 5 yrs ... 1 1
Mr. Giffard's ch. g. *Traveller*, by Tramp, 5 yrs 2 2
Two to 1 on *Traveller*.

THURSDAY, May 9.—**ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the Produce or Dee Stakes to carry 3lb. extra.—Once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. *La Grace*, by Battledore out of Maid of Milan (Templeman) 1
Mr. Price's b. c. The Governor, by Filho, dam by Comus..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Timms's b. c. *Newcastle*, by Manfred or Master Henry ; Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan out of Active by Partisan ; and Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Master Watkin's dam.—Even on the winner.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Mostyn's br. f. *Vittoria*, by Camel out of Archduchess (Lye) 1
Lord Derby's ch. c. *Magus*, by Whisker out of Armida..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Westminster's b. c. by Camel out of Ambuscade ; Mr. Beardsworth's br. or gr. c. by Manfred out of Bracelet ; and Mr. R. Turner's b. c. by Peter Lely out of Clinton's dam.—Six to 4 agst *Vittoria*.

A **PLATE** value 70l. given by the Marquis of Westminster :—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Nanney's br. h. *Belmont*, by Figaro, 5 yrs (Lear) 2 1 1
Mr. Hobson's b. g. *Ossian*, by Catton, 5 yrs 1 2 2
Sir T. Stanley's b. g. *Lawrie Todd*, by Whisker, 6 yrs 3 3 dr.

FRIDAY, May 10.—The **PALATINE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The owner of the second horse to save his Stake.—To start at the Castle Pole and go once round.—Eleven subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. *Caliban*, by Camel out of Banshee (3lb.)—(Jones)..... 1
Lord Westminster's b. c. *Bridegroom*, by Filho da Puta 2

Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Battledore, dam by Grand Duke (3lb.), and Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Scamper out of Livonia (4lb.) also started but were not placed.

The **CHESHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—The owner of the second horse to save his Stake.—Two miles.—Seven subs. (one of whom having declared, paid only five sovs.)

Sir R. Bulkeley's bl. f. <i>Jemima</i> , by Count Porro out of Mrs. Suggs, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (Templeman)	1
Mr. Price's b. c. <i>Agitator</i> , by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs, 8st.	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho, aged, 9st.	3
Sir T. Stanley's bl. c. <i>Eugene Aram</i> , by Banker, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.	4
Five to 4 on <i>Independence</i> , 2 to 1 agst <i>Eugene Aram</i> .	

The ROODEE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 sovs. added, for three-year-olds that have run during the week.—To start at the Two-year-old Post, and go once round.

Mr. Price's b. c. <i>The Governor</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Comus, 8st. 7lb. (Jones)	1
Mr. Nanney's ch. c. <i>Ratcatcher</i> , by Langan, 8st. 3lb.	2
Lord Westminster's b. f. <i>Honeymoon</i> , by Filho, 7st. 12lb.	3

The LADIES PLATE of 50l. with 10l. added for the second, for beaten horses during the week.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Ludlow</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Spring) ...	1	1
Mr. Crichley's br. f. by Lottery out of Harpham Lass, 4 yrs, 8st.	2	2
Mr. Taylor's b. c. <i>Hogarth</i> , by Vanloo, 4 yrs, 8st.	-	-

DURHAM MEETING.

(Ages as in May.)

THURSDAY, April 25.—The TRIAL STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 10 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile. A winner in 1833 to carry 3lb. extra.

Mr. Peirce's br. f. by Figaro out of Swiss's dam (Shepherd)	1
Mr. Salvin's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Lottery out of Princess	2
Mr. Smith's b. f. by Jerry out of Chat by Quiz	3
Mr. Hedgson's b. c. <i>Frank</i> , by Agricola out of <i>Isabella</i> by Smolensko	4
Mr. C. Attwood's ch. f. by his grey Arabian, dam by his chesnut Arabian	5

A PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the City Members, for horses that never won the value of 50 sovs. in Plate or Sweepstake at any one time before the day of running:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five and upwards, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Marley's br. f. <i>Palmflower</i> , by Jerry out of Brathwaite's dam, 3 yrs (Lye) ...	1	1
Mr. Marson's gr. f. <i>Vesta</i> , by Arbutus, dam by Blucher, 3 yrs	3	2
Mr. Lockey's b. g. <i>Joseph</i> , by Lottery, dam by Blacklock, 4 yrs	4	3
Mr. Hudson's br. f. <i>My Nannie O!</i> by Agricola, dam by Smolensko, 3 yrs	5	4
Mr. Attwood's b. f. <i>Clara Mowbray</i> , by his grey Arabian, dam by Paynator, 3 yrs	2	5

FRIDAY, April 26.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of 100l. or upwards to carry 3lb. extra.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

Mr. C. Attwood's b. c. by Young Phantom or Tinker, dam by Macbeth, 3 yrs (Dodgson)	1
Mr. Marson's gr. f. <i>Vesta</i> , by Arbutus, dam by Blucher, 3 yrs	2
Mr. G. H. Wilkinson's br. m. <i>Malvina</i> , by Doctor Syntax, 5 yrs	3
Mr. Hebden's b. f. <i>Lustre</i> , by Swiss, 3 yrs	(bolted)
Dr. Clifton's br. f. by Agricola, dam by Leopold, 3 yrs	(bolted)

The DURHAM STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added by the Town, for horses that never won 100 sovs. in Plate or Sweepstakes before the day of naming:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 6st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. T. Dawson's b. f. <i>Maid of Melrose</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs (Lye)	1	1
Col. Cradock's b. f. by Jerry out of Fair Charlotte, 3 yrs	2	2
Mr. C. Peck's b. m. <i>Penthesilea</i> , by Doctor Syntax, 6 yrs	5	3
Major Copeland's b. g. <i>Storm</i> , by Blacklock or Grenadier, aged	4	4
Mr. Pearson's ch. c. <i>Favori</i> , by Whisker, dam by Eaton, 4 yrs	3	dr.

SATURDAY, April 27.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the County:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—A winner of 50 sovs. at any one time in Plate or Stake before the day of entry to carry 3lb. extra; if two or more, 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. <i>Revolution</i> , by Oiseau, 6 yrs (Shepherd)	2	1	1
Mr. Dawson's b. f. Maid of Melrose, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs.....	1	3	dr.
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Bounce, 4 yrs	3	2	dr.

CLIFTON AND BRISTOL MEETING.

(Ages as in April.)

WEDNESDAY, May 1.—The CLARET STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred—The second horse saved his Stake.—Heats, the Clifton Stakes Course.—Gentlemen riders.—Six subs. (two of whom paid only five sovs. each.)

Mr. Newman's br. c. <i>Reform</i> , by Don Cossack, 3 yrs, 10st. 6lb. (Captain Becher)	1	2	1
Col. Charrittie's br. c. <i>Swing</i> , by Fitz-Walton, 3 yrs, 10st. 6lb.	2	1	2

The CLIFTON STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 20 added.—The second horse received back his Stake.—About two miles.—Twenty-four subs. (13 of whom paid five sovs. each.)

Mr. W. Smith's br. f. <i>The Witch</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (Wakefield) ...	1
Mr. Day's b. g. Little Boy Blue, by Paulowitz, aged, 8st. 4lb.	2
Mr. J. H. Peel's b. f. Lucy, by Cain, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.....	3

Mr. Sadler's ch. m. *Device*, by Tramp, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb., and Mr. Haddy's b. f. *Cecilia*, by Comus, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb. also started but were not placed.

The MAIDEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added.—Once round and a distance. About a mile and quarter.—Four subs.

Mr. Bristow's b. f. <i>Pagoda</i> , by Polygar, 2 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (Wakefield).....	1
Mr. Iron's b. f. Miss Fairplay, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 8st. 6lb.	2

MATCH.—Mr. Wilkins's b. p. *Amelia* beat, at two heats, Mr. Williams's bl. p. Jerry, 7st. each, heats, the Clifton Stakes Course, 20 sovs.

THURSDAY, May 2.—The BRISTOL HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. with 20 added by the Tradespeople.—About two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Messer's br. f. <i>The Witch</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. (Wakefield).....	1
Mr. Reeve's b. m. Flora, by Cannon Ball, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb.....	2
Mr. Harri's Dictator, 4 yrs, 6st. 13lb.	3

The CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. each.—The Clifton Stakes Course.

Mr. Messer's <i>The Witch</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (Wakefield)	2	1	1
Mr. Legh's The Dwarf, aged, 9st.....	3	3	2
Mr. Wilkins's br. c. Barney Bodkin, 2 yrs, 6st. 7lb.	1	2	dis.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, three ft. with 20 added.—About a mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. Bayly's <i>Hylas</i> , 3 yrs, 8st.....	1
Mr. Harris's Dictator, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Roberts's Miss Eldon, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb.....	3
Mr. Lambden's The Little Radical, 6 yrs, 7st. 12lb.	4

The race for Ponies and Galloways was won, at three heats, by Mr. Wilkins's b. p. *Amelia*.

TAVISTOCK MEETING.

TUESDAY, May 7.—PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses that never won.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. W. B. Cudlip's gr. f. <i>Disappointment</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. S. Wreford's br. f. Wire, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb.....	2	2
Mr. Horsley's b. c. Tanner, 4 yrs, 9st.	4	3
Mr. J. Reed's gr. f. Alice Grey, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (bolted).....	3	dis.
Sir J. B. Y. Buller's br. f. Edith, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (bolted).....	dis.	

A SILVER URN, for horses the property of Farmers and Tradesmen.

Mr. Carlisle's br. m. <i>Lydia</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.....	1	1
Mr. Wyer's b. f. by Dactyl, 3 yrs, 8st.	6	2 3
Mr. Reed's gr. f. Alice Grey, 3 yrs, 9st.	2	3 1
Mr. J. Perry's b. f. Phantom, 3 yrs, 9st.	5	5 4

Mr. Oliver's b. m. Juno, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. 4 4 2
 Mr. T. Jury's ch. m. Violante, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. 3 6 dr.

After Lydia (entered at the post) had won a heat, there was an objection started that the mare was older than four. On investigation she was found to be six, and had been running in the name of Georgiana. The Steward requested another heat to be run by the other horses.

The GALLOWAY CUP was won by Mr. Bridgman's *Effie Deans* beating Tom Moore and four others.

WEDNESDAY, May 8.—The ENDSLEIGH STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses that never started.—Heats, two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Thirteen subs.

Sir W. Carew's br. h. *Chumleigh*, aged, 12st. (Mr. Coryton) 1 1
 Mr. Jennings's ch. m. by Gainsborough, 5 yrs 5 2
 Mr. R. Nattle's br. g. Maristow, 6 yrs 4 4
 Mr. J. R. Edgcumbe's b. g. Chillaton, 5 yrs 3 3
 Mr. Fawcett's br. g. Scandal, 6 yrs (broke down) 2 dis.
 Mr. Harness's br. g. Hannibal, 4 yrs (bolted) dis.

MATCH.—Mr. Johnson's b. m. *Chattoms*, 5 yrs, 9st. 8lb. beat Sir J. B. Y. Buller's br. f. Edith, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb., 60 sovs.

The TAVISTOCK HANDICAP STAKES of three sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses not thorough-bred.

Mr. Sweet's br. g. *Tom Moore*, 8st. 7lb. 3 1 1
 Mr. Oliver's b. m. Juno, 8st. 12lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Bridgman's b. f. *Effie Deans*, 8st. 4lb. 2 3 3

The BEDFORD HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, free for all horses.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Sir Walter Carew's br. h. *Chumleigh*, 11st. 1 1
 Mr. Harness's br. g. Hannibal, 9st. 8lb. 2 2
 Mr. Wm. Nattle's b. g. Edgar, 12st. 2lb. 3 3
 Mr. R. Nattle's br. g. Maristow, 9st. 5lb. 6 dr.

KELSO SPRING MEETING.

(Over the Duke's Course.)

WEDNESDAY, May 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for hunters *long side* the property of subscribers, and never to have been in training, except for a Hunter's Stake or Half-bred Stake, or a Match (certificates to be produced of their having been regularly hunted if required), 12st. each.—Two miles.—To be ridden by Gentlemen, Members of a Fox-hunting or Racing Club.

Mr. C. M. St. Paul's br. g. *Skipper*, by Caleb Quotem (Owner) .. 1
 Mr. Boag's br. g. Netherton Lad, by Doctor Syntax, 6 yrs 2
 Lord Eglinton, Lord J. Scott, Sir D. Baird, Sir W. Elliott, Sir W. Scott, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Wilkie, and Mr. Mackenzie Grieve, were subscribers but did not name.

YORK SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY, May 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs each, for horses, &c. of all ages: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—4lb. allowed to maiden horses; three and four-year-old fillies 3lb.—Two miles.—Five subs.
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Brother to Chorister*, by Lottery, 4 yrs (Cartwright) 1
 Mr. Watt's b. f. Nitocris, by Whisker, 4 yrs (Darling) 2
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Swiss out of Wathcote Lass, 4 yrs (Templeman) 3
 Mr. Gully's b. f. Salute, by Muley, 4 yrs (Connolly) 4

Second Year of the YORK DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a half.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake.—Thirty subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Muley Moloch*, by Muley out of Nancy by Dick Andrews (Day) .. 1
 Mr. Crompton's b. c. Satan, by Lottery—Dairymaid (Johnson) 2
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. Lot, by Lottery (Templeman) 3
 Mr. Gully's c. Frankenstein, by Young Phantom (Connolly) 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. S. L. Fox's bl. c. Juba by Jerry out of Catgut; Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. Allegro, by Josh out of Bravura; Major

Yarburgh's br. c. by Lottery out of Laurel's dam; Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry—Blue Stockings; and Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Titus by Truffle—Torelli.—Six to 4 agst Muley Moloch, 5 to 2 agst Franken stein, 5 to 1 agst Titus, 6 to 1 agst Lot, 10 to 1 agst Allegro, 10 to 1 agst Satan, and 10 to 1 agst Major Yarburgh's colt.

MATCH.—Lord Kelburne's b. c. Retainer, by Jerry out of Georgiana by Woful, 8st. 6lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Ridsdale's b. g. Brother to Maria, 8st. 2lb., mile and three quarters, 1000, h. ft.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—(3lb. allowed, &c.)—T. Y. C.—Six subs.

Mr. Walker's b. c. *Delirium*, by Filho da Pata out of Lunatic (Scott)..... 1
Mr. J. Smith's gr. or br. f. by Jerry—Snowball (3lb.)—(Connolly)..... 2
Two to 1 on the winner.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and three-quarters.—Five subs.

Mr. Walker's b. f. *Anne*, Sister to Tarrare, by Catton (Scott) 1
Mr. Watt's ch. c. Belshazzar, Brother to Belzoni (Darling) 2
Mr. S. Reed's b. c. Slinker, by Humphrey Clinker, and Mr. Gully's br. c. Spider, by Jack Spigot, also started but were not placed.—Seven to 4 on Belshazzar, and 3 to 1 agst Anne.

TUESDAY, May 14.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. by Lottery out of Miss Fanny by Walton (Day)..... 1
Mr. Jaques's ch. Pantomime, Sister to Farce, by Swiss (Jaques)..... 2
Mr. S. L. Fox's b. Tesane, by Whisker out of Lady of the Tees (Templeman) 3
Col. King's b. Tigress, by Brutandorf—Comus, and Mr. Hebden's b. Lustre, by Swiss—Flambeau's dam, also started but were not placed.—Even on Tesane, and 2 to 1 agst the winner.

The TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Twenty-seven subs.

Mr. Walker's b. f. *Cotillion*, by Partisan—Quadrille (Scott) 1
Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Velocipede out of Matilda's dam (S. Templeman) 2
Mr. L. Heseltine's b. c. Warlaby Baylock, by Blacklock (Heseltine)..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Young Phantom out of Jeanne d'Arc; Mr. M. Foulis's br. c. Furfan, by Figaro out of a half-Sister to Fleur-de-Lis; Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock—Mrs. Rye; Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by Muley out of Bequest; Mr. R. Bower's b. c. Mr. Merryman, by Comus; Col. Cradock's br. c. Emigrant, by Tramp—Falconbridge's dam; Mr. Bell's b. c. by Brutandorf out of Sister to Blucher by Fitz-Teazle; Mr. Watt's b. c. Bubastes, by Blacklock—Whisker; and Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Mellerstein, by Corinthian.—Six to 4 agst Lord Cleveland's colt, 7 to 2 agst Bubastes, 4 to 1 agst the winner, 6 to 1 agst Emigrant, and 10 to 1 agst Mellerstein.

FOLD CUP (given by the Fund) value 100gs. added to a Handicap Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—Two miles.—Twelve subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. h. *Liverpool*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (Lye) 1
Col. Cradock's b. h. The Barber, by Figaro, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (Jaques) 2
Duke of Leeds's b. f. Lady Marcia, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Gray) 3
Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. Contest, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Darling) 4
Lord Kelburne's b. c. Retainer, by Jerry, 4 yrs, 8st. (Day) 5
Six having declared forfeit, paid only five sovs. each, and one 15.
Six to 4 agst Liverpool, 5 to 2 agst Contest, 4 to 1 agst Barber, and 6 to 1 agst Lady Marcia.

THE SHORTS.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Vansittart's b. c. *Rockingham*, by Humphrey Clinker out of The Cardinal's dam, by Swordman (Darling)..... 1
Mr. Orde's ch. c. The Dancing Master, by Felton (Johnson) 2
Mr. E. Dodsworth's br. c. by Jerry out of Lady of the Vale's dam, by Shuttle (Garbutt) 3

The SPRING ST. LEGER of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Eight subs.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. <i>Belshazzar</i> , by Blacklock out of Manuella by Dick Andrews (Darling)	1
Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. <i>Charmer</i> , by Swiss—Fairy (Garbutt)	2
Col. Cradock's br. c. <i>Partner</i> , by Whisker (Jaques)	3
Lord Kelburne's br. f. <i>Sister to Retainer</i> , by Jerry (Day)	4

WEDNESDAY, May 15.—The Third and Last Year of the CONSTITUTION STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. :—three-year-olds, 5st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six, 9st. 11lb. ; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Walker's gr. f. *Augusta*, by Gustavus, 3 yrs.....walked over.

The COLT SAPLING STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, 8st. 5lb. each (3lb. allowed, &c.)—Last mile and three-quarters.—Three subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. *Hawk*, by Buzzard out of Miss Maltby's dam, by Cervantes (3lb.)—(Connolly) 1 |

Mr. Heseltine's b. *Puffendorf*, by Brutanderf (Garbutt)..... 2 |

The STAND PLATE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Scott's b. c. *Rodolph*, by Derfreischutz out of Frailty, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (Connolly) 1 | 1 |

Mr. Mills's b. c. by Tramp—Middlethorpe, 3 yrs, 7st. (Dodgson) 3 | 2 |

Mr. Marson's b. f. *Bounce*, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Marson) 2 | 3 |

ST. ALBAN'S MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, May 15.—MATCH.—Mr. W. Smith's b. f. *Fairy*, by Partisan out of Fawn, 7st. (Wakefield) beat Mr. Sowerby's br. f. *Tigress*, by Skiff, 7st. 3lb. last three quarters of a mile, 50 sovs. h. ft.

The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs. for maiden horses :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Gardner's gr. c. *Friar Tuck*, by Little John, dam by Wanderer, 4 yrs (Pavis) 1 | 1 |

Mr. W. Smith's gr. c. *The Ghost*, by Gustavus out of Young Pipylina, 4 yrs... .. — | 2 |

Mr. W. Day's b. f. *Zebra*, 4 yrs — | 3 |

Mr. Roberts's b. f. *Miss Eldon*, 4 yrs..... 3 | — |

Mr. Maidment's bl. g. *Sultan*, aged — | 4 |

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. *Felucca*, 3 yrs 4 | — |

Mr. Coleman's ch. f. *Palmella*, 3 yrs..... 2 | dr. |

Mr. Rolin's br. f. *Unlucky*, 4 yrs..... — | dr. |

The VERULAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Twice round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. W. Smith's br. m. *The Witch*, by Whalebone, 5 yrs (Wakefield) 1 | |

Mr. Coleman's br. m. *Dinah*, 5 yrs 2 | |

Mr. Du Croz's b. m. *Cinderella*, 5 yrs..... 3 | |

Mr. Martin's b. m. *Mistletoe*, 5 yrs 4 | |

The NOMAN'S LAND STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund.—Weights as for the Verulam Stakes.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. White's b. f. *Kittums*, by Abjer, 4 yrs (Wakefield) 1 | 1 |

Mr. North's b. m. *Miss Warwick*, 6 yrs 2 | 2 |

Mr. Coleman's ch. f. *Palmella*, 3 yrs 3 | 3 |

Lord Abercorn's b. g. *Palfrey*, aged..... — | — |

Mr. Clifford's b. g. *Don Antonio*, aged — | — |

Mr. Farrah's br. g. *Rinaldo* (late Chew-bacon), aged..... — | dr. |

The SANDRIDGE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, for horses not thorough-bred :—three-year-olds, 9st. 4lb. ; four, 10st. 7lb. ; five, 11st. 4lb. ; six, 11st. 11lb. ; and aged, 12st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—The second horse to receive back his Stake.

Mr. Dupkley's br. c. *The Curate*, 4 yrs (Mr. Palmer) 2 | 1 |

Mr. J. Messer's br. c. *Reform*, 4 yrs 2 | 2 |

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. Bilberry, aged.....	0	3	
Lord Abercorn's ch. g. Westley, 5 yrs	3	4	
Mr. Foster's b. f. Peasima, by Polygar, dam Anticipation, 4 yrs.....	-	-	
Mr. Maidment's gr. g. Blue Ruin, aged.....	-	dr.	
Mr. S. Pell's ch. g. Jujube colt, 4 yrs	-	dr.	
Mr. H. Peyton's br. g. Glove-cutler, 5 yrs		dis.	

THURSDAY, May 16.—The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Coleman's br. m. <i>Dinah</i> , by Champignon, 5 yrs (Wakefield)	2	1	1
Mr. Messer's ch. m. <i>Zarina</i> , 5 yrs.....	5	2	2
Mr. Gardnor's bl. m. <i>Ida</i> , 5 yrs.....	1	3	dr.
Lord Abercorn's b. g. <i>Palfrey</i> , aged.....	4	4	dr.
Mr. Weatherley's b. c. <i>Haymaker</i> , 4 yrs	3	dr.	

The HILL END STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for hunters :—four-year-olds, 10st. 9lb. ; five, 11st. 7lb. ; six, 12st. ; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 200, &c.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subs.

Mr. Christian's b. h. <i>Metheglin</i> , by Filho, 5 yrs (Mr. Palmer).....	2	1	1
Mr. Peyton's br. g. <i>Glove-cutter</i> , 5 yrs	3	2	dr.
Mr. Dunkley's br. c. <i>The Curate</i> , 4 yrs	1	dr.	

The TALLY-HO STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for any horse carrying 11st.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Peyton's b. g. <i>Don Juan</i> (Owner)	-	1	1
Mr. North's b. m. <i>Miss Warwick</i>	1	4	4
Mr. Maidment's bl. g. <i>Sultan</i> , 6 yrs.....	2	2	3
Mr. Coleman's b. g. <i>Sober Robin</i>	3	3	2
Mr. T. Pell's ch. g. <i>Jujube colt</i> , 4 yrs.....	4	dr.	
Mr. Connor's b. m. <i>Modesty</i> , by Fungus out of Jack Junk's dam.....	-	dr.	
Mr. Pratt's br. g. <i>Paddy</i>		dis.	

LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, May 15.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a half.—Three subs.

Sir W. Wynn's bl. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Filho out of Wedlock's dam, 8st. 2lb. (Lear)...	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Waxy Pope, dam by Rubens, 8st. 5lb.....	2

The DERBY STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and a distance.—Six subs.

Col. Craufurd's bl. c. <i>The Mole</i> , by Whalebone (Johnson)	1
Mr. Skipsey's bl. f. <i>Eve</i> , by Lottery, dam by Walton	2
Mr. Mott's br. c. <i>Despair</i> , by Woful out of Saracen's dam.....	3

The TRADESMEN'S CUP, value 100 sovs. with 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—The second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Twice round and a distance.—Twenty-eight subs. (13 of whom paid the larger and nine the smaller forfeit.)

Mr. Gardnor's b. c. <i>Mowbray Hill</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. (Lye)	1
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. h. <i>Pickpocket</i> , by St. Patrick, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.....	2
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Vyvyan</i> , by Canteen, 4 yrs, 9st.....	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Skipsey's b. c. *Physician*, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. ; Mr. A. Bower's b. f. *Lady Stafford*, 4 yrs. 8st. ; and Mr. L. Armitstead's ch. f. *Miniature*, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.—Seven to 4 on *Pickpocket*, 7 to 2 agst *Physician*, and 6 to 1 agst *Mowbray Hill*.

A PLATE of 100 sovs. for horses that never won the value of 50 sovs. before entry :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 7lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the Plate.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Dawson's ch. g. <i>Pestilence</i> , by Cleveland, 4 yrs (Lye)	-	1	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. <i>Zohrab</i> , by Filho out of Herbert Lacey's dam, 3 yrs... 1	-	-	-
Mr. Phillips's b. g. <i>Mammoth</i> , 5 yrs	-	2	2
Mr. Painter's br. g. by Smolensko, 4 yrs	-	-	-
Mr. Bower's b. f. <i>Curiosity</i> , 3 yrs	-	-	-
Mr. Oates's b. f. <i>Venus</i> , by Lottery, dam by Walton, 3 yrs.....	2	-	dr.

Mr. Critchley's b. f. by Lottery, 4 yrs - - dr.
 Mr. Smith's b. f. Sally Barlow, 4 yrs - - dr.
 Mr. Massey's ch. f. Georgiana, 3 yrs - - dr.
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Truant, dam by Filho, 3 yrs..... - dr.

THURSDAY, May 16.—The **ALL-AGED STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Once round and a distance.—A winner in 1833 to carry 3lb. extra.

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. *Caractacus*, by Conductor, 5 yrs (Templeman) 1
 Mr. Miles's b. h. The Cardinal, by Waxy Pope, 6 yrs 2
 Mr. Mott's b. h. Clarion, by Catton, 5 yrs..... 3

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Kitty Fisher, by Bravo, 4 yrs, and Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Filho, 4 yrs, started but were not placed.

The **MAGHULL STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Three quarters of a mile.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Vittoria*, by Camel out of Archduchess (Lye) 1
 Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. General Chasse, by Actæon out of Hambletonia..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. R. Allanson's b. c. Cashier, by Banker out of Lady Moore Carew's dam; Mr. Beardsworth's gr. c. by Manfred out of Bracelet; Lord Lichfield's b. c. by Sligo out of Frederica by Phantom; Mr. Nish's b. c. by Bachelor, dam by Civendo out of an Arabian mare; Mr. R. Turner's b. f. by Lottery out of The Nun; and Col. Craufurd's b. f. Ermine, by Whisker out of Miss Emma.

The **LIVERPOOL SPRING ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake.—A mile and three quarters.—Thirteen subs.

Col. Craufurd's bl. c. *The Mole*, by Whalebone out of Miss Emma (Johnson) 1
 Lord Westminster's The Controller, by Filho out of Etiquette 2
 Mr. Mostyn's Jack Faucet, by Jack Spigot out of Pickpocket's dam..... 3

Mr. R. Allanson's b. f. Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp, and Mr. Skipsey's bl. f. Eve, by Lottery, also started but were not placed.

The **EVERTON PLATE** of 100 sovs.—The second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the Plate: three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.; a winner of 50 sovs. or upwards in the present year before the day of entry, to carry 3lb., of two 5lb. extra.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. *Revolution*, by Oiseau, 6 yrs (Shepherd) 1 1
 Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Craigmillar, by Canteen, 4 yrs..... 4 2
 Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, aged 3 3
 Mr. Wormall's b. g. Bullet, by Cannon Ball, 6 yrs 2 4

FRIDAY, May 17.—**FREE HANDICAP** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added, for five-year-olds and upwards.—Twice round.—Four subs.

Mr. Shepherd's ch. h. *Revolution*, 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Shepherd) 1
 Mr. Hobson's b. g. Ossian, 5 yrs, by Catton, 7st. 12lb. 2
 Mr. Ogden's br. m. Sarah, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 7st. 8lb..... 3

The **KIRKDALE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.—Foals and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner in 1833 before the day of running, to carry 3lb. extra.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. R. Allanson's b. f. *Lady Moore Carew*, by Tramp, 3 yrs (G. Whitehouse) 0 1
 Mr. Nanney's br. c. Captain Wattle, 4 yrs..... 0 2
 Sir J. Gerrard's b. f. Only-that, by Partisan, out of Scribe, 3 yrs 3

The **STAND CUP**, value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The second horse to receive 40 sovs. out of the Stakes.—A winner of a Cup to carry 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb.—Twice round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. *Birdcatcher*, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs (Darling)..... 1
 Sir T. Stanley's br. h. *Caractacus*, by Conductor, 5 yrs 2

The **LIVERPOOL STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st. 7lb.; four, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11lb. 4lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—A winner of 50 sovs. or upwards before the day of running to carry 5lb., twice, or more, 7lb. extra.—Twice round.—Eight subs.

Mr. Hopkinson's b. c. *Napoleon-le-Grand*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs (Mr. Kent) 1
 Mr. L. Armitstead's b. g. by Lottery, 5 yrs 2

THE ORMSKIRK PLATE of 100 sovs.—The second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the Plate:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of 50 sovs. in the present year before the day of entry to carry 3lb. extra, if two, 5lb.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Bower's b. f. <i>Lady Stafford</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 4 yrs (Darling).....	1	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Vyvyan</i> , by <i>Canteen</i> , 4 yrs	2	2
Mr. Dawson's ch. g. <i>Pestilence</i> , by <i>Cleveland</i> , 4 yrs.....	4	3
Mr. Lucas's b. m. <i>Lady Bee</i> (late <i>Miss Maria</i>) 5 yrs	3	4

EPSOM MEETING.

TUESDAY, May 21—The **CRAVEN STAKES** of 10 sovs. each.—One mile and a quarter.

Duke of Rutland's br. c. *Hawker*, Brother to Chapman, by *Emilius* out of *Rotterdam*, 4 yrs, 8st. (Boyce)..... 1

Mr. Cosby's ch. c. *Copper Captain*, by *Bobadil*, 4 yrs, 8st..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir L. Glyn's ch. f. *Malibran*, 3 yrs; Mr. Payne's ch. c. by *Wrangler*, out of *Whiteboy's dam*, 8 yrs; Mr. Ridsdale's b. g. by *Lottery* out of *Swiss's dam*, 3 yrs; Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. *Fop*, by *Fungus* out of *Pet's dam*, 3 yrs; Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. *Damascus*, 4 yrs; Mr. Grant's b. f. *Flora*, 4 yrs; Captain G. Bulkeley's b. h. *Vestris*, 5 yrs; Lord Chesterfield's br. h. *Pheban*, aged; Mr. Ricardo's b. f. *Runnymede*, 4 yrs; and Mr. T. Wood's ch. c. *Amrosio*, 4 yrs.

THE SHIRLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile.—Four subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. *Samarcan*, by *Blacklock* (F. Buckle)..... 1

Lord Exeter's br. c. *Cactus*, by *Sultan*, dam by *Waxy* 2 |

Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Pagoda*..... 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds, bred in the county of Surrey, or in the adjoining counties of Middlesex, Kent, Hants, Sussex, and Berks, or which had been trained at Epsom for the last three months previous to the day of nomination: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last half mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Gardnor's br. c. by *Whalebone* out of *Luna* by *Wanderer* (Pavis)..... 1

Mr. Forth's Sister to *Echo* 2 |

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. by *Figaro* out of *Paradigm* 3 |

THE EPSOM OATLANDS of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—Two miles.—Eight subs. (five of whom paid only three sovs. each.)

Mr. Smith's br. m. *The Witch*, by *Whalebone*, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....walked over.

THE EPSOM STAKES of three sovs. each, with 40 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Mile heats.—Twelve subs.

Mr. G. Edwards's br. f. by *Camel*, dam by *Soothsayer*, 3 yrs (Nat) 1 | 1 |

Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. *Brother to Kate*, 3 yrs..... 0 2 2 2

Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. *The Hermit*, 4 yrs..... 0 1 — dr.

Mr. George's br. f. by *Muley* out of *Lady Ern*, 3 yrs..... — — 3 dr.

Mr. Ricardo's b. h. *Sketch-book*, by *Rubens*, 6 yrs — | — | dr. |

Mr. Thomas's ch. g. *Blinker*, aged..... — — — dr.

Mr. R. Clark's bl. c. *Raven*, by *Picton* out of *Cantaloupe*, 3 yrs..... — — dr.

Mr. Pearce's br. m. *Chatham Lass*, 6 yrs..... — — dr.

Mr. Messer's ch. m. *Zarina*, 5 yrs — | dr. |

Mr. Gardnor's b. c. *Tarquin*, 4 yrs — | dr. |

Mr. Crommelin's b. h. *Sinbad*, 5 yrs... .. — dr.

MATCH.—Lord Conyngham's b. f. *Lady Charlotte*, by *Catton*, 8st. 7lb. (*Wheatley*) beat Mr. Cosby's b. f. *Temperance*, by *Lapdog*, 8st. 4lb., last mile, 100, h. ft.

MATCH.—Mr. Ricardo's *Sketch-Book*, by *Rubens*, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb., rec. ft. from Mr. Gardnor's b. c. *Shamrock*, by *St. Patrick* out of *Bartonia*, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb., three quarters of a mile, 100, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, May 22.—The **EWELL STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Winners once to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice 7lb. extra (Matches excepted).—Last half-mile.

Lord Stradbroke's ch. h. *Gondolier*, by *Merlin*, 6 yrs (Boyce)..... 1

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Stately, by Straitwaist, 4 yrs.....	2
Mr. R. Stephenson's b. f. Alice, 3 yrs.....	3
Mr. I. H. Peel's b. f. Lucy, by Cain, 4 yrs	4
Mr. Gardner's b. c. Tarquin, by Moses, 4 yrs	5
Lord Conyngham's br. h. Carwell, by Filho, 5 yrs	6
Two to 1 agst Allen, 3 to 1 agst Carwell, and 7 to 1 agst Gondolier.	

The WOODCOT STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last half mile.

Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Ophelia</i> , by Bedlamite out of Lady of the Lake (Pavis).....	1
Lord Egremont's br. c. by Sober Robin out of Billingsgate	2
Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. by Mameluke out of Laureola	3
Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Brother to Forester	4
Six to 4 on Ophelia.	

The GOLD CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund :—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1833 to carry 3lb., of two 5lb., or more 7lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Bristow's b. f. <i>Languish</i> , by Cain, 3 yrs (Hardy)	1
Mr. Farrall's ch. g. Bohemian, by Tramp, 5 yrs	2
Lord Exeter's b. c. Byzantium, by Sultan, 4 yrs	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Peel's b. f. Lucy, 4 yrs; Mr. Sadler's br. m. Euryone, 5 yrs; Mr. Messer's b. c. The Hermit (late Schoolboy), 4 yrs; and Mr. Reeves's br. g. Trump, 6 yrs.—Five to 2 agst Euryone, 3 to 1 agst Byzantium, and 3 to 1 agst Trump.

The winner was claimed.

The CROYDON STAKES of three sovs. each, with 40 added :—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—One-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Crommelin's b. h. <i>Sinbad</i> , by Swap, 5 yrs (Chapple)	4	-	1	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Brother to Stately, 3 yrs.....	7	1	3	2
Mr. Trelawny's Walter, by Whalebone, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2	dr.
Mr. Ricardo's ch. f. by Sultan out of Stays, 3 yrs	3	-		dr.
Mr. George's br. f. by Muley out of Lady Ern, 3 yrs	5	-		dr.
Mr. Thomas's b. f. by Brutandorf out of Harpham Lass, 3 yrs	6	-		dr.
Mr. Boyes's ch. g. Reform (late Waldron), 6 yrs	8	-		dr.
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. f. Kittums, by Abjer, 4 yrs.....	2			dr.

THURSDAY, May 23.—The First Year of a Renewal of the DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a half.—The owner of the second horse received 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner paid 100 sovs. towards the expenses of the police.—One hundred and twenty-four subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. <i>Dangerous</i> , by Tramp out of Defiance by Rubens (Chapple).....	1
Mr. J. Scott's br. c. Connoisseur, by Chateau Margaux out of Frailty by Filho (Templeman)	2
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Revenge, by Fungus, dam by Ditto (Cowley)	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Catalonian, by Skiff (S. Mann).
 Lord Exeter's b. c. Sir Robert, by Sultan (Arnall).
 Mr. C. Forth's b. c. Imbar, Brother to Error, by Emilius (Norman).
 Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Forester, by Gustavus (Wright).
 Mr. Greville's c. Whale, Brother to Grampus (W. Scott).
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, by Sultan (Lye).
 Mr. Ridadale's ch. c. Glaucus, by Partisan (Wheatley).
 Mr. Chifney's br. c. Prince Llewellyn (H. Edwards).
 Mr. T. J. Wood's ch. c. Titian, by Partisan (G. Edwards).
 Duke of Rutland's b. c. Shylock, by Waterloo (Robinson).
 Lord Verulam's b. c. Little Cassino, by Sultan (Connolly).
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Astracan, by Chateau Margaux (Buckle).
 Mr. Bristow's ch. c. Uncle Toby, by Cain (Wakefield).
 Mr. Champion's b. c. Brother to Rough Robin (W. Coleman).
 Mr. Cooper's br. c. by Catton out of Twatty (Nat).
 Mr. Cosby's br. c. The Bravo, by Reveller (S. Day).

Mr. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius out of Shoveller (S. Chifney).
 Mr. Goodwin's br. c. Pagan, by Proselyte (Macdonald).
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. Egyptus, by Centaur (J. Day).
 Lord Exeter's br. c. Cactus, by Sultan (Darling).
 Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler—Whiteboy's dam (Spring).
 Lord Jersey's b. c. Glenmore, by Phantom (G. Edwards).

Three to 1 agst Glaucus, 7 to 1 agst Forester, 7 to 1 agst Whale, 9 to 1 agst Little Cassino, 10 to 1 agst Sir Robert, 12 to 1 agst Shoveller, 15 to 1 agst Revenge, 20 to 1 agst Twatty, 30 to 1 agst Dangerous, 100 to 1 agst Connoisseur.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added ;—for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. ; and four, 9st.—Those which had started four times and not won, allowed 3lb.—Half a mile.—Eight subs.

Mr. Peel's b. f. *Lucy*, by Cain, 3 yrs (Cheswass) 1
 Mr. T. Wood's ch. c. Ambrosio, 4 yrs 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Bristow's b. f. Pagoda, 3 yrs ; Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Stately, 4 yrs ; Mr. Gardner's gr. c. Friar Tuck, 4 yrs ; and Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fidelity, 3 yrs.

THE HOPELESS STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added :—Three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 6lb. ; five, 9st. 1lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb. ; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, rather more than three quarters of a mile.—Ten subs.

Mr. Greville's b. f. *Dryad*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs (Nat) 1 1
 Mr. Cosby's b. f. Temperance, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Alice, 3 yrs - 3
 Mr. Bristow's b. f. Pagoda, 3 yrs..... - 4
 Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. f. Kittums, 4 yrs - dr.
 Mr. Colman's ch. f. Palmella, 3 yrs - dr.
 Mr. Pearce's br. m. Grasshopper, 5 yrs - dr.

FRIDAY, May 24.—The first year of a Renewal of the **OAKS STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last mile and a half.—The owner of the second filly received 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner paid 100 sovs. towards the expenses of the police.—Ninety-seven subs.

Sir M. Wood's br. f. *Vespa*, by Muley out of Miss Wasp, by Waxy (Chapple)..... 1
 Duke of Grafton's br. f. Octave, by Emilius out of Whizzig (J. Day) 2
 Mr. Batson's ch. f. Revelry, by Reveller out of Harriet (Wheatley) 3

The following also started but were not placed :—

Lord Exeter's br. *Amima*, by Sult an—A ugusta (Darling).
 Mr. Gratwicke's Sister to Frederick, by Little John (Norman).
 Mr. Chifney's b. by Emilius out of Shoveller (Chifney).
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. Carnation, by Blacklock out of Norma (Buckle).
 Mr. Gully's b. Diversity, by Muley, Variation's dam (C. Day).
 Mr. Barrow's b. by Whisker out of Aleto (Connolly).
 Mr. Rawlinson's b. Funny, by Fungus—Rarity (Mann).
 Mr. Kent's r. Baleine, by Whalebone (Boyce).
 Lord Egremont's br. Sister to Gayhurst, by Whalebone (Arnall).
 Lord Chesterfield's br. Dirce, by Partisan (Scott).
 Lord Chesterfield's b. Weeper, by Woful (Natt).
 Mr. Stonehewer's ch. Chantilly, by Gustavus (Robinson).
 Lord Grosvenor's b. Falernia, by Chateau Margaux (G. Edwards).
 Colonel Peel's b. Malibran, by Whisker out of Garcia (Pavis).
 Mr. Cooke's ch. Tarantella, by Tramp—Katherine (Wright).
 Mr. Grant's br. by Emilius—Duckling (Macdonald).

Two to 1 agst Tarantella, 7 to 1 agst Shoveller, 9 to 1 agst Aleto, 14 to 1 agst Octave, 16 to 1 agst Funny, 20 to 1 agst Baleine, 20 to 1 agst Malibran.

PLATE of 50l. given by W. J. Denison, Esq. M.P. for West Surrey :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. J. Wood's b. c. by Filho da Puta out of Mermaid (Nat) 1 1
 Lord Conyngham's b. f. Lady Charlotte, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Mr. Balchin's ch. f. Pamela, 4 yrs 5 3
 Mr. Cooke's b. c. Drover, 4 yrs 3 4
 Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. Brother to Kate, 3 yrs..... - -
 Mr. Forth's b. c. Imbar, 3 yrs - -
 Mr. Merrick's b. m. Dinah, 5 yrs..... - -
 Mr. J. Messer's b. c. The Hermit, late Schoolboy, 4 yrs - -
 Mr. Messer's ch. m. Zarina, 5 yrs - -

Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Blinker, aged..... - -
 Mr. W. Smith's b. f. The Fairy, by Partisan out of Fawn, 3 yrs 4 dr,
 Mr. Day's b. c. The Sea, Brother to Merman, 3 yrs (bolted) dis.

BEVERLEY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, May 22.—HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. Hopkinson's b. c. *Napoleon-le-Grand*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 11st. (Mr. Kent)... 1
 Mr. Hudson's b. g. Forester, by Spectre, aged, 12st. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Hall's ch. h. *The Roué*, by Reveller, aged, 12st.; Mr. Thompson's b. m. *Prosody*, aged, 12st. 5lb.; Mr. H. Boynton's b. h. *Jerry*, by Amadis, aged, 12st.; and Mr. Milward's b. m. *Hippona*, 6 yrs, 12st.

MAIDEN PLATE of 50l. given by the Town.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Dyson's b. c. by Young Phantom, dam by Cerberus, 3 yrs, 7st. (Wright).. 1 1
 Mr. Mills's b. c. by Tram, dam by Middlethorpe, 3 yrs, 7st. - 2
 Mr. Watmough's b. c. by Figaro out of Lady Fulford, 3 yrs, 7st..... - 3
 Mr. Hall's ch. f. by Blacklock out of Muta, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. 3 4
 Mr. Lacey's b. f. Shepherdess, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. Hopkinson's gr. g. by Brutandorf, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (bolted) dis.

THURSDAY, May 23.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Mr. R. Bower's b. c. *Mr. Merryman*, by Comus (Holmes)..... 1
 Mr. J. Mills's ch. c. by Tramp, dam by Rubens—Sorcerer 2
 Three to 1 on Merryman.

MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Richardson's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Cerberus, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb.
 (Noble) 3 1 1
 Mr. W. Watmough's b. c. by Figaro, 3 yrs, 7st. 1 - 3
 Mr. Mills's b. c. by Tramp dam by Middlethorp, 3 yrs, 7st..... 5 - 2
 Mr. Robinson's b. f. Bounce, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. 2 2 4
 Col. King's b. m. Frantic, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 4 - dr.

MANCHESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, May 29.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and three quarters.—Seven subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Ostrich*, by Buzzard out of Mrs. Touchit by Rubens, 8st. 3lb. (Darling) 1
 Lord Westminster's br. c. *The Controller*, by Filho out of Etiquette, 8st. 3lb..... 2
 Lord Westminster's b. f. *Honeymoon*, by Filho out of Hybla, 8st..... 3

Seven to 4 on *The Controller*, and 2 to 1 agst *Ostrich*.

The WILTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. One mile and three quarters.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. *Contest*, by Catton, 5 yrs (Darling) 1
 Lord Derby's gr. c. *Falconbridge*, by Falcon, dam by Blucher, 4 yrs..... 2
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Wolverhampton*, by Abjer, 4 yrs 3
 Six to 4 agst *Falconbridge*, and 7 to 4 agst *Contest*.

FREE HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for four-year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's bl. f. *Jemima*, by Count Porro, 7st. 6lb. (M. Jones) 1
 Mr. Loy's br. c. *Lelevo*, by Otho out of White Rose, 6st. 7lb..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. G. Crompton's br. c. *Prince*, by Figaro, 7st. 8lb.; Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. *Priscilla*, by Tarragon, 6st. 4lb.; and Mr. Smith's b. f. *Sally Barlow*, by Humphrey Clinker, 6st. 4lb.—Even betting on *Jemima*, and 2 to 1 agst *Prince*.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 5lb.—Three miles and a distance.

Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. *Giovanni*, by Filho, 5 yrs (Arthur) 1

Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. Contest, by Catton, 5 yrs	2
Mr. Williamson's br. h. The Earl, by Percy, aged.....	3
Six to 4 on Contest.	

THURSDAY, May 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Nine subs.

Lord Derby's ch. c. <i>Magus</i> , by Whisker out of Armida (Templeman).....	1
Mr. Cock's bl. c. Inheritor, by Lottery out of Handmaiden.....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Partridge by Buzzard, dam by Filho da Puta	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. G. Cooke's br. c. by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, out of Thomasina ; Mr. Leicester's br. c. Cherubini, by Figaro out of Brenda by Catton ; and Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by Monarch out of Gadabout by Orville.—Six to 4 agst *Magus*, and 7 to 2 each agst Inheritor and Partridge.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and three quarters.—The owner of the second horse received back his Stake.—Seven subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Ostrich</i> , by Buzzard—Discount's dam (Darling)	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, by Battledore—Maid of Milan.....	2
Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. Larkspur, by Lottery out of Dairymaid	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Derby's gr. c. Schemer, by Lottery out of Camillina ; Mr. Lacey's b. f. Moselle, by Chateau Margaux ; and Mr. Skipsey's bl. f. Eve, by Lottery.—Six to 4 on La Grace, and 5 to 1 agst the winner.

A PIECE of PLATE or GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a Subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added for the second horse :—three-year-olds, 6st. 3lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Cup at Manchester to carry 3lb., of two 5lb. extra.—Two miles and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Skipsey's b. c. <i>Physician</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs (Heseltine).....	1
Lord Derby's gr. h. Speculator, by Lottery, 5 yrs	2
Mr. Smith's Sally Barlow, by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs	3
Even betting on Physician.	

PLATE of 60 sovs. for horses that never won 50 sovs. at any one time :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—The second horse received 10 sovs.

Mr. Oates's b. f. <i>Venus</i> , by Lottery, dam by Walton, 3 yrs (Lye)	1	1
Mr. J. Robinson's b. c. by Lottery out of Miss Patrick, 3 yrs	-	2
Mr. Griffin's b. f. Mignonette, by Banker out of Nerissa, 4 yrs	2	-
Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. Priscilla, by Tarragon, 4 yrs	-	-
Mr. Wheeldon's b. f. Catgut, by Catton, 4 yrs	-	dr.

FRIDAY, May 31.—The LANCASHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 100 added by the owner of the Race Course.—Two miles and a quarter.—The owner of the second horse received back his Stake.—Eighteen subs. (seven of whom paid the larger and six the smaller ft.)

Mr. A. Bower's br. h. <i>Sir John</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Calloway)	1
Mr. Robinson's b. h. Manchester, by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb.....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. g. Trident, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.	3

Mr. Gardner's b. c. Mowbray Hill, by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb., and Mr. Fox's ch. c. Ocean, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. also started but were not placed.—Five to 4 agst Mowbray Hill, 7 to 4 agst Manchester, and 10 to 1 agst Sir John.

The KERSAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred. Twice round and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. Wilden's br. m. *Miss Tramp*, by Tramp, aged.....walked over.

The BROUGHTON STAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. with 30 added, for three and four-year-olds.—St. Leger Course.—Three subs.

Mr. Lacey's b. f. *Moselle*, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb.....received.

PLATE of 100 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—A winner of one Plate in 1833 to carry 3lb., two or more 5lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Miles's b. h. <i>The Cardinal</i> , by Waxy Pope, 6 yrs (Darling).....	1	1
Mr. Wheeldon's b. f. Catgut, by Catton, 4 yrs.....	2	2

ASCOT HEATH MEETING.

TUESDAY, June 4.—The OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. and only 10 if declared, &c.—Two miles and a half.—Ten subs., one of whom paid the larger and two the smaller ft.

Colonel Peel's b. c. *Ernest*, by Bedlamite or Paulowitz, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (A. Pavis) 1
 Lord Clarendon's ch. f. *Datura*, by Reveller, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Lord Lowther's Lazarone, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir M. Wood's *Lucetta*, aged, 9st. 7lb.; Mr. Henry's gr. h. *Protocol*, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Duke of Rutland's *Hawker*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; and Lord Exeter's *Byzantium*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.—Five to 2 agst *Lucetta*, 3 to 1 agst *Datura*, 4 to 1 agst *Hawker*, 9 to 1 agst *Ernest*, and 10 to 1 agst *Protocol*.

MATCH.—Mr. Cosby's *The Bravo*, by Reveller, 8st. 10lb. (Robinson) beat General Grosvenor's *Falernia*, by Chateau Margaux, 7st. 11lb., Old Mile, 150, h. ft.—Eleven to 8 on *The Bravo*.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—Old Mile.—Nineteen subs.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. c. *Toby*, by Tarrare out of *The Witch*, 8st. 4lb. (Robinson) 1

Duke of Portland's b. c. by Lottery out of *Pledge*, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Dirce*, by Partisan, 8st. 3lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Exeter's b. f. *Mantilla*, 8st. 3lb.; Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Lucius*, 8st. 4lb.; Duke of Cleveland's ch. f. by Whisker out of *Pucelle*, 8st.; and General Grosvenor's b. f. *Blue-eyes*, 8st. 3lb.—Two to 1 agst *Lucius*, 3 to 1 agst *Pucelle* f., and 4 to 1 agst *Toby*.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 5lb.—To start at the New Mile Starting-post, go once round and in.

Lord Clarendon's ch. f. *Datura*, by Reveller, 4 yrs (J. Day) 1

Mr. G. Edwards's br. f. by Camel, dam by Soothsayer, out of Hare, 3 yrs. 2

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. *Languish*, by Cain, 3 yrs 3

Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. *Brother to Kate*, 3 yrs. 4

Two to 1 agst *Datura*, 3 to 1 agst Camel f. and 4 to 1 agst *Languish*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 7lb. extra.—New mile.—Eleven subs.

Colonel Peel's br. c. *Young Rapid*, by Stainborough out of *Young Rhoda* (A. Pavis) 1

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Octave*, by Emilius 2

Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Shylock*, by Waterloo 3

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Anglesea*, by Sultan 4

Even on *Octave*, 5 to 2 agst *Young Rapid*, and 5 to 1 agst *Anglesea*.

MATCH.—Mr. Gardner's b. c. *Tarquin*, by Moses, 4 yrs, 8st. (Pavis) beat Mr. Ricardo's *Sketch-book*, by Rubens, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb., three quarters of a mile, 100, h. ft.

MATCH.—Mr. Cosby's br. f. *Pussy*, by Pollio out of Valve, rec. from Mr. Ricardo's b. f. *Ellen*, by Peter Lely out of *Fadladinida*, both two yrs old, 8st. 4lb. each, T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, June 5.—The ALBANY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the 2000gs. Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to have carried 3lb. extra; if both, 5lb.—The New Mile.—Nine subs.

Mr. Cosby's br. c. *The Bravo* (Robinson) 1

Mr. Cooper's b. c. by Catton out of *Twatty* 2

Lord Exeter's b. c. *Sir Robert*, by Sultan out of *Emmeline* 3

Mr. Bristow's ch. c. *Uncle Toby*, by Cain out of *Mary* 4

Even on *Sir Robert*, 7 to 2 agst *Twatty* c., 4 to 1 agst *Bravo*, and 6 to 1 agst *Uncle Toby*.

Second Year of a Renewal of a SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Eight subs.

Lord Exeter's b. f. *Sister to Cactus*, by Sultan out of *Dahlia's* dam (Connolly) 1

Mr. Wreford's bl. c. *Warrener*, by Sir Huldibrand out of *Snare* 2

Mr. Grant's b. f. by Little John or Gaberlunzie out of *Fantasima*, by Phantom 3

Seven to 4 agst *Warrener*, 7 to 4 agst *Fantasima*, and 4 to 1 agst the winner.

PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. 11lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1833 (handicaps excepted) to carry 3lb. extra.—One mile and a half.—To start at the Swinley Post.

Mr. Cosby's ch. c. *Copper Captain*, by Bobadil, 4 yrs (Robinson) 1
Mr. G. Edwards's br. f. *Camel*, dam by Soothsayer, 3 yrs..... 2
Lord Lowther's Messenger, by Partisan, 4 yrs 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Exeter's *Byzantium*, 4 yrs ; Mr. Gardnor's *Tarquin*, 4 yrs ; and Mr. Martyn's b. m. *Misletoe*, 5 yrs.—Two to 1 agst *Copper Captain*, 5 to 2 agst *Messenger*, 4 to 1 agst *Camel* f., and 9 to 2 agst *Tarquin*.

The SWINLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 10lb. Fillies allowed 3lb.—The last mile and a half : to start at the Swinley Post.—Four subs.

Mr. Cosby's ch. c. *Non Compos*, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs (Charles Day)..... 1
Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. *Damascus*, by Reveller, 4 yrs 2
Mr. Cooper's b. c. by Catton out of Twatty, by Whalebone, 3 yrs 3
Even on Twatty and Non Compos.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for filly foals of 1830, 8st. 7lb. each.—The winner of Derby or Oaks to carry 7lb. extra.—New Mile.—Three subs.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. by Emilius out of Shoveller by Scud.....walked over.

THURSDAY, June 6.—The WINDSOR FOREST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5lb. extra.—The Old Mile.—Seven subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. *Octave*, by Emilius out of Whizgig (J. Day)..... 1
Lord Exeter's b. *Amima*, by Sultan out of Augusta 2
Seven to 2 on *Octave*.

The ECLIPSE FOOT, with 200 sovs. given by His Majesty, added to a Match of 100 sovs. each, for horses the property of Members of the Jockey Club.—To start at the Cup Post, and go once round, about two miles and a half.

Mr. Cosby's bl. h. *Gallopade*, by Doctor Syntax, 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (Robinson) 1
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Dirce*, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb..... 2
Five to 1 on *Gallopade*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The winner of a Sweepstakes before or after naming to carry 3lb. extra.—T. Y. C.—Seven subs.

Mr. Forth's b. f. *Louisa*, by Longwaist out of Miss Witch—Norman 1
Mr. Gardnor's br. c. by Whalebone out of Luna..... 2
Mr. Cosby's Pussy, by Pollio out of Valve 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. *Lorenzo*, by Lottery out of Loretta ; Sir W. Freemantle's ch. f. by Carbonaro out of a one-eyed br. mare bought of Mr. Gates of Egham ; and Lord Exeter's *Sister to Cactus*.—Three to 1 agst *Luna* c., 3 to 1 agst Mr. Forth's f., 4 to 1 agst *Pussy*, and 5 to 1 agst *Sister to Cactus*.

The GOLD CUP, value 200 sovs. a Subscription of 20 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—To start at the Cup Post on the New Mile and go once round : about two miles and a half.—The owner of the second horse received back his Stake.—Eight subs.

Lord Exeter's br. f. *Galata*, by Sultan, 4 yrs (Arnall) 1
Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, aged..... 2
Three to 1 on *Galata*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.—The winner of the Derby to carry 7lb. extra.—New Mile.—Nine subs.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Anglesea*, by Sultan out of Mona (G. Edwards) 1
Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Lucius*, by Emilius out of Cobweb..... 2
Five to 2 on *Anglesea*.

First Year of a Renewal of the ROYAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New Mile.—Ten subs.

Col. Peel's Young *Rapid*, by Stainborough—Walton (A. Pavis) 1
Lord Exeter's b. c. *Sir Robert*, by Sultan out of Emmeline 2
Five to 4 on *Young Rapid*.

FRIDAY, June 7.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—New Mile.—Four subs.

Lord Tavistock's b. c. <i>Cowdray</i> , by Sultan, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson)	1
Lord Chesterfield's f. Fanny Grey, by Waterloo out of Pethuma, 7st. 10lb.....	2
Mr. Cosby's b. f. Temperance, by Lapdog, 7st. 2lb.....	3

Six to 4 agst Cowdray, and 5 to 2 agst Fanny Gray.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. for hunters :—five-year-olds, 11st. 7lb. ; six, 11st. 12lb. ; and aged, 12st.—Maiden horses allowed 5lb.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. W. Day's br. h. <i>Donegani</i> , by Tramp, 6 yrs (C. Day).....	1
Mr. Shackel's br. g. Tramp, 6 yrs	2
Mr. L. Hervey's ch. g. aged	3
Mr. Curtis's ch. g. by Rubens, 5 yrs	4

PLATE of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1833 (handicaps excepted) to carry 3lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 250gs. if demanded, &c.—Old Mile.

Mr. T. Wood's ch. c. <i>Ambrosio</i> , by Middleton or Waterloo, 4 yrs :.....	0	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Emir, by Centaur, 3 yrs.....	0	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Chesterfield's bl. c. Tourist, 4 yrs ; Lord Lowther's b. c. Messenger, 4 yrs ; Mr. Day's ch. f. Fanny, by Reveller out of Legacy, 3 yrs ; Mr. Gardner's bl. m. Ida, 5 yrs ; Mr. Grant's b. f. Flora, 4 yrs ; and Mr. Cosby's ch. c. Non Compos, 4 yrs.—Seven to 2 agst Non Compos, 4 to 1 agst Ambrosio, 4 to 1 agst Emir, 5 to 1 agst Ida ; after the dead heat, 6 to 4 on Ambrosio.

The WOKINGHAM STAKES (handicap) of five sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Last three-quarters of the New Mile.—Twelve subs.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. <i>Shylock</i> , by Waterloo, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (Wakefield)	1
Lord Tavistock's b. c. by Partisan out of Rachel, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.....	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Cosby's b. m. Landrail, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb. ; Mr. Cosby's ch. c. Non Compos, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ; Mr. T. Wood's Ambrosio, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ; Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Runnymede, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ; Mr. Cooper's c. by Catton out of Twatty, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. ; Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Middleton out of Little Folly, 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb. ; and Mr. Grant's b. f. by Emilius out of Duckling, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.—Three to 1 agst the Twatty colt, 4 to 1 agst Ambrosio, and 6 to 1 agst Shylock.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Old Mile. Four subs.

Col. Peel's *Young Rapid*.....walked over.

NEWTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 5.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Constance</i> , by Buzzard out of Miss Maltby, 7st. 11lb. (Darling)	1
Mr. R. Turner's b. c. by Figaro out of Clinton's dam, 8st. 4lb.....	2

Three to 1 on the Figaro colt.

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added.—Two miles and a distance.—The second horse to save his Stake.—Seven subs.

Mr. Wormald's b. g. <i>Bullet</i> , by Cannon Ball, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Garbutt)	1
Mr. Loy's b. c. Lelevo, by Otho, 4 yrs, 6st. 8lb.	2
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's bl. f. Jemima, by Count Porro, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.	3
Mr. Turner's b. c. by Figaro out of Clinton's dam, 4 yrs, 6st. 12lb.....	4
Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. Ocean, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.	5

Five to 4 agst Jemima, and 2 to 1 agst Bullet.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Nine subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. <i>Frensy</i> , by Bedlamite (Spring)	1
Mr. Allanson's b. Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp out of Kite.....	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Derby's b. by Whisker out of Loyalty ; Sir J. Gerard's b. Only That ; Mr. Nanney's bl. Harriet ; and Mr. Lacey's b. Moselle.—Two to 1 agst Frensy.

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. the gift of the Lord of the Manor, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—The second horse to receive 25 sovs.—Two miles and a distance.—Twenty-five subs. (12 of whom paid the larger ft. and four the smaller).

Mr. A. Bower's b. f. *Lady Stafford*, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (Calloway)..... 1
Mr. Giffard's b. h. *Perseverance*, by Frolic, aged, 9st..... 2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *David*, by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Robinson's br. h. *Windcliffe*, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; Mr. Mostyn's ch. g. *Mona's Pride*, aged, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Chester*, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.; Mr. Yates's ch. f. *Sensitive*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. R. Turner's ch. c. *Scrivener*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; and Mr. Whalley's ch. f. *Miniature*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.—Six to 4 agst *Perseverance*, and 5 to 1 agst *Lady Stafford*.

PLATE of 70 sovs. for horses that never won 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Mares and Gelding allowed 2lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. W. Richardson's b. f. *Flighty*, by Young Phantom out of *Diana*, 3 yrs (Wright) 1 1
Mr. Griffith's ch. f. *Saccharina*, 4 yrs..... - 2
Mr. Wilkin's b. g. *Ecclefechan*, 4 yrs 2 -
Mr. Phillip's b. h. *Mammoth*, 5 yrs - -
Sir J. Gerard's b. f. *Only That*, 8 yrs..... - -
Mr. Robinson's b. c. by Lottery, 3 yrs - dr.
Mr. Critchley's b. f. by Lottery out of *Harpham Lass*, 4 yrs - dr.

THURSDAY, June 6.—The **ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and three quarters.—The second horse to save his stake.—Ten subs.

Mr. Thompson's ch. c. *Fitzdictor*, by Predictor (Darling)..... 1
Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. *Larkspur*, by Lottery, dam by Woful..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Turner's b. c. by *Figaro* out of *Clinton's* dam; Mr. Price's b. c. *The Governor*; and Mr. Lacey's b. f. *Moselle*.—Two to 1 agst *The Governor*, 3 to 1 agst *Larkspur*, 4 to 1 agst *Moselle*, and 8 to 1 agst *Fitzdictor*.

The **GOLBORNE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The Golborne Course—a straight half mile.—Eighteen subs.

Mr. Mostyn's br. f. *Vittoria*, by Camel out of *Archduchess* (Lye)..... 1
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. *Noodle*, by Bedlamite out of *Sinbad's* dam 2
Sir J. Gerard's br. c. *Billinge*, by Belzoni, dam by L'Orient..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Legh's b. c. by *Peter Lely* out of *Nell Gwynne*; Mr. R. Turner's b. c. by *Peter Lely* out of *Clinton's* dam; Mr. W. Turner's b. c. *Journeyman*, by *Stumps* out of *Lunaria's* dam; Mr. Nanney's b. g. by *Banker*, dam by *Rubens*, grandam Mr. Giffard's *Paulina*; Lord Derby's ch. c. *Magus*, by *Whisker* out of *Armida*; Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Partridge*, by *Buzzard*, dam by *Filho*; Mr. Armitage's b. f. by *Velocipede* out of *Crazy Jane*; Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. *Brother to La Grace*; Mr. Allanson's b. c. *Cashier*, by *Banker* out of *Lady Moore Carew's* dam; Mr. Thompson's ch. c. by *Predictor* out of *Ostrich*; and Mr. Cock's bl. c. *Inheritor*.—Five to 2 agst *Vittoria*, 3 to 1 agst *Noodle*, 5 to 1 agst *Magus*, 7 to 1 agst *Partridge*, and 10 to 1 agst *Billinge*.

The **BOROUGH CUP**, value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—The second horse to receive 25 sovs. from the Stake.—The winner of a Cup or Piece of Plate value 100 sovs. in the year 1833 to carry 3lb. extra; of two 5lb. extra.—Nine subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. *Birdcatcher*, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs (Darling) 1
Lord Chesterfield's b. h. *Colwick*, by *Filho da Puta*, 5 yrs 2
Mr. Robinson's br. h. *Windcliffe*, by *Waverley*, 6 yrs 3
Six to 4 on *Birdcatcher*.

PLATE of 70 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate in the present year before starting to carry 3lb. extra; of two Plates, a Gold Cup, or King's Plate, 5lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dyson's b. c. *Lookington*, by Young Phantom, dam by *Cerberus*, 3 yrs (Wright) 1 2 - 1
Mr. Price's b. c. *Agitator*, 4 yrs..... 4 1 3 3
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Henry Masterton*, 4 yrs..... 3 4 - 2
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Wolverhampton* 2 3 dr.

FRIDAY, June 7.—The **SHRIGLEY CUP**, value 100 sovs. given by W. Turner, Esq. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—The second horse received 25 sovs. out of the Stakes.—One mile and a half.—Thirty-one subs. (eleven of whom paid the larger and twelve the smaller ft.)

Mr. Bower's b. f. *Lady Stafford*, by Comus, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Templeman)..... 1
Mr. Giffard's b. h. *Perseverance*, by Frolic, aged, 9st. 4lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Yates's br. m. *Hope*, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Mostyn's b. m. *Her Highness*, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Lord Derby's gr. c. *Falconbridge*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. *Birdcatcher*, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Chester*, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; and Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by Lottery out of *Primrose*, 3 yrs, 6st.—Five to 2 agst *Her Highness*, 3 to 1 agst *Birdcatcher*, 3 to 1 agst *Perseverance*, 4 to 1 agst *Hope*, and 5 to 1 agst *Lady Stafford*.

The **ST. HELEN'S PURSE** of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once in 1833 to carry 3lb.; twice 5lb. extra.—Two miles and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, by Filho or Sherwood, aged (Spring) 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *David*, by Catton, 4 yrs..... 2
Three to 1 on *David*.

The **WARRINGTON PURSE** of 50 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of five sovs. each. One mile and a distance.—The second horse to receive 10 sovs. from the Stakes.—Ten subs.

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. *Caractacus*, by Conductor, 5 yrs, 9st. (Templeman) 1
Mr. Palin's b. g. *Pluralist*, by Ambo, aged, 8st. 9lb. 2
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Wolverhampton*, by Abjer, 4 yrs, 8st. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Nanney's bl. f. *Kitty Fisher*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Skipsay's bl. f. *Eve*, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb.; Mr. G. Crompton's br. c. *Prince*, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; and Mr. Allanson's b. f. *Lady Moore Carew*, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.—Two to 1 agst *Caractacus*, 3 to 1 agst *Wolverhampton*, and 4 to 1 agst *Pluralist*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. *Circassian*, by Sultan, 5 yrs (Darling) 1
Mr. Skipsay's b. c. *Physician*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Legh's br. c. *Oaman*, 4 yrs; Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. *Puss*, 4 yrs; and Lord Chesterfield's b. h. *Colwick*, 5 yrs.—Two to 1 agst *Circassian*, 2 to 1 agst *Physician*, and 5 to 2 agst *Colwick*.

PLATE of 70 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate in the present year before starting to carry 3lb.; of two Plates, a Gold Cup, or King's Plate, 5lb. extra.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Wormald's b. g. *Bullet*, by Cannon Ball, 6 yrs (Garbutt) 1 1
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Wolverhampton*, by Abjer, 4 yrs..... 4 2
Mr. Richardson's b. f. *Flighty*, by Young Phantom, 3 yrs - 3
Mr. Loy's b. c. *Lelevo*, by Otho, 4 yrs..... - 4

GUILDFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, June 11.—His MAJESTY'S **PLATE** of One Hundred Guineas.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Skim out of Centaur's dam by Orville, 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb. (Arnall) 1 1
Lord Clarendon's ch. f. *Datura*, by Reveller, 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb..... 3 2
Mr. Smith's br. m. *The Witch*, by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb..... 4 3
Mr. Meyrick's br. m. *Dinah*, by Champignon, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb. 2 dr.
First heat won cleverly, the second by a head.

The **BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. White's gr. c. *The Ghost*, by Gustavus out of Young Pipylina, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Wakefield) 1 1
Mr. Meyrick's br. m. *Dinah*, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb..... 2 2
Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone out of Blacking, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. 3 3
Won easy.

BUXTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 12.—**GOLD CUP**, given by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and five only if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse to save his Stake.—Two miles and a distance.—Eighteen subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. h. *Perseverance*, by Frolic out of Otis by Bustard, aged, 9st. 3lb.

(Lear)..... 1

Mr. Nanney's b. h. *Penrhos*, by Rowston, 6 yrs, 8st. 4lb..... 2

Mr. Robinson's b. h. *Manchester*, by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Mott's b. h. *Clarion*, by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Nanney's br. h. *Belmont*, by Figaro, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Walker's b. f. *Voluna*, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Lord Westminster's br. f. *Maid of Honour*, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; and Mr. E. Peel's gr. f. *Cis*, by Paulowitz, 4 yrs, 6st. 12lb.

Four having declared, paid only five sovs. each, and six paid ten.

THURSDAY, June 13.—The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Lord Lichfield's br. c. *Dissolution*, by Emilius out of Nell Gwynne by Don Cos-

sack, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Mr. White) 1

Sir G. Gerard's gr. g. *Protogenes*, by Rubens, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb..... 2

Two to 1 on *Dissolution*.—Won easy.

PLATE of 50l. for all ages.—The second received 10l.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Nanney's br. g. *Belmont*, by Figaro out of Signorina's dam by Williamson's

Ditto, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. 1 1

Mr. Mott's b. h. *Clarion*, by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb..... 2 2

Six to 4 on *Belmont*.—Both heats won easy.

HAMPTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 12.—The **HURST CUP**, value 50l. in specie.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Lowther's b. c. *Messenger*, by Partisan out of Nina by Selim, 4 yrs,

8st. 7lb. (F. Buckle)..... - 1 1

Mr. Gardnor's bl. m. *Ida*, by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb..... 1 2 3

Mr. Messer's b. c. *The Hermit*, by Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. - - 2

Lord Exeter's b. f. *Mantilla*, by Sultan, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. 3 3 dr.

Mr. Turner's br. f. *Lady Charlotte*, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb..... - - dr.

Mr. Davis's ch. f. *Why-not* (late *Palmella*), 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. 2 - dr.

Mr. Coleman's ch. g. *Dr. Sewell* (late *Bohemian*), 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb..... - dr.

Mr. Dunkley's bl. f. by Muley out of Young Caprice by Waxy, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. - dr.

First heat—Two to 1 on *Messenger*, 4 to 1 agst *Mantilla*, 4 to 1 agst *Bohemian*, and 5 to 1 agst *Lady Charlotte*: won by a length. Second heat—5 to 2 agst *Messenger*, and 5 to 2 agst *Ida*: won easy. Third heat—2 to 1 on *Messenger*, who won in a canter.—The winner was claimed, according to conditions, for 150l.

The **CLAREMONT STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 sovs. added.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's ch. g. *Dr. Sewell* (late *Bohemian*), Brother to *Zinganee*, by

Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (W. Coleman) 1 1

Mr. Gatliff's ch. m. *Matilda*, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb..... 2 2

Mr. Dunkley's bl. f. by Muley—Young Caprice, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. 3 3

First heat—2 to 1 on the Doctor: won by a neck. Second heat—5 to 1 on the Doctor: won easy.

THURSDAY, June 13.—His MAJESTY'S **PLATE** of 100gs.—Twice round and a distance.

Lord Chesterfield's br. c. *Tourist*, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Governor, 4 yrs,

9st. 11lb. (Natt) 1 - 1

Mr. G. Edwards's br. f. by Camel, dam by Soothsayer out of Hare, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. 3 1 2

Mr. Turner's br. c. *Denbies*, by Filhe, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb..... - - 3

Lord Lowther's b. c. *Lazarone*, 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb. - 2 4

Mr. Coleman's ch. g. *Dr. Sewell*, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb..... 2 3 dr.

Mr. Jones's *Jessie*, by Phantom, dam by Waterloo, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb..... - - dr.

Mr. Smith's br. m. *The Witch*, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb..... - - dr.

Mr. Messer's *Cricket* (late *Miss Warwick*), 6 yrs, 10st. 2lb..... - dr.

The KINGSTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Dunkley's br. c. <i>The Curate</i> , by Brahmin, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Mr. Palmer)	3	1	1
Mr. Cay's b. h. Sober Robin, aged, 12st. 2lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Balchin's b. g. Hop Duty, 6 yrs, 12st.	2		dr.

MATCH.—Mr. Lindsey's ch. m. *My Lady*, aged, and Mr. Latour's bl. c. *Ebony*, 4 yrs, once round and a distance, 10st. each. 25 sovs., ran a dead heat.—N.B. The match was run over again, when *My Lady* won, and *Ebony* broke his leg and was shot.

FRIDAY, June 14.—The LADIES' CUP, value 50l. in specie :—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 7lb. ; six, 9st. ; aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of any Stake this year 3lb extra.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs.

Lord Chesterfield's br. h. *Carwell*, by Filho da Puta out of Strumpet by

Hambletonian, 5 yrs (Knat)	-	1	1
Mr. Smith's b. f. <i>Dryad</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs	1	-	3
Mr. White's gr. c. <i>The Ghost</i> , Brother to Forester, 4 yrs	-	2	2
Mr. Balchin's ch. f. <i>Pamela</i> , 4 yrs	-	-	4
Mr. Pearce's br. m. <i>Chatham Lass</i> , 6 yrs	2	3	dr.
Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Dr. Sewell</i> , 5 yrs	-	-	dr.
Mr. Rollins's b. f. <i>Endeavour</i> , 4 yrs	-	-	dr.
Mr. Gardner's bl. m. <i>Ida</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs	3		dr.
Mr. Kee's b. c. by Lapdog out of Miss Platoff, 4 yrs	-		dr.

The first heat won cleverly, the second by half a length, and the third by about half a neck.

The HAMPTON COURT STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages, 11st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Lord Chesterfield's br. h. <i>Carwell</i> , 5 yrs (Capt. Beecher)	1	1
Mr. Messer's b. m. <i>Cricket</i> , 6 yrs	4	2
Mr. Gatliff's ch. m. <i>Matilda</i> , 6 yrs	2	3
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , by Godolphin, 6 yrs	3	4

Both heats severely contested.—The winner was claimed.

BIBURY CLUB MEETING—(STOCKBRIDGE COURSE).

THURSDAY, June 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Three subs.

Mr. C. W. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Y. Phantom, 5 yrs, 11st. 8lb. walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Dr. Eady or Virgilius, out of Atalanta by Walton (J. Day) ...	1
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. by Bobadil out of Clarionet by Camillus	2

HANDICAP PLATE of 50l.—One mile.

Mr. Trelawney's br. g. <i>Walter</i> , by Whalebone out of Electress by Election, 5 yrs, 7st. 9lb. (A. Pavis)	1
Sir L. Glyn's ch. f. <i>Malabran</i> , by Muley, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.	2
Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. f. <i>Kittums</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs, 7st.	3
Mr. Fox's Lambtonian, aged, 8st. 2lb.	4

A capital race, and won by a neck.

The BIBURY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 50 added.—Two miles.—Nineteen subs. (thirteen of whom declared.)

Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Pounce</i> , by Merlin out of Surprise by Scud, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (J. Day)	1
Col. Peel's b. c. <i>Ernest</i> , by Bedlamite or Paulowitz, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elizabeth*, 5 yrs, 9st. 7lb. ; Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. *Santillane*, by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 8st. ; and Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Dr. Eady or Virgilius, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.

Two to 1 on Ernest. Won by a neck.

The CUP, value 100 sovs. added so a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—Gentlemen riders.—The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.—One mile and a half.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Etwall's br. g. <i>Caleb</i> , by Waterloo out of Enchantress by Sorcerer, 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Peyton)	1
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Sir L. Glyn's ch. f. Malibran, by Muley, 3 yrs, 9st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. Lady Elizabeth, 3 yrs, 11st. 4lb.	3
Won by half a length.	

FRIDAY, June 14.—The WELTER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for any horse carrying 13st.—Three miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Young Phantomwalked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Three subs.

Mr. Etwall's br. f. *Maid of Underley*, by Muley out of Mufti's dam by Dick Andrews (J. Day).....

Capt. Berkeley's b. f. Goldfringe, by Phantom or Waterloo out of Goldwire..... 2
Won easy.

MATCH.—Mr. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 11st. beat Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. f. Kittums, by Abjer, 4 yrs, 11st. 3lb., one mile and a quarter, 25 sovs.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Winners before or after naming to carry 5lb. extra.—The last mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Rawlinson's br. c. *Revenge*, by Fungus out of Ruby's dam by Ditto, 8st. 12lb. (J. Day)

Mr. Cosby's b. c. The Bravo, by Reveller, 8st. 12lb..... 2

HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, five ft. with 100 added.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile and a quarter.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery out of Miss Wentworth by Cervantes, 5 yrs, 11st. (Owner).....

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. f. Kittums, by Abjer, 4 yrs, 10st. 1lb..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Etwall's br. g. Caleb, by Waterloo, 5 yrs, 11st. 10lb.; Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Falernia, 3 yrs, 10st. 6lb.; Sir L. Glyn's ch. f. Malibran, by Muley, 3 yrs, 9st. 8lb.

NEWCASTLE MEETING.

MONDAY, June 17.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Lord Kelburne's br. f. *Sister to Retainer*, by Jerry out of Georgiana by Wonderful, 7st. 11lb. (G. Nelson)

Mr. Stephenson's br. c. Rousseau, by Blacklock, 8st. 11lb..... 2

Mr. Attwood's b. f. Clara Mowbray, by his Grey Arabian, 7st. 11lb. 3
Six to 4 to Sister on Retainer. Won easy.

The TYRO STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. T.Y.C.—Three quarters of a mile.—Eight subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. *General Chasse*, by Actæon, out of Hambletonia, by Stamford (T. Nicholson)

Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Monitor, Brother to Mimic, by Wanton 2

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Longwaist out of Dulcamara 3

Mr. Jaques's ch. c. by Walton, out of Speculation's dam 4

Mr. Salvin's b. f. Isabella, by Lottery out of Princess 5

Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Hampton, by Waterloo, dam by Gohanna 6
Six to 4 agst General Chasse. Won by half a neck.

The NEWCASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of a Cup, Plate, or Stakes, value 50l. previous to the day of running, to carry 3lb., of two or more 5lb. extra.—The second saved his stake.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Marley's b. f. *Palmflower*, by Jerry, out of Braithwaite's dam, by Sir David, 3 yrs (T. Lye)

Mr. Orde's ch. c. The Dancing Master, by Felton, 3 yrs 2

Mr. Ramsay's gr. g. Mr. Bish, by Lottery, 5 yrs 3

Mr. Jaques's ch. f. Pantomime, by Swiss, 3 yrs 4
Six to 4 agst Palmflower. Won easy.

TUESDAY, June 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, for hunters, &c. carrying 12st. each.—Two miles and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Ten subs.

Mr. Boag's br. g. *Pilot*, 6 yrs (Owner)

Captain Potts's b. h. Master Syntax, aged 2

Mr. St. Paul's br. g. The Skipper, aged..... 3

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.—Three miles.

Mr. Orde's ch. c. <i>The Dancing Master</i> , by Felton out of Emancipation's dam by Ardrossan, 8 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (J. Robinson)	1
Mr. Marley's b. f. Palmflower, by Jerry, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb	2
Mr. Attwood's b. c. by Young Phantom or Tinker, dam by Macbeth, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb..	3
Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Stotforth, by Octavian, aged, 10st. 5lb.	4

Six to 4 on Stotforth. Won easy.

MAIDEN PLATE of 50l. :—for three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, six, and aged, 8st. 7lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Colonel Cradock's b. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Jerry, dam Fair Charlotte, by Catton out of Henrietta, 3 yrs (Cartwright)	1	1
Captain Potts's b. c. Sparrowhawk, by Buzzard, 4 yrs	2	2
Mr. Attwood's b. c. Blandford, by his grey Arabian, 3 yrs.....	3	3
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. by Canteen out of Chromatica, 3 yrs	4	4
Mr. Alder's ch. c. Peter the Great, by Nicolo, 4 yrs.....	5	dr.

Two to 1 agst the Jerry filly. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, June 19.—The NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE of 100 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and five only if declared, &c.—Two miles.—Nineteen subscribers, eight of whom declared.

Mr. Orde's br. c. <i>Tomboy</i> , by Jerry, out of Emancipation's dam by Ardrossan, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (R. Johnson).....	1
Mr. Dawson's b. f. Maid of Melrose, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.	2
Colonel Cradock's b. c. Brother to Homer, by Catton, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.....	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Ramsay's gr. g. Mr. Bish, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. Woolmer's b. f. Lady Louisa, by Carinthian, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ; and Mr. S. Parker's br. g. by Fitz-Orville—Eucharis, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.

Six to 4 agst Maid of Melrose, 2 to 1 agst Tomboy. Won easy.

The SILVER CUP, value 60gs. given by the Corporation, added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each.—The second received 20gs. out of the Stakes.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subs.

Lord Elcho's br. b. <i>Philip</i> , by Filho da Puta out of Treasure by Camillus, 5 yrs, 8st. 10st. (S. Templeman)	3	1	1
Colonel Cradock's b. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.....	1	2	2
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Craigmillar, by Canteen, 4 yrs, 8st.....	2	3	3
Mr. Walker's b. f. Maid of Melrose, 4 yrs, 8st.	4	4	dr.

Seven to 4 agst Philip, and 2 to 1 agst Fanny. A good race.

THURSDAY, June 20.—The GOLD CUP by subscription of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 7st. 11lb. ; five, 8st. 7lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Orde's br. c. <i>Tomboy</i> , 4 yrs (Johnson).....	1
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. Pantomime, 3 yrs	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Stotforth	3
Mr. Ramsay's br. g. XXX, 4 yrs.....	4

The WALLSEND HARRIERS CUP, value 100gs. by subscription, with 10 added for the second horse, for horses not thorough-bred ; 11st. each.—The winner of this Cup once to carry 5lb. ; twice or more 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Capt. Potts's b. h. <i>Master Syntax</i> , aged (Mr. Charlton).....	1	1
Mr. Redhead's ch. g. Chevalier, 6 yrs	3	2
Mr. Lambert's b. m. Mary, 6 yrs	2	3
Mr. Hunter's b. g. Tally-ho, 6 yrs.....	4	4

The MEMBER'S PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Col. Cradock's b. c. Brother to Homer, by Catton, 3 yrs (Cartwright).....	2	1	1
Mr. Marley's b. f. Palmflower, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2
Capt. Potts's b. c. Sparrow Hawk, 4 yrs.....	3	3	dr.

BATH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 19.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts and fillies.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. <i>Uncle Toby</i> , by Cain out of Mary by Friday, 8st. 4lb. (Chapple) 1	1
Mr. Trelawney's b. c. by Reveller out of Lucinda, 8st. 7lb.....	2

The SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 100 sovs. added.—The winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge.—The owner of the second horse to save his Stake.—Two miles and a distance.—Sixty-six subs. (fourteen of whom paid the larger and forty-two the smaller forfeit.)

Col. Peel's b. c. *Ernest*, by Paulowitz or Bedlamite, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. (Pavis) 1
Mr. Cosby's ch. c. Copper Captain, by Bobadil, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Sadler's ch. g. Achilles, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. I. Day's b. g. Little Boy Blue, aged, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Biggs's b. c. Pounce, 4 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Finch's br. f. Clara, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.; Mr. Reeves's bl. g. Black Will, aged, 7st. 9lb.; Mr. C. Day's b. f. Mileah, 4 yrs, 7st.; Mr. West's b. m. Harlot, 6 yrs, 8st.; and Mr. Wilkins's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 3 yrs, 5st. 12lb.—Two to 1 agst Pounce, 3 to 1 agst Copper Captain, and 4 to 1 agst Ernest.

The BOUNDARY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile.—Four subs.

Mr. I. Day's ch. c. by Luzborough out of Miss Westwalked over.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last half mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. *Cornelia*, by Emilius out of Carmine's dam by Crispin (Chapple) 1
Mr. Allies's ch. f. Lady Canford, by Catton—Blacklock 2
Mr. Tobin's b. f. The Jilt, by Muley out of Young Caprice..... 3

MATCH.—Mr. C. W. Codrington's b. f. *Eyelid*, by Godolphin out of Dora, 8st. (J. Day) beat Mr. Allies's c. Mariner, by Sailor, 8st. 3lb., half a mile, 25 sovs.

THURSDAY, June 20.—The ORIGINAL FIVE SOVS. STAKES, with 50 added from the Racing Fund, for horses that never won 100 sovs. before the day of nomination:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six, 9st. 12lb.; and aged, 10st.—The winner of 100 sovs. at any time previous to starting, to carry 5lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles and a distance.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Briggs's b. c. *Pounce*, by Merlin, 4 yrs (J. Day) 1
Mr. I. Day's ch. c. by Luzborough out of Miss West, 3 yrs 2
Mr. West's ch. c. Creeper, by Claude Lorraine out of Angelica, 4 yrs 3
Six to 4 on Pounce.

The DYRHAM STAKES (Handicap) of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Peyton's b. g. *Don Juan* (late Mavrocordato), by Blucher, aged, 8st. 7lb. (Darling)..... 4 1 1
Mr. Harris's ch. c. Hylas, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. 1 4 2
Mr. Allies's Fairplay, 4 yrs, 6st. 2 3 3
Mr. T. Oliver's Cock Robin, aged, 10st..... 3 2 dr.
Mr. Wilkins's b. g. Dictator, 5 yrs, 8st. 5 dr.

The TUREEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 3lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Three miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Finch's br. f. *Clara*, by Filho, 4 yrs (Wakefield) 1
Mr. Sadler's b. f. Eleanor, by Middleton, 4 yrs 2
Sir L. Glyn's b. f. Louisa, by Teniers out of Peruviana, 4 yrs 3
Six to 5 on Eleanor.

The RUBBISH STAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added:—two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 7lb.; four, 9st. 7lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 9lb.—A winner of a clear 50 to carry 4lb.; of two fifties or a hundred, 7lb. extra: if not thorough-bred allowed 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Any horse that has not been in regular training stables since 1st January 1883 allowed 7lb.—The winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Cosby's b. f. *Temperance*, by Lapdog, 3 yrs (Connolly)..... 1 1
Mr. Bristow's Pagoda, 3 yrs 3 2
Mr. Harris's ch. c. Hylas, 4 yrs..... 2 3
The winner was claimed.

TENBURY MEETING.

THURSDAY, June 13.—**MAIDEN PLATE** of 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Price's b. f. <i>Aurora</i> , by Piscator, 3 yrs (Gray)	1	1
Mr. S. Patrick's b. g. by May-day, dam Caroline by Juniper, 3 yrs	2	2
Mr. Williams's b. f. by Woful out of Mandoline, 3 yrs	5	3
Mr. Burton's b. m. Sister to The Admiral, 5 yrs	3	4
Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Fungus, dam by Bustard, 3 yrs	4	5

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added by the Town:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—A winner once this year to carry 3lb.; twice 5lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Fuller's b. f. <i>Lady Harrington</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs (Brown)	1	1
Mr. Burton's b. f. <i>Callap</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs	3	2
Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom, 4 yrs	2	dr.

The **HACK STAKES** was won, at four heats, by Mr. Hall's b. m. by *Master Henry*, aged (owner), beating nine others.

KNIGHTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 19.—The **RADNORSHIRE STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 50l. added by the County and Borough Members, for horses of all descriptions that never won more than 50l. at any one time.—The second horse to receive 10l. out of the Stakes.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Burton's b. g. <i>Callap</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (Spring)	3	1	1
Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom, 4 yrs, 8st.	1	3	2
Mr. Fuller's b. f. <i>Lady Harrington</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.	2	2	dr.

The **WHIP STAKES** of five sovs. each, with a Whip given by the Steward, for horses not thorough-bred, that never won more than 20l. at any one time, and that were regularly hunted the last season.—Gentlemen riders, 12st. each.—Heats, once round and the long length.—Eight subs.

Mr. Jones's b. g. by Master Henry, dam by St. Domingo, 6 yrs (Mr. Tongue)	0	1	1
Mr. Stephens's ch. g. Heir at Law, by Sherwood, 5 yrs	0	2	2
Mr. Ackers na. br. m. Kate, 6 yrs	4	3	3
Mr. Wilkins's ch. g. The Infant, 6 yrs	5	4	dr.
Mr. Rogers's br. g. by Spectre, dam by Sir Guy, 5 yrs	3	dr.	

The **FARMERS' STAKES** of three sovs. each, with a Silver Cup added, the gift of Radnorshire Gentlemen resident in London, for horses not thorough-bred, foaled and bred in the county of Radnor or within a distance of seven miles from Knighton Race Course.—Heats, once round and the long length.

Mr. J. Weyman's b. g. by Comus, dam by Ambo, 3 yrs, 9st. (T. Jones)	1	1
Mr. Rogers's br. g. by Spectre, dam by Sir Guy, 5 yrs, 11st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. Wilkins's b. g. Apparition, by Spectre, 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb.	3	dr.

THURSDAY, June 20.—**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, from the Fund, for half-bred horses that never won more than 50l. at any one time, and that were hunted the last season.—Gentlemen riders, 12st. each.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round and the long length.—Six subs.

Mr. Gabriel's b. g. by Master Henry out of Milkmaid's dam, 5 yrs (Mr. Gough)	1	4	1
Mr. Moss's b. g. Doubtful, aged	3	1	3
Mr. Clay's ch. g. Heir at Law, 5 yrs	2	2	2
Mr. Jones's b. g. by Master Henry, 6 yrs	4	3	dr.
Mr. Wilkins's ch. g. The Infant, 6 yrs	5	dr.	

FREE HANDICAP of five sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund.—Heats, once round and the long length.—Six subs.

Mr. Burton's b. g. <i>Callap</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (Spring)	3	4	1	1
Mr. Price's b. m. by Master Henry, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (bolted)	0	3	dis.	
Mr. Price's ch. m. Dandina, 6 yrs, 10st.	0	1	dr.	
Mr. Jones's ch. c. by May-day, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.	4	2	dr.	

N. B. There was a false start for the third heat, when Dandina and the Master Henry mare ran the Course through, and Dandina won.

The **LADIES' SUBSCRIPTION PURSE**, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for half-bred horses that never won 20l., heats once round and a distance, was won by

Mr. Evans's b. m. by Ambo, aged, 11st. (J. Jones) beating two others.

WELLS MEETING.

TUESDAY, June 25.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for the produce of mares covered by Luzborough in 1829 :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. *Louis-d'or*, out of *Rigmarole*walked over.

The MENDIP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added from the Fund.—The second horse to save his Stake.—Two miles and a distance.—Twenty-one subs. (seven of whom paid the larger and eleven the smaller forfeit.)

Mr. Day's br. g. *Little Boy-blue*, by Paulowitz, aged, 8st. 3lb. (Darling)..... 1

Mr. Ratclyffe's ch. h. *Mazeppa*, 6 yrs, 9st. 3lb..... 2

Mr. Sadler's ch. g. *Achilles*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 3

The WELLS CUP in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred :—three-year-olds, 9st. ; four, 10st. 4lb. ; five, 11st. 6lb. ; six, 12st. ; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of 50 sovs. before starting, once, to carry 5lb., twice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subs.

Mr. Bayley's ch. c. *Warrior*, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. (Mr. R. Bayley)..... 1 1

Mr. Keen's b. g. *Walker*, 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb..... 2 2

CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb. ; four, 8st. 5lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six, 9st. 3lb. ; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. *Coronet*, by Catton, aged, 9st. 5lb. (Trenn) 1 1

Mr. Peyton's b. g. *Don Juan*, aged, 9st. 4lb..... - 2

Mr. Day's ch. c. by Luzborough out of Miss West, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb..... 2 3

Mr. Clift's b. f. *Temperance*, by Lapdog, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. - dr.

WEDNESDAY, June 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for the produce of half-bred mares covered by Luzborough in 1829, with 25 added by Mr. Dilly :—colts, 9st. ; fillies and geldings, 8st. 11lb.—One mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. H. J. Smith's br. f. *Tinsel*, out of his Foxbury marewalked over.

COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. 12lb. ; five, 9st. 5lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.—A winner once this year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice or more, 7lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Taunton's b. m. *Frederica*, by Sultan, 5 yrs (Trenn) 1 1

Mr. Day's ch. c. by Luzborough out of Miss West, 3 yrs..... 2 2

Mr. Smith's b. c. *Romer*, 3 yrs 3 3

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for regular hunters not thorough-bred :—four-year-olds, 10st. 10lb. ; five, 11st. 6lb. ; six and aged, 12st.—Gentlemen riders.—Horses having won 50 sovs. (matches excepted) to carry 10lb. extra.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Keen's b. h. *Walker* (owner) 2 1 1

Mr. M. Jones's May Dacre 1 2 2

Mr. G. Dallimore na. b. h. *Lottery* (rider fell) dis.

The RUBBISH STAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added :—two-year-olds, 7st. ; three, 8st. 7lb. ; four, 9st. 7lb. ; five, 10st. ; six and aged, 10st. 9lb.—A winner of 50 sovs. to carry 4lb., twice 50 or 100, 7lb. extra ; if not thorough-bred allowed 7lb.—Any horse not having been in regular training stables since January the 1st, allowed 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.—One mile and a distance.

Mr. Smith's b. c. *Romer*, 3 yrs (Trenn)..... 1

Mr. Clift's b. f. *Temperance*, 3 yrs 2

LUDLOW MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 26.—The LUDFORD STAKES of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Three Y. C.—Seven subs.

Mr. Giffard's ch. m. *Kalmia*, by Magistrate, aged (Lear)..... 1

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, 6 yrs..... 2

Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. *Fear*, 3 yrs 3

Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom, dam by Bustard, 4 yrs..... 4

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Three-year-old Course.—A mile and a quarter.—Four subs.

Mr. Lacey's b. f. *Caroline*, by Chateau Margaux out of Stella, 8st. 4lb....walked over,

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Three-year-old Course.—Three subs.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Mishap (J. Lamb) 1
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Pacific, by Lottery out of Oceana ... 2

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by Viscount CLIVE, for horses that never won more than 50 sovs. before the day of entrance:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Horses that have won 50 sovs. to carry 7lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. extra.—Heats, Three-year-old Course.

Capt. Philips's b. c. by Champignon out of Rosaria's dam, 4 yrs (W. Hardy) 4 1 1
Mr. Fuller's br. f. Nell Gwynne, by Master Henry out of Eleanor by Manfred, 3 yrs 1 4 2
Mr. Spencer's ch. f. by Woful out of Flora's dam, 3 yrs 5 5 3
Mr. Moss's b. f. by Lottery out of Elephant's dam, 3 yrs 3 2 dr.
Mr. Peel's ch. f. Fear, 3 yrs 3 3 dr.

THURSDAY, June 27.—The **GOLD CUP** in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Twice round.—Seven subs.

Mr. Giffard's ch. m. *Kalmia*, aged, 9st. 11lb. (W. Lear) 1
Mr. Thorne's b. g. Harry, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb. 2

The **OAKLEY PARK STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for half-bred hunters, 12st. each. Heats, Three-year-old Course.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subs.

Mr. Price's ch. m. *Dandina*, by Young Pavilion, 6 yrs (Mr. Griffiths) 1 1
Mr. Gabriel's b. g. Ploughboy, 5 yrs 2 2
Mr. T. George's b. g. Jerry, aged 4 3
Mr. George's ch. m. Acco, 5 yrs 3 dr.

The **OAKLEY STAKES** of five sovs. each, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, Three-year-old Course.—Ten subs.

Mr. Fuller's b. f. *Lady Harrington*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Brown) 1 1
Mr. Roe's b. c. Jack Tar, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. 3 2
Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. 2 3
Mr. Williams's b. f. by Woful out of Mandoline, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. 6 4
Mr. Moss's b. f. by Lottery out of Elephant's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. 4 dr.
Mr. Patrick's b. g. by May Day out of Caroline, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (bolted) 5 dis.

STOCKBRIDGE MEETING.

THURSDAY, June 27.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Untried Stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.: only one allowance.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. *Dangerous*, by Tramp walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st.; six, 11st. 6lb.; and aged, 11st. 9lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a half.—To be ridden by Members of a Foxhunting or Racing Club.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. *Pounce*, by Merlin, 4 yrs (Mr. Peyton) 1
Mr. Osbaldeston's Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery, 5 yrs 2
Two to 1 on Pounce.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Ten subs.

Mr. Tayler's b. f. *Myrina*, by Whalebone out of Pasithea by Rubens (Cowley) 1
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Pigeon, by Reveller out of Wings 2
Mr. Martyn's b. c. Mignon, by Reveller out of Fanny Leigh 3
Six to 4 on Myrina.

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by R. Etwall, Esq. Steward:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 9st.; six, 9st. 3lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. f. *Kittums*, by Abjer, 4 yrs (Connolly) 1 1
Mr. Sadler's b. m. Euryone, by Reveller, 5 yrs 6 2
Mr. Russell's gr. g. Blue Ruin, aged 4 3
Mr. Biggs's ch. f. Miss Badsley, 4 yrs (broke down) 2 dr.
Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Doctor Eady or Virgilius out of Atalanta, 3 yrs 3 dr.
Mr. Martyn's b. m. Mistletoe, 5 yrs (broke down) 5 dr.
Two to 1 agst Miss Badsley; after the heat 5 to 4 on Kittums.

FRIDAY, June 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for regular hunters :—four-year-olds, 10st. 5lb. ; five, 11st. ; six, 11st. 5lb. ; and aged, 11st. 7lb.—Thoroughbred horses to carry 12lb. extra.—One mile and a half.—To be ridden by Members of a Foxhunting or Racing Club.—Five subs.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 5 yrs (owner)..... 1

Mr. Dunkley's br. c. *The Curate*, 4 yrs..... 2

Mr. Etwall's br. g. *Caleb*, by Waterloo, 5 yrs..... 3

Six to 4 agst *Caleb*, 2 to 1 agst *Lady Elizabeth*, and 2 to 1 agst *The Curate*.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb. ; four, 8st. 5lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a half.—Ten subs.

Mr. Biggs's *Pounce*, by Merlin, 4 yrswalked over.

HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, five ft. if declared, &c.—T. Y. C.—Five subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Middleton out of *Little Folly*, 3 yrs, 5st. 12lb. (*Baylis*) 1

Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. f. *Kittums*, by Abjer, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb..... 2

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. 3

Mr. Pryse's ch. c. out of *Atalanta*, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb. 4

Five to 4 agst *Kittums*, and 2 to 1 agst *Lady Elizabeth*.

LIVERPOOL MEETING.

(AINTREE COURSE.)

TUESDAY, July 2.—The **CROXTETH STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added :—three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subs.

Mr. Skipsey's br. c. *Physician*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs (*Nelson*)..... 1

Mr. Mostyn's b. m. *Her Highness*, by Moses, 5 yrs..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Scarisbrick's br. h. *Birmingham*, 6 yrs ; Mr. C. Townley's b. c. *Westport*, 4 yrs ; Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. *Birdcatcher*, 4 yrs ; and Sir T. Stanley's br. h. *Caractacus*, 5 yrs.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Fourteen subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *The Controller*, by Filho out of *Etiquette*, 8st. 11lb. (*Calloway*) 1

Sir W. Wynn's ch. c. *Ratcatcher*, by Langar, 8st. 11lb. 2

Mr. G. Oates's br. f. by Walton, dam by Walton out of *Stella*, 7st. 12lb. 3

Mr. Legh's b. c. by Lottery out of *Primrose* by *Comus*, 8st. 11lb..... 4

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Mostyn's br. f. *Vittoria*, by Camel out of *Archduchess* (*Lye*)..... 1

Sir R. K. Dick's ch. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Actæon out of *Bella*..... 2

Mr. R. Allanson's b. c. *Cashier*, by Banker out of *Kite*..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Sir J. Boswell's ch. f. *The-ressa*, by *The Moslem* out of *Wilful* ; Mr. R. Turner's b. c. by *Peter Lely* out of *Clinton's dam* ; Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. *The Count*, by *Figaro* out of *Catgut* ; Lord Westminster's b. c. by Camel out of *Amuscade* ; and Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Roman*, by *Emilius* out of *Rough Robin's dam*.

MAIDEN PLATE of 80 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb. ; four, 8st. ; five and upwards, 8st. 9lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, to start at the distance and go once round.

Mr. J. W. Ellis's b. c. by *Figaro* out of *Lady Fulford*, 3 yrs 1 1

Mr. Armitstead's ch. f. *Miniature*, by *Teniers*, 4 yrs..... 2 2

Mr. Locket's b. c. by Lottery, dam by *Blacklock*, 4 yrs..... 4 3

Mr. Griffiths's b. g. by *Antonio* (half-bred), 6 yrs..... 3 4

WEDNESDAY, July 3.—The **FOAL STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Once round.—Three subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *The Controller*, by Filho out of *Etiquette* (*Calloway*) ... 1

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by *Waxy Pope* out of a *Rubens mare* (bought of Sir W. W. Wynn) 2

The **SEFTON STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added :—for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Skipsey's b. f. *Eve*, by Lottery, dam by Waltonwalked over.

The TRADESMEN'S CUP or Piece of Plate, value 200 sovs. with 100 added to a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—Two miles. The winner to pay 30 sovs. to the Judge.—The second horse received back his Stake.—Fifty-six subs. (thirteen of whom paid the larger and seventeen the smaller forfeit.)

Lord Wilton's b. h. <i>Chancellor</i> , by Minos, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (G. Edwards)	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. David, by Catton, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.	2
Mr. Gardiner's b. c. Mowbray Hill, by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.	3
Mr. Skipsey's b. c. Physician, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	4
Mr. Bower's b. f. Lady Stafford, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.	5

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir R. W. Bulkeley's br. h. Pickpocket, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; Sir J. Boswell's br. c. Vyvyan, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Wilson's b. c. Primendorf, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; and Mr. Webster's bl. g. Cantab, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb.—Nine to 4 agst Chancellor, 5 to 1 agst Pickpocket, 5 to 1 agst Lady Stafford, 8 to 1 agst Mowbray Hill, and 8 to 1 agst David.

FREE HANDICAP of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for four-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Gardiner's b. c. <i>Mowbray Hill</i> , by Blacklock, 7st. 5lb. (Lye)	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. Miss Lytham, by Brutandorf, 6st. 12lb.	2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. Maiden horses 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Taylor's b. c. <i>Algiers</i> , by Irish Homer, 3 yrs (Wright)	1
Mr. Wilkins's ch. g. Pestilence, 4 yrs	2
Mr. Ogden's b. m. Olive, 5 yrs	3
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. Miss Lytham, 4 yrs	4
Mr. Houldsworth's b. g. Hawk, 3 yrs	5
Mr. Wood's ch. m. Emily (late Felicity), 5 yrs	6

THURSDAY, July 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—A winner of 50 sovs. in Plate or Sweepstakes in 1833, before naming, to carry 3lb. extra; if more, 5lb.—Once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Crompton's br. c. <i>Satan</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs (Hesseltine)	1
Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. Puss, by Teniers, 4 yrs	2
Lord Derby's gr. c. Falconbridge, by Falcon, 4 yrs	3
Mr. Yates's ch. f. Sensitive, by Cain, 4 yrs	4

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Eighteen subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Jack Faucet</i> , by Jack Spigot—Hedley (Darling)	1
Mr. Barrow's b. f. by Whisker out of Alecto	2
Lord Westminster's br. c. The Controller, by Filho	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir R. W. Bulkley's b. f. Sister to Miss Maria; Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace; Mr. O. Powlett's br. f. by Lottery out of Miss Fanny; Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. Allegro; and Mr. Skipsey's br. f. Eve.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages (two-year-olds excepted).—T.Y.C.

Mr. Yates's ch. f. <i>Sensitive</i> , by Cain, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (Lye)	1
Lord Derby's gr. c. Falconbridge, by Falcon, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Gardiner's br. g. Pluralist, by Ambo, aged, 9st.	3
Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Kitty Fisher, by Bravo, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.	4

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 1lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. W. Crompton's br. c. <i>Satan</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs (Lye)	2	0	1	1
Mr. J. W. Ellis's b. c. by Figaro out of Lady Fulford	1	3	3	2
Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. Contest, by Catton, 5 yrs	4	0	2	3
Mr. Yates's br. m. Hope, by Lottery, 5 yrs	3	4	dr.	

FRIDAY, July 5.—The LANCASHIRE STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only five if declared, &c. with 30 added.—The second horse to save his Stake.—Once round and a distance.—Six subs. (one of whom paid the smaller and three the larger ft.)

Mr. C. Townley's b. c. <i>Westport</i> , by Langar, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. (Holmes)	1
Mr. G. Crompton's br. c. The Prince, by Figaro, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.	2

The STANLEY STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added :—for two-year-olds, 6st. 8lb. ; and three, 8st. 10lb.—Fillies allowed 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Eight subs.

Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Margaret*, by Actæon, 2 yrs (Lye) 1
Lord Derby's ch. c. *Magus*, by Whisker, 2 yrs 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Orde Powlett's br. f. by Lottery out of *Miss Fanny*, 3 yrs ; Mr. Allanson's b. f. *Lady Moore Carew*, 3 yrs ; Mr. T. Barrow's b. f. by Whisker out of *Alecto*, 3 yrs ; and Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Constance*, 3 yrs.

The STAND CUP or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles and a half.—Twenty-one subs.

Mr. Walker's b. h. *Consol*, by Lottery, 5 yrs (G. Edwards)..... 1
Mr. Skipsey's b. c. *Physician*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs..... 2
Five to 2 on Consul.

The FARMERS' PLATE of 100 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 8lb. ; six, 8st. 12lb. ; and aged, 9st.—Maiden colts at starting allowed 2lb. ; fillies, 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *David*, by Catton, 4 yrs (Darling)..... 1 1
Mr. Wormald's b. g. *Bullet*, by Cannon Ball, 6 yrs..... 3 2
Mr. Lockey's b. c. by Lottery, dam by Blacklock, 4 yrs..... 2 3
Mr. Nanney's ch. c. *Ratcatcher*, by Langar, 3 yrs..... 4 4

IPSWICH MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 2.—His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 9st. 1lb. ; five, 9st. 11lb. ; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre, out of Mouse, 4 yrs (W. Arnall) 1 1
Lord Clarendon's ch. f. *Datura*, by Reveller, 4 yrs 3 2
Lord Berners's br. h. by Comus out of Rotterdam, 6 yrs (fell lame) 2 3

The TOWN and COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Coleman's ch. g. *Dr. Sewell*, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (W. Coleman) 3 0 1 1
Mr. Cobbold's b. f. by Comus out of Ringdove's dam, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.... 1 0 2 dr.
Lord Berners's ch. c. by Oscar out of Tippetwitchet, 3 yrs, 7st. 2 3 3
Mr. Boyce's ch. f. *Solitaire*, by Emilia, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. 4 4 4
Mr. Pierson's bl. g. *Nonsuit*, aged, 8st. 11lb. 5 dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 3.—GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs., &c.

Mr. Coleman's ch. g. *Dr. Sewell*, 5 yrs, 9st. (W. Coleman)..... 3 1 1
Mr. Bromley's b. f. by Albany, dam by Tiresias, out of Protocol's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb..... 1 3 2
Mr. Cobbold's b. f. by Comus out of Ringdove's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb..... 2 2 dr.

The TOWN PLATE of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a King's Plate in 1832 to carry 10lb. extra.—Heats, about a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Blake's b. g. *Atlas*, aged (half-bred, allowed 10lb.)—(F. Buckle)..... 1 1
Mr. Munro's gr. g. *Dwarf*, aged..... 2 2
Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar out of Spotless, 3 yrs 3 3

WINCHESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 3.—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies and geldings, 8st. 4lb.—New Straight Mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. *Dangerous*, by Tramp out of Defiance walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added, for regular hunters :—four-year-olds, 10st. 5lb. ; five, 11st. ; six, 11st. 5lb. ; aged, 11st. 7lb. : thorough-bred horses to carry 12lb. extra.—To be ridden by Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—One mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Wreford's br. m. *Wilna*, by Smolensko, 5 yrs (Mr. Molony) 1
Mr. Etwall's br. g. *Caleb*, by Waterloo, 5 yrs 2
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's gr. m. *Lady Betty* 3

The HAMPSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c., with 100 added.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Two miles and a distance.—Thirteen subs. (six of whom paid the larger and four the smaller ft.)

Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Pounce</i> , by Merlin out of Surprise, 4 yrs, 8st. (J. Day)	1	1
Mr. I. Sadler's ch. h. <i>Achilles</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. Nattle's b. c. <i>Gnostic</i> , by Manfred, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.	3	3

The KING'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 9st. 1lb. ; five, 9st. 11lb. ; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. <i>Lady Elizabeth</i> , by Lottery, 5 yrs (T. Robinson)	1	1
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Kittums, by Abjer, 4 yrs	2	dr.
Mr. Sadler's b. m. <i>Delight</i> , by Reveller, 5 yrs	3	dr.
Mr. Mills's Gilbert, by Sherwood, 6 yrs	4	dr.

The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses that never won before the day of entrance :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 5lb. ; five, 9st. ; six, 9st. 6lb. ; and aged, 9st. 9lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Etwall's ch. f. <i>Malibran</i> , by Muley, 3 yrs (Chapple)	1	1
Mr. Gauntlett's br. f. <i>Dusky</i> , by Luzborough, 3 yrs	2	2
Mr. W. Day's ch. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Reveller out of Legacy, 3 yrs	3	3
Mr. Edgar's Demoiselle, by Reveller, 6 yrs	4	4

THURSDAY, July 4.—The GOLD CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added from the Fund.—Ascot Cup Weights.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Pounce</i> , by Merlin, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (J. Day)	1	1
Mr. Henley's Cecilia, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.	2	2
Mr. W. Wyndham's Sister to Colleger, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies and geldings, 8st. 4lb.—The last half mile.—Three subs.

Mr. S. Wreford's b. c. *Warrener*, by Sir Huldibrand out of Snare..... walked over.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added.—The last three quarters of a mile.—Nine subs.

Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. <i>Wassailer</i> , by Reveller, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Cowley)	1	1
Mr. Nattle's b. g. <i>Gnostic</i> , by Manfred, 4 yrs, 7st.	2	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. C. Day's Landrail, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. ; Mr. D. Radcliffe's Kittums, 4 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. Wreford's Wilna, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb. ; Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Middleton out of Little Folly, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb. ; and Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Dr. Eady or Virgilius, 3 yrs, 5st. 6lb.

PURSE, value 20 sovs. added to a subscription of three sovs. each.—Two miles.—11st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—The winner to be sold for 45 sovs. &c.—Five subs.

Mr. Trelawney's br. g. <i>Walter</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs (Mr. Delme Radcliffe)	1	1
Mr. Sadler's Latitat, aged	2	2
Mr. Edgar's Demoiselle, by Reveller, 6 yrs	3	3
Mr. Freak's b. g. aged	4	4

The winner was claimed.

CITY MEMBERS PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year olds, 6st. 4lb. ; four, 7st. 9lb. ; five, 8st. 4lb. ; six, 8st. 11lb. ; aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners once in the present year to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., thrice or more 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Scotland's b. h. <i>Scout</i> , by Pyramus, 6 yrs (Wakefield)	5	4	1	1
Mr. Finch's b. f. <i>Cecilia</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs	1	2	2	2
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. f. Kittums, by Abjer, 4 yrs	4	1	4	3
Mr. Etwall's br. g. <i>Caleb</i> , by Waterloo, 5 yrs	2	3	3	3
Mr. W. Day's b. m. Landrail, by Bustard, 6 yrs	3	dr.		

MATCH.—Mr. Delme Radcliffe's gr. m. *Lady Betty*, recd. from Mr. Codrington's ch. m. *Miss Martineau*, 10st. 5lb., 50 sovs. h. ft.

BRIDGWATER MEETING.

THURSDAY, July 4.—The BRIDGWATER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and five only if declared, &c.—The second horse to save his stake.—About two miles.—Eight subs. (one of whom paid the larger and five the smaller ft.)

Mr. Taunton's b. m. <i>Frederica</i> , by Sultan, 5 yrs, 8st. (Trenn)	1	1
Mr. Radclyffe's ch. h. <i>Mazeppa</i> , by Godolphin, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.	2	2

COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 10lb. ; five, 9st. 3lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—A winner once this year to carry 3lb. ; twice, 6lb. ; thrice, or more, 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Taunton's ch. h. <i>Firman</i> , by Sultan, 6 yrs (Trenn).....	1	1
Mr. Stapleton's br. f. <i>Temperance</i> , by Lapdog, 3 yrs.....	2	dr.
Mr. Bryant's Slander, by Comus, 6 yrs	3	dr.

The QUANTOCK STAKES (handicap) of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—A mile and a distance.

Mr. Taunton's b. m. <i>Frederica</i> , by Sultan, 5 yrs, 9st. (Trenn)	1
Mr. Bryant's br. m. Slander, by Comus, 6 yrs, 7st. 6lb.....	2
Mr. Wilkinson's b. g. Dictator, by Antelope, 5 yrs, 7st. 10lb.....	3

MATCH.—Mr. Keen's b. g. *Walker* (Trenn) beat Mr. Wilkins's br. g. Comus, 9st. each, 50 sovs.

FRIDAY, July 5.—The **BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 11lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Heats, to start at the Red Post, and go once round.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, aged (Trenn).....	1	1
Mr. Bryant's Slander, by Comus, 6 yrs.....	2	2
Mr. Smith's Romer	3	dr.

The **WEST SOMERSET YEOMANRY CUP**, value 50 sovs. was won at three heats by Mr. Channen's b. g. *Tomboy* (owner) beating four others.

The **HACK STAKES** of two sovs. each, with 20 added, was won by Mr. Bryant's b. m. *Slander*, by Comus, 6 yrs, beating three others.

SILVER CUP, value 25 sovs. for horses the property of Non-Commissioned Officers or Privates in the W. S. Y. C. was won by Mr. Palmer's *Cheese Factor* beating four others.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

MONDAY, July 8.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New T. Y. C.

Mr. Batson's ch. f. <i>Revelry</i> , by Reveller (Nat)	1
Duke of Rutland's b. c. <i>Shylock</i> , by Waterloo—Moses' dam	2
Mr. W. Edwards's b. g. <i>Crocodile</i> , by Camel out of Witchery	3
Lord Exeter's b. c. Brother to Beiram, by Sultan.....	4
Mr. Langham's b. c. <i>Laud</i> , by Zealot—Canterbury	5

Five to 4 agst Revelry, 2 to 1 agst Shylock, and 4 to 1 agst Crocodile.

SECOND YEAR.—Renewal of the **JULY STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New T. Y. C.—Thirty-one subs.

Mr. Scott Stonechewer's b. f. <i>Zulima</i> , by Sultan out of Emma, by Orville (E. Pavis).....	1
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Dublin, by St. Patrick out of the dam of Dervise	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Jersey's br. c. *Musquito*, by Emilius out of Butterfly ; Col. Peel's b. c. *Harum Scarum*, by Bedlamite out of Fille de Joie ; Lord Orford's b. c. by St. Patrick out of Stays ; Sir M. Wood's br. c. by Reveller out of Louisa by Orville out of Quadrille ; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *La Bayadere*, by Leviathan out of Dahlia ; Lord Lowther's b. c. by Partisan out of Fawn ; Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *Vidocq*, by Velocipede out of Lepanto's dam by Comus ; Mr. Sowerby's gr. c. *Malcolm*, by Dunsinane, dam by Hedley (Orion's dam) ; Mr. Greatrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla by Sorcerer ; Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan out of Dahlia's dam ; Mr. S. Day's b. f. by Emilius out of Mr. Thornhill's Mustard ; and Duke of Rutland's b. c. by St. Patrick, dam by Orville, grandam by Zodiac out of Jerboa.—Seven to 2 agst Stays, 5 to 1 agst Dervise, 7 to 1 agst Harum Scarum, 8 to 1 agst Louisa, 9 to 1 agst Zulima, and 10 to 1 agst Trulla.

MATCH.—Mr. Hunter's br. m. *Volage*, by Waverley, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day) beat Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, by Swap, 8st. 3lb. D. M. 100, h. ft.—Five to 4 on Gab.

MATCH.—Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. *Bon Ton*, Brother to Fashion, by Phantom, 8st. 8lb. rec. ft. from Lord Exeter's Brother to Spencer (dead), 8st. 7lb. New T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

TUESDAY, July 9.—FIFTY POUNDS:—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—D. I.—Entrance 7gs.
Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, aged..... walked over.

The **RUBBISH STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.—The winner to have been sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Batson's b. f. <i>Banquet</i> , by Truffle, 4 yrs (Nat)	1
Mr. Sowerby's b. c. <i>Plantagenet</i> , by Camel, dam by Andrew, 3 yrs	2
Lord Tavistock's b. c. <i>Schoolboy</i> , by Rasping, 4 yrs	3
Lord Lichfield's ch. f. <i>Sister to Terry Alt</i> , by Sligo, 3 yrs.....	4

Renewal of the **SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 1lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—T. M. M.—The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Emir</i> , by Centaur, 3 yrs (S. Rogers)	1
Mr. Henry's gr. c. <i>Protocol</i> , by Partisan, 5 yrs	0
Mr. Batson's b. c. <i>Mixbury</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs	0

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Sowerby's *Coroner*, aged; Lord Jersey's *Alca*, 5 yrs; and Mr. Bloss's *Water Witch*, 5 yrs.

N.B. The winner was claimed.

WEDNESDAY, July 10.—The TOWN PLATE of 50l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last mile and a distance of B. C.

Mr. Batson's ch. f. <i>Revelry</i> , by Reveller out of Harriet (Nat).....	1
Mr. Langham's Land, by Zealot—Canterbury	2
Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. <i>Chantilly</i> , by Gustavus	3
Mr. W. Chifney's br. c. by Swiss out of Galena.....	4

Six to 4 on *Revelry*, 3 to 1 agst *Chantilly*, and 7 to 2 agst *Galena*.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. <i>Shylock</i> , by Waterloo, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Boyce)	1
Mr. Hill's br. c. <i>Coroner</i> , by Magistrate, aged, 8st. 7lb.....	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Mary Anne*, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Lord Chesterfield's br. c. *Elvaston*, 3 yrs, 7st.; and Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Chateau Margaux, dam by Partisan, out of Silvertail, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.—Mr. T. J. Wood's *Ambrosio*, 4 yrs, 9st. 6lb. paid.—Seven to 4 agst *Shylock*, 7 to 2 agst *Coroner*, 4 to 1 agst *Elvaston*, and 5 to 1 agst *Miss Mary Anne*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—two-year-olds, 6st. 11lb.; and three, 9st.—New T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 200, &c.—Six sabs.

Lord Lowther's ch. c. by Reveller out of Aline, 2 yrs (Chapple)	1
Mr. Henry's b. f. by Mameluke, dam by Juniper out of Selima, by Selim, 2 yrs.....	2
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. by Stainborough out of Twatty, 2 yrs	3
Lord Exeter's <i>Mantilla</i> , by Sultan—Dulcinea, 3 yrs	4

N.B. The winner was claimed.

Even betting on *Aline*, and 6 to 4 agst the *Mameluke* filly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—two-year-olds, 7st.; and three, 9st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 50 sovs.

Mr. Mills's b. c. <i>Pincher</i> , by Lapdog out of Fancy, 2 yrs (Nat).....	1
Mr. Greville's c. by Bizarre out of Abigail's dam, 2 yrs	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Chesterfield's *Elvaston*, 3 yrs; Mr. Wood's *Sierra*, 3 yrs; and Lord Jersey's c. *Musquito*, 2 yrs.—Five to 4 agst *Pincher*, and 5 to 2 agst *Sierra*.

MATCH.—Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan out of Dahlia's dam, 8st. 3lb. (Arnall) beat Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. *Bon Ton*, by Phantom, 8st. 6lb. T. Y. C. 150, h. ft.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New T. Y. C.

Mr. Henry's b. f. by Partisan out of Gavotte (G. Edwards)	1
Mr. Sowerby's gr. c. <i>Malcolm</i> , by Dunsinane—Hedley.....	2

Sir M. Wood's Brother to Suffolk Punch paid ft.

MATCH.—Duke of Grafton's f. *Dublin*, by St. Patrick, rec. ft. from Lord Chesterfield's *La Bayadere*, by Leviathan, no weights mentioned, T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

PRESTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 9.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—
colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three-quarters.—Three subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Lottery out of General Mina's dam, by Ditto (Templeman), 1
Mr. Yates's b. c. Ironsides, by Edmund out of Matilda 2

The Eighth STANLEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added.—One mile and
a quarter.—Six subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. h. *Liverpool*, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (Lye) 1

Mr. Townley's b. c. Westport, by Langer, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb..... 2

Mr. Beardsworth's br. h. Birmingham, by Filho, 6 yrs, 8st. 1lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Lucas's b. m. Lady Bee (late
Miss Maria), 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; and Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. Puss, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.

In consequence of there being only one horse (Capt. Parker's b. g. by Lottery) en-
tered for the MAIDEN PLATE on the day of entry, the 50l. was withdrawn. The
gelding, however, was brought to the post, and walked over, and we understand it is
intended to claim the Plate.

WEDNESDAY, July 10.—GOLD CUP, value 100gu. added to a Sweepstakes of
10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Walker's br. h. *Consol*, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (Darling) 1

Duke of Cleveland's b. h. *Liverpool*, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb..... 2

Three to 1 on Consol.

FIFTY POUNDS :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.—Maiden horses al-
lowed 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Sir R. K. Dick's gr. g. *Allegro*, by Jock, 3 yrs (Lye) 1 2 0 1

Mr. Townley's b. c. Algiers, 3 yrs..... 3 1 0 2

Capt. Parker's b. g. by Lottery, 4 yrs 2 dr.

THURSDAY, July 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—
Mile and a quarter.—Four subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. h. *Birmingham*, by Filho, 6 yrs, 9st. 3lb. (Templeman)..... 1

Sir R. Bulkeley's bl. f. Jemima, 4 yrs, 8st..... 2

Mr. W. Turner's ch. c. Fitzdictor, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. 3

SEVENTY POUNDS, the gift of the Members for the Borough.—Heats, two miles
and a distance.

Mr. Gardiner's b. c. *Mowbray Hill*, by Blacklook, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (T. Lye)... 1 1

Mr. Lucas's b. m. Lady Bee, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb..... 2 2

Sir R. Bulkeley's bl. f. Jemima, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb..... 2 dr.

TAUNTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 10.—The TAUNTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and
only five if declared, &c. with 30 added from the Fund.—Two miles.—Thirteen
subs., eight of whom paid the smaller and two the larger ft.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. *Coronet*, by Catton, aged, 8st. 5lb. (T. Robinson)..... 1

Mr. Taunton's ch. h. Firman, 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb... 2

Mr. W. Ley's ch. c. The Hermit, by Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb..... 3

PLATE of 50l. given by the Members for the Western Division of the County.—
Heats, twice round, starting at the Red Post.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. *Lady Elisabeth*, by Lottery, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (T. Ro-
binson) 1 1

Mr. W. Ley's b. f. Solace, by Muley out of Dulcamara, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb. 2 dr.

Mr. Keen's b. g. Walker, 6 yrs, 9st. 3lb. 3 dr.

The TOWN PLATE of 50l.—Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Osbaldeston's *Lady Elisabeth*, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (T. Robinson)..... 2 1 1

Mr. Taunton's ch. h. Firman, 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb..... 1 2 2

Mr. Keen's br. m. Slander, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb..... 3 dr.

THURSDAY, July 11.—HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added
from the Fund.—One mile and a half.—Three subs.

Mr. Ley's ch. c. *The Hermit*, by Mr. Lowe, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (Wakefield) 1

Mr. Keen's b. g. Walker, 6 yrs, 7st. 10lb..... 2

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, to start at the Red Post, and go twice round.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. <i>Lady Elisabeth</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (T. Robinson)	1	1
Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , aged, 9st. 5lb.	dia.	
Mr. Keen's br. m. <i>Slander</i> , 6 yrs, 9st.	dia.	

Coronet and Slander pulled up in the first round by mistake.

The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 11lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a half, to start at the Blue Post.

Mr. Ley's ch. c. <i>The Hermit</i> , 4 yrs (Wakefield)	2	0	1	1
Mr. Taunton's b. m. <i>Frederica</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.	1	0	2	dr.
Mr. Keen's br. m. <i>Slander</i> , 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.	3	2		dr.

CHELTENHAM MEETING.

(The New Course is in Prestbury Park, within one mile of Cheltenham, and a quarter of a mile of Prestbury: a circular Course of about one mile, two furlongs, and one hundred yards.)

TUESDAY, July 16.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last half mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Bedlamite out of Mischance (Lamb)	1
Mr. Bristow's b. c. Donald, Brother to Uncle Toby, by Cain	2
Mr. West's br. c. by Shaver out of Rachel Ruysch by Rubens	3

Renewal of the GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse to have his stake returned.—About two miles.—Fifty-six subs., 13 of whom paid the larger and 34 the smaller forfeit.

Mr. West's ch. h. <i>Esile</i> , by Emilius out of Pigmy, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (J. Day)	1
Mr. Day's br. h. Conscript, by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Day's b. g. *Liston*, aged, 9st.; Mr. Cosby's ch. c. *Copper Captain*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Peel's br. h. *Changeling*, 5 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Col. Charritie's br. c. *Swing*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Mishap, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb.; Mr. Bristow's b. f. *Languish*, 3 yrs, 6st.; and Mr. Burton's b. f. by Catton out of Admiral's dam, 4 yrs, 5st. 10lb.—Seven to 4 agst *Copper Captain*, and 4 to 1 agst the winner.

The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 8lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once this year to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice or more, 7lb. extra.—Maiden horses at the time of naming allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. C. Day's br. f. <i>Milcah</i> , by Middleton out of Zuleika, 4 yrs (E. Pavis) ...	1	1
Mr. Bradshaw's b. g. <i>Revealer</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs	3	2
Mr. Crommelin's ch. g. <i>Peregrine Pickle</i> , by Rubens out of Double Entendre ...	2	3

WEDNESDAY, July 17.—The CHELTENHAM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st. 7lb.; four, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—A winner of the Pillerton, Bosworth, or Bullledon Coplow Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.—Maiden horses at the time of starting allowed 7lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Col. Charritie's br. c. <i>Swing</i> , by Fitz-Walton, 4 yrs (Mr. J. Bayly)	1
Mr. Price's ch. m. <i>Dandina</i> , by Pavilion, 6 yrs ..	2
Mr. Codrington's br. g. <i>Conservative</i> , by Young Phantom, 5 yrs	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Dutton's *Warrior*, 4 yrs; Mr. Newman's br. c. *Reform*, 4 yrs; Mr. Burton's b. f. by Catton out of Admiral's dam, 4 yrs; Mr. Ongley's *Donington*, 5 yrs; and Mr. H. E. Waller's ch. m. *Encore*, 5 yrs.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund, for horses that never won 100 sovs. before the day of nomination:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six, 9st. 12lb.; and aged, 10st.—The winner of 100 sovs. at any time previous to the day of starting to carry 5lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Bristow's b. f. <i>Languish</i> , by Cain, 3 yrs (J. Chapple)	1
Mr. Crommelin's b. h. <i>Sinbad</i> , by Swap, 5 yrs	2
Mr. C. Day's ch. c. by Luzborough out of Miss West, 3 yrs	3
Mr. West's ch. g. <i>Creeper</i> , 4 yrs	4

The FARMERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Hon. H. Moreton, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each for the second horse, heats, once round, was won at two heats by Mr. Smith's b. h. *Miracle*, aged (owner), beating three others.

THURSDAY, July 18.—The SHERBORNE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund.—Once round, about one mile and a quarter.—Fourteen subs.
 Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. *Uncle Toby*, by Cain, 3 yrs, 7st. (Wakefield) 1
 Mr. Day's b. m. *Diana*, 5 yrs, 7st. 10lb. 2
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. *Ticket*, 5 yrs, 8st. 3
 Mr. E. Jones names *Lely*, aged, 7st. 7lb. 4
 Seven to 4 agst *Lely*, and 8 to 1 agst *Uncle Toby*.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with a Purse added by the Ladies and Gentlemen : three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 8lb. ; five, 9st. 2lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners once in 1833 to carry 3lb. ; twice, 5lb. ; if more than twice, 7lb. extra.—Maiden horses at the time of naming allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. &c.—Heats, one mile.—Three subs.
 Mr. Crommelin's b. h. *Sinbad*, by Swap, 5 yrs (Darling) 2 1 0 1
 Mr. C. Day's br. f. *Milcah*, by Middleton, 4 yrs 1 2 0 2

The GOLD Cup, in specie, by subscription of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 11lb. ; six, 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Cup or 100 sovs. in 1833, before or after naming, to carry 4lb. extra ; of two such Cups, 7lb. extra.—Three miles.—Six subs.
 Mr. West's ch. h. *Exile*, by Emilius, 5 yrs (J. Day)..... walked over.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 10 added, for regular hunters.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Nine subs.
 Mr. C. W. Codrington's br. g. *Conservative*, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs, 11st. (Capt. Beecher) 1
 Mr. Dutton's ch. c. *Warrior*, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. 2
 Mr. Peyton's b. g. *Don Juan*, aged, 12st. 4lb. 3
 Mr. C. W. Codrington's *Dodington*, 4 yrs, 9st. 3lb. 4

NEWCASTLE MEETING (STAFFORDSHIRE).

TUESDAY, July 16.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for three-year-olds, with 30 added.—Twice round and a distance.—Five subs.
 Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. *Frensy*, by Bedlamite out of Catherina, 8st. 3lb. (Spring)..... 1
 Mr. Phillips's Tom Brown, by Elephant, 8st. 3lb. 2
 Mr. Turner's b. c. by Figaro out of Clinton's dam, 8st. 6lb. 3
 Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Zohrab*, by Filho da Puta, 8st. 3lb. 4

The TRENTHAM STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30 added.—Two miles and a distance.—Five subs.
 Mr. Massey's b. g. *Abelard*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (M. Jones)..... 1
 Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Henry Masterton*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. 2
 Mr. J. Timmis's b. c. *Newcastle*, by Manfred, 3 yrs, 6st. 3
 Mr. Turner's ch. c. *Scrivener*, by Banker, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. 4

PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses that never won 50 sovs. at any one time.—Heats, twice round and a distance.
 Mr. E. Peel's *Marianne*, by Champion, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (Woolly) 1 1
 Mr. J. Timmis's ch. f. *Saccharina*, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb. 2 2

WEDNESDAY, July 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for two-year-olds.—Heats, one mile.—Five subs.
 Mr. Mott's b. f. *Shelah*, by St. Patrick, 8st. (Calloway) 1
 Mr. Warren's b. f. *Shalot*, Sister to Garlic, by Master Henry, 8st. 2
 Mr. E. Peel's b. c. *Rutland*, by Sultan out of Belvoirina, 8st. 3lb. 3
 Mr. Buller's ch. c. by Peter Lely out of own Sister to Spartan, 8st. 3lb. 4
 The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. given by the Members for the Borough, added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles.—Five subs.
 Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. *Giovanni*, by Filho, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Arthur)..... 1
 Mr. Nanney's br. h. *Belmont*, by Figaro, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. 2
 Mr. E. Peel's b. f. *Marianne*, by Champion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 3

The LADIES' PURSE of 30 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Twice round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Smith's br. c. <i>Parthenon</i> , by Conductor, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Arthur)	3	1	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Henry Masterton, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb... ..	1	3	2
Mr. Nanney's br. h. Belmont, by Figaro, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.....	2	2	dr.

LANCASTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 16.—PLATE of 50L the gift of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, for horses that never won the value of 50L.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. S. Reed's b. c. <i>Slinker</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (Dodgson),	1	1
Mr. Mace's b. f. <i>Laurel-leaf</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.....	5	2
Capt. Parker's b. g. by Lottery, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.....	4	3
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by Cleveland, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. Parson's b. m. <i>Olive</i> , by Tarragon, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb.	3	dis.

WEDNESDAY, July 17.—GOLD CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added.—Three miles.—Nine subs.

Mr. J. Smith's b. f. <i>Remember</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs, 6st. 3lb. (Cartwright).....	1	
Mr. Crompton's b. c. <i>Satan</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb.....	2	
Mr. Green's ch. h. <i>Doctor Fraser</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....	3	

MEMBERS' PLATE of 70L.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Maid of Melrose</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Lye).....	1	1
Mr. Dyson's b. c. <i>Lockington</i> , by Young Phantom, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.....	2	2

THURSDAY, July 18.—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's br. f. <i>Remember</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (Cartwright).....	1	1
Mr. Reed's b. c. <i>Slinker</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.....	2	2
Mr. Twentyman's b. h. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, aged, 10st. 2lb.....	3	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—The second horse to save his stake.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Mace's b. f. <i>Laurel-leaf</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs (Shepherd)	3	3	1	1
Mr. Pritt's b. m. <i>Lady Bee</i> , by Count Porro, 5 yrs	2	1	2	2
Mr. Dyson's b. c. <i>Lockington</i> , by Young Phantom, 3 yrs	1	2	3	dr.
Mr. Nicholson's br. g. 4 yrs.....	4			dr.

STAMFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 17.—The BURGHLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 25 added from the Stand Purse.—To start at the New mile and go once round.—Twenty-one subs., nine of whom paid the larger and seven the smaller ft.

Col. Peel's b. c. <i>Ernest</i> , by Bedlamite or Paulowitz, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Pavis)	1	
Col. King's b. c. by Figaro out of Madcap's dam, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.	2	
Lord Chesterfield's <i>Dirca</i> , by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.	3	
Mr. Flintham's b. g. <i>Anti-catholic</i> , by Wothorpe, aged, 8st. 5lb.	4	
Col. Peel's <i>Malibran</i> , by Whisker, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.	5	

The DONATION CUP STAKES of five sovs. each, with eight added, for horses not thorough-bred, ten subs. was won at four heats by Mr. Betts's br. f. *Miss Fortune*, 3 yrs, 10st. beating four others.

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 8lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—The winner of a Cup or Sweepstakes to carry 4lb. extra.—The winner to be sold for 150gs. &c.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Watson's b. c. by Chateau Margaux, dam by Partisan out of Silvertail, 3 yrs (S. Rogers).....	1	1
Mr. O'Conner's b. c. <i>Carlton</i> , 4 yrs.....	3	2
Lord Exeter's <i>Matilla</i> , by Sultan, 3 yrs	2	dr.

THURSDAY, July 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Five subs.

Col. Peel's b. c. <i>Harum Scarum</i> , by Bedlamite (A. Pavis)	1	
Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Sister to Cactus</i>	2	

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie:—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Thrice round.—Eighteen subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Dirce*, by Partisan, 3 yrs (S. Rogers)..... 1
Col. Peel's b. c. Archibald, by Paulowitz, 4 yrs 2
Mr. Wilson's br. c. Argent, by Whalebone, 4 yrs 3
Dr. Willis's br. g. Monkey, by Young Filho or Young Haphazard, aged 4

TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Horses that have won once this year to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, or more, 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round.

Lord Exeter's *Brother to Beiram*, by Sultan (W. Arnall)..... 1 1
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Chateau Margaux, dam by Partisan, out of Silvertail ... 3 2
Col. Peel's b. f. Malibran, by Whisker..... 2 dr.

FRIDAY, July 19.—**HANDICAP STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—New Mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. *Primendorf*, by Brutendorf, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (E. Wright) 1
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Elvaston, by Sultan, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. 2
Mr. Turnor's Doubtful, by Bilsthorpe, aged, 7st. 2lb. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 10st.; four, 11st.; five, 11st. 11lb.; six and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subs.

Mr. Wesley's *Mantrap*, aged—(Owner) 2 1 1
Mr. Sharman's Fitzwilliam, 4 yrs..... 1 3 3
Mr. Turnor names Doubtful, aged 3 2 2

MATCH.—Mr. Gask's b. m. *Miss Mary Anne*, beat Mr. Wealey's b. g. Brilliant, 12st. each, once round and a distance, 50 sovs. 10 ft.

Lord Exeter's **PLATE** was not run for.

CHELMSFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 23.—**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs. for mares:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 1lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Batson's ch. f. *Revelry*, by Reveller, 3 yrs (A. Pavis) 1 1
Mr. Hunter's br. m. Volage, by Waverley, 6 yrs 2 2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Members of the Southern Division of the County:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, the New Mile.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. &c.

Mr. Wood's ch. c. *Ambrosio*, by Middleton or Waterloo, 4 yrs (G. Edwards) ... 1 1
Mr. White's gr. c. The Ghost, by Gustavus, 4 yrs..... 2 dr.
Mr. Edwards's ch. c. Hyder, by Whalebone or Moses, 4 yrs 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 24.—**THE CUP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st. 1lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Three miles.—The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. &c.—Seven subs.

Mr. Monro's b. c. *Lasarone*, by Partisan out of Trictrac, 4 yrs (G. Edwards) 1
Mr. Batson's b. c. Mixbury, by Catton, 4 yrs 2
Mr. Blake's b. g. Atlas, by Muley, aged 3

THE TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, to start at the Distance Post and go once round.

Mr. Batson's b. f. *Banquet*, by Truffle out of Saffi by a Son of Dick Andrews, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (A. Pavis) 1 1
Mr. White's The Ghost, by Gustavus, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. 3 2
Mr. Wood's *Ambrosio*, by Middleton or Waterloo, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb..... 2 3
Mr. Coleman's Doctor Sewell, 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (bolted)..... dis.
Mr. Pierson's Nonsuch, aged, 9st. 2lb. (bolted) dis.

THURSDAY, July 28.—**THE STEWARDS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. for three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, to start at the Distance Post and go once round.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1833 to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; of three or a

King's Plate, 7lb. extra.—N. B. The winner of King's Plate or Cup Stakes this year, 9lb. extra, and the winner of the Town Plate 5lb. extra.

Mr. Hunter's br. m. <i>Volage</i> , by Waverley, 6 yrs (A. Pavis)	1	1
Mr. Wood's b. f. <i>Sierra</i> , by Wamba, 3 yrs	3	2
Mr. Monro's b. c. <i>Lazarone</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs	2	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of one sov. each, with 50 added.—Heats, the New Mile.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. &c.

Mr. Wood's <i>Ambrosio</i> , by Waterloo, or Middleton, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.	4	3	1	1
Mr. Batson's b. c. <i>Mixbury</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.	1	4	4	2
Mr. Orbell's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (broke down)	2	1	2	dr.
Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	5	2	3	dr.
Mr. Pierson's bl. g. <i>Nonsuit</i> , aged, 8st.	3	6		dr.
Mr. Blake's b. g. <i>Atlas</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb.	6	5		dr.

GOODWOOD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 30th.—**MATCH.**—Lord Exeter's b. c. *Cactus*, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb. (Arnall) beat Lord Conyngham's b. c. *Sir Thomas*, Brother to Blythe, 8st. 3lb. one mile, 100, h. ft.—6 to 4 on *Cactus*.

The **LAVANT STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the July or either of the Two-year-old Stakes at Ascot carrying 5lb. extra.—Half a mile.—Sixteen subs.

Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Sister to Cactus</i> , by Sultan—5lb. extra (Connolly)	1
Lord Egremont's b. f. by Skim out of Caroline by Whalebone	2
Duke of Richmond's br. f. <i>Gulistan</i> , by Whalebone out of Gulnare	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Grant's br. f. by Blacklock out of Duckling; General Grosvenor's b. c. *Pigeon*; Mr. Greville's bl. g. *Kialar Aga*, by Reveller, dam by Raphael out of Tiny; Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Stradbally*, by Reveller or Waterloo, out of *Spermaceti*; Mr. A. F. Berkeley's ch. c. *Robinson Crusoe*, by Helenus out of *Zafra*, Sister to *Zeal*; and General Grosvenor's br. c. by Stainborough out of *Twatty*.—Three to 1 agst *Gulistan*, 4 to 1 agst *Robinson Crusoe*, and 7 to 1 agst the winner.

MATCH.—Mr. Kent's ro. f. *Baleine*, by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 9st. (Boyce) beat Mr. Cosby's br. f. *Pussy*, by Pollie out of Valve, 2 yrs, 6st. 11lb., three quarters of a mile, 100, h. ft.—6 to 4 on *Baleine*.

The **DRAWING ROOM STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with a Bonus by independent subscription of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—Drawing Room Stakes Course—

The owner of the second horse recd. 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner paid 25 sovs. to the Judge.—(Thirty-three subs. to the Sweepstakes and thirty-seven subs. to the Bonus.)

Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. <i>Revenge</i> , by Fungus, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day)	1
Lord Exeter's <i>Cactus</i> , by Sultan out of <i>Dahlia's</i> dam, 8st. 7lb.	2
Colonel Peel's br. c. <i>Young Rapid</i> , by Stainborough, 8st. 7lb.	3

The following also started but were not placed:—General Grosvenor's b. f. *Falerna*, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Gardner's b. f. *Myrrha*, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Cosby's br. c. *The Brave*, 8st. 7lb.; Lord Warwick's b. c. *Trepidation*, 8st. 7lb.; and Lord Egremont's br. c. *Brother to Spermaceti*, 8st. 7lb. The last three did not pass the winning post.—11 to 8 on *Revenge*, 3 to 1 agst *Trepidation*, 5 to 1 agst *Young Rapid*, and 9 to 1 agst *Cactus*.

MATCH.—Mr. Gardner's b. c. *Messenger*, by Partisan, 7st. 11lb. (A. Pavis) beat Mr. Martyn's b. c. *Herrier*, by Merlin, 8st. 2lb. Straight course, about three quarters of a mile, 100, h. ft.—7 to 2 on *Messenger*.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Innkeepers on the road—

Gondolier was to be sold for 150l., the others for 50l. each, and the former carried 5lb. above weight for age.—One-mile heat.

Duke of Richmond's ch. h. <i>Gondolier</i> , by Merlin, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (Boyce)	1	1
Mr. Messer's b. f. <i>Dryad</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.	7	2
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb.	3	3
Mr. Gardner's bl. m. <i>Ida</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 9st. 9lb.	2	dr.
Mr. J. Bacon's <i>Fairy</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	4	dr.
Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone out of <i>Blacking</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.	5	dr.
Mr. Grant's b. f. by Phantom out of <i>Pimlico</i> , Sister to <i>Godolphin</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.	6	dr.

Five to 4 on *Gondolier*; after the heat 4 to 1 on him.

WEDNESDAY, July 31.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 7lb.—Last mile of the Drawing Room Stakes Course.—Five subs.
 Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Weeper*, by Woful, dam by Cervantes (Nat) 1
 Capt. Bulkeley's b. f. *Trickery* (Sister to Bustle), by Whalebone 2
 Six to 4 on *Weeper*.

The **LADIES' PLATE** of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—One-mile heats.—Three subs.

Mr. Gardnor's *Messenger*, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Pavis)..... 1 2 1
 Duke of Richmond's *Gondolier*, by Merlin, 6 yrs, 9st. 9lb. 2 1 2
 Five to 4 on *Messenger*; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on him; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on *Gondolier*.

The **GOODWOOD STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Cup Course.—Eighty-four subs. (12 of whom paid the larger and 58 the smaller forfeit.)

Mr. Biggs's ch. h. *Little Red Rover*, by Tramp, 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (J. Day) 1
 Mr. Rush's ch. g. *Guildford*, by Hampden, aged, 8st. 11lb. (carried 8st. 3lb.) 2
 Sir J. D. King's b. f. *Cinderella*, by Giberlunzie out of Partial, 3 yrs, 5st. 2lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Cosby's br. h. *Donegani*, 6 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Robinson's br. h. *Windcliffe*, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Gully's b. f. *Lady-fly*, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Little Boy-blue*, aged, 3st. 11lb.; Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. *Wassailer*, 6 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; Lord Chesterfield's bl. c. *Tourist*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Rush's b. f. *Rattle*, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb.; Mr. Finch's b. f. *Clara*, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; Mr. Gardnor's gr. c. *Friar Tuck*, 4 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; Mr. Kent's ro. f. *Baleine*, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.; and Mr. Gratwicke's br. f. *Sister to Frederick*, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.—Two to 1 agst *Little Red Rover*, 7 to 1 agst *Tourist*, 7 to 1 agst *Cinderella*, 8 to 1 agst *Windcliffe*, 8 to 1 agst *Clara*, 12 to 1 agst *Baleine*, 12 to 1 agst *Guildford*, 20 to 1 agst *Little Boy-blue*, and 20 to 1 agst *Wassailer*.

THURSDAY, August 1.—The **MOLCOMB STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Sadler's b. c. *Defensive*, by Defence, dam by Selim out of Euryone (Chapple).. 1
 Mr. Greville's bl. g. *Kislar Aga*, by Reveller, dam by Raphael 2
 Duke of Richmond's br. f. *Gulistan*, by Whalebone out of Gulnare..... 3
 Lord Egremont's b. f. *Sister to Tom Thumb*, by Whalebone..... 4
 Four to 1 on *Defensive*.

The **GOODWOOD CUP**, value 300 sovs. the surplus in specie, a subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added by the City of Chichester.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Cup Course.—Thirty-seven subs.

Mr. Kent's ch. h. *Rubini*, by St. Patrick, 5 yrs, 9st. 9lb. (Boyce) 1
 Mr. Greville's b. c. *Whale*, Brother to Grampus, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. 2
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Beiran*, by Sultan, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Cosby's bl. h. *Gallopade*, 5 yrs, 10st.; Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Minster*, 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb.; Mr. Rush's *Roadster*, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb.; Mr. Gully's br. c. *Hokee Pokee*, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Ridsdale's b. g. by Lottery out of Swiss's dam, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb. (bridle broke and rider fell); and Mr. Gratwicke's *Sister to Frederick*, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb.—Eleven to 8 agst *Beiran*, 4 to 1 agst *Whale*, 4 to 1 agst *Hokee Pokee*, 6 to 1 agst *Gallopade*, and 100 to 7 agst *Rubini*.

FRIDAY, August 2.—The **KING'S PLATE** of 100gs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 9st. 13lb.; six and aged, 10st. 4lb.—About three miles and five furlongs.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Whale*, by Whalebone, 3 yrs (Nat) 1
 Mr. Gully's b. f. *Lady-fly*, by Bustard, 4 yrs 2
 Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, aged 3
 Lord Egremont's b. c. by Skim out of Centaur's dam, 4 yrs 4
 Six to 5 on *Whale*, 7 to 2 agst *Lucetta*, and 7 to 2 agst *Lady-fly*.

The **RACING SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—Last mile.—Nineteen subs.

Mr. Forth's b. f. *Marpessa*, by Muley, 8st. 4lb. (Norman) 1
 Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Ketchup*, by Moses out of Mushroom, 8st. 7lb..... 2
 Col. Peel's b. c. *Young Rapid*, by Steinborough out of Young Rhoda, 8st. 7lb. 3
 Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Contriver*, by Partisan—Sister to Scheme, 8st. 7lb. 4
 Lord Exeter's b. c. *Cactus*, by Sultan—Dahlia's dam, 8st. 7lb. ... 5
 Mr. Cosby's br. c. *The Bravo*, by Reveller, dam by Phantom, 8st. 7lb..... 6
 Mr. W. Ley's ch. f. *Partiality*, by Middleton out of Favourite, 8st. 4lb..... 7
 Lord Tavistock's b. c. by Partisan out of Rachel by Whalebone, 8st. 7lb..... 8

The Duke of Richmond's PLATE of 100 sovs. (handicap).—Last mile.

Lord Chestertfield's b. f. <i>Weeper</i> , by Woful, 3 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Gardnor's gr. c. Friar Tuck, by Little John, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Sadler's b. g. Walter, by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	3
Mr. Gardnor's bl. m. Ida, by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb.	4
Mr. Forth's b. c. Gratis, by Middleton, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.	5

Even betting on Weeper.

The WATERLOO PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—To be ridden by Members of the Goodwood Racing Club.—Drawing Room Stakes Course.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Ten subs.

Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. m. <i>Wilna</i> , by Smolensko, 5 yrs, 11st. 8lb. (Owner)	1
Mr. Cosby's br. h. Donegani, by Tramp, 6 yrs, 12st.	2

Ten to 1 on Donegani.

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Members for the City of Chichester :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Brown's br. c. <i>Pumpkin</i> , by Troy, 4 yrs (Nat)	3	1	1
Mr. Messer's b. f. Dryad, by Whalebone, 4 yrs	1	3	2
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. Wassailer, by Reveller, 6 yrs	2	2	dr.
Mr. Berkeley's br. g. Skirmisher, aged (broke down)	4	dis.	

GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. given by the Earl of Lichfield, for the beaten horses :—three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. 9lb. ; five, 9st. 11lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>Ketchup</i> , by Moses, 3 yrs (Pavis)	1
Mr. Cosby's bl. h. Gallopade, by Doctor Syntax, 5 yrs	2
Lord Lichfield's b. c. Minster, by Catton, 4 yrs	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Gully's Hokee Pokee, 4 yrs ; Sir J. D. King's b. f. Cinderella, 3 yrs ; and Lord Egremont's Brother :o Waxlight, 3 yrs.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 6.—The GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—One mile and three-quarters.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Despot</i> , by Sultan out of Fanny Davies (Darling)	1
Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. Charmer, by Swiss out of Fairy	2

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. g. <i>Trident</i> , by Whisker out of Torelli (Darling)	1
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Repeater, by Whisker out of Louisa by Orville ..	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Titus*, by Truffle out of Torelli by Cerberus...walked over.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. :—three-year-olds, 8st. ; four, 8st. 12lb. ; five, 9st. 4lb. ; six, 9st. 7lb. ; and aged, 9st. 9lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Skipsey's b. c. <i>Physician</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Orde's br. c. Tomboy, by Jerry, 4 yrs	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Ostrich, by Buzzard, 3 yrs	3
Mr. Garforth's gr. f. by President out of Marciana, 4 yrs	4

Six to 4 agst Physician, and 7 to 4 agst Tomboy.

WEDNESDAY, August 7.—One-third of the GREAT SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation, for horses, &c. bona fide the property of a subscriber or a declared confederate, for four-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Voluna</i> , by Comus, dam by Prime Minister (Scott)	1
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Trustee, by Catton out of Emma by Whisker	2

Five to 2 on Trustee.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C.—Twenty-six subs.

Col. Cradock's br. c. <i>Emigrant</i> , by Tramp—Falconbridge's dam (J. Day)	1
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Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Lottery out of Marchesa by Comus 2
Mr. Heseltine's b. c. Warlabay Baylock, by Blacklock, dam by Vermin 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. J. J. Jackson's br. c. Lincroft, by Figaro, dam by Wokingham ; Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. by Figaro out of Jack Spigot's dam ; Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. by Figaro, or Lottery, out of Miss Fanny's dam ; Col. Cradock's br. c. Paris, by Whisker out of Homer's dam ; Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. c. by Figaro out of Tartar's dam ; Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Longwaist out of Dulcamara ; Duke of Leeds's br. c. by Blacklock out of Lady of the Vale ; Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock out of Mrs. Rye ; Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Whisker out of Mary ; Mr. Bowes's ch. f. Maid of Lune ; Mr. Dyson's b. f. by Lottery out of Dolly's dam ; and Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. Miss Margaret.—Two to 1 agst Warlabay Baylock, 4 to 1 agst Miss Margaret, and 5 to 1 agst Miss Fanny.

The CORPORATION PLATE of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. ; and four, 8st. 8lb.—Fillies allowed 3lb. ; maiden colts 2lb.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. <i>Allegro</i> , by Jock, 3 yrs (Lye)	6	1	1
Mr. Walker's gr. f. Augusta, by Gustavus, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2
Mr. Garforth's gr. f. by President out of Marciana, 4 yrs.....	5	3	3
Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Isabel, by Catton, 4 yrs.....	4	4	dr.
Duke of Leeds's b. f. Lady Maude, by Jerry, 4 yrs	2	5	dr.
Mr. Clarke's ch. f. Fanny Horner, 4 yrs	3	6	dr.

THURSDAY, August 8.—PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Eighteen subs.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. <i>Lot</i> , by Lottery out of Rhodacantha, 8st. 2lb. (Templeman)...	1
Major Yarbrough's br. c. by Lottery out of Laurel's dam, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Gully's b. c. Frankenstein, by Young Phantom out of My Lady, 8st. 5lb.....	3

One-third of the GREAT SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation :—five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. ; six, 8st. 12lb. ; and aged, 9st.—Four miles.—Eleven subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. h. *Emancipation*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrosan, 6 yrs.....walked over.

PRODUCE MATCH.—Mr. Dundas's br. c. by Chateau Margaux out of Pantomime agst Mr. Gully's ch. c. Stapleton, by Velocipede out of Delphine, 8st. 5lb. each, T. Y. C., 100 sovs., h. ft.—*Off by consent*.

FRIDAY, August 9.—One-third of the GREAT SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation :—four-year-olds, 8st. 3lb. ; and five, 8st. 10lb.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Walker's b. f. <i>Voluna</i> , by Comus—Prime Minister, 4 yrs (Scott)	1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. g. Trident, by Whisker out of Torelli, 4 yrs	2
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Swiss out of Wathcote Lass, 4 yrs.....	3

Six to 4 on Voluna.

The HORNBY STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1830 :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Eight subs.

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. <i>Valparaiso</i> , by Velocipede out of Juliana by Gohanna (Templeman)	1
Mr. Walker's b. f. Velocity, Sister to Velocipede, by Blacklock	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Forester, by Figaro out of Fortuna	3
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. by Blacklock out of Katherina by Woful.....	4

Six to 4 agst Valparaiso, and 3 to 1 agst Forester.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a quarter.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. <i>Belshazzar</i> , by Blacklock out of Manuella (J. Day).....	1
Mr. Walker's br. c. Boscobel, by Chateau Margaux—Miss Craigie	2
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, by Sultan out of Fanny Davies	3
Duke of Leeds's br. f. by Lottery out of Young Mary by Mowbray	4

Five to 2 on Belshazzar.

SILVER TUREEN, value 100 sovs. given by the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Skipsey's b. c. *Physician*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs (Darling)

Mr. Watt's b. f. Nitocris, by Whisker, 4 yrs 3
 Duke of Cleveland's b. h. Emancipation, by Whisker, 6 yrs ... 3
 Seven to 4 on Emancipation, 2 to 1 agst Physician.

Second Year of the RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each:—three-year-old colts, 7st. 2lb., fillies, 6st. 11lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.—Two miles.—To continue in 1834.—Five subs.

Mr. Walker's b. f. Voluna, by Comus, 4 yrs (Scott) 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Titus, by Truffle, 3 yrs 2
 Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Trustee, by Catton, 4 yrs 3
 Seven to 4 on Voluna.

SATURDAY, August 10.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Tradesmen of the City of York:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—A winner once to carry 3lb., twice 5lb. extra.—Heats, one mile.—The second horse to receive 10l. of the Plate.

Mr. R. Johnson's gr. f. Augusta, by Gustavus, 3 yrs (Noble) 2 1 1
 Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. Allegro, by Jock, 3 yrs 1 2 2
 Mr. Robinson's b. f. Bounce, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs 3 3 dr.

HANDICAP of 50l. given by the Hon. E. Petre, M.P., for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Weatherill's b. g. Flambeau, by Grey Malton, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Heseltine) 1 1
 Mr. Wilson's gr. f. Vesta, by Arbutus, 3 yrs, 7st. 2 2
 Mr. R. Johnson's gr. f. Augusta, by Gustavus, 3 yrs, 7st. 3 dr.

BRIGHTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 7.—MATCH.—Mr. Gardner's gr. c. Friar Tuck, by Little John, 8st. 9lb. (Pavis), beat Mr. Martyn's Herrier, by Merlin, 9st., both 4 yrs, one mile, 50 sovs. h. ft.

The BRIGHTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 100 added.—Two miles.—Twenty subs. (eight of whom paid the larger and seven the smaller forfeit.)

Mr. Kent's ch. h. Rubini, by St. Patrick, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (Boyce) 1
 Sir M. Wood's Lucetta, by Reveller, aged, 9st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Gardner's Friar Tuck, by Little John, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. 3
 Mr. Kent's Baleine, by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb. 4
 Sir G. Heathcote's Damascus, by Reveller, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. 5
 Seven to 2 on Rubini.

The SUSSEX PLATE of 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Winners once before or after naming to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., thrice 7lb. extra, Matches and Handicaps excepted.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr. Gardner's bl. c. by Emilius out of Black Daphne, 3 yrs (Pavis) 1 1
 Mr. Smith's br. m. The Witch, by Whalebone, 5 yrs 5 2
 Mr. Clarke's ch. c. Hodge, by Sober Robin out of Gertrude by Amadis, 3 yrs 4 3
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Carnation, by Blacklock out of Norna, 3 yrs 2 4
 Lord Egremont's Sister to Dryad, 3 yrs 3 3

The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Shackel's br. g. Trump, by King of Diamonds, 6 yrs - - 1 1
 Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Doctor Sewall, by Tramp, 5 yrs 2 1 2 3
 Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Contriver, by Partisan, 3 yrs 1 2 dr.
 Mr. Clarke's b. g. by Berodino, 5 yrs 5 4 dr.
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Superb, Brother to Stately, 3 yrs 3 dr.

THURSDAY, August 8.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. given by His Majesty, added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles. Nine subs.

Mr. Cosby's bl. h. Gallopade, by Doctor Syntax, 5 yrs (Arnall) 1
 Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Samarcand, by Blacklock out of Jane, 3 yrs 3
 Sir M. Wood's br. m. Lucetta, by Reveller, aged 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.
Last three-quarters of a mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Gardnor's br. c. <i>Comet</i> , by Whalebone out of Luna (Pavis).....	1
Lord Egremont's b. f. by Skim out of Caroline by Whalebone	2
General Grosvenor's Pigeon, by Reveller out of Wings.....	3
Mr. M. Gray's Sister to Ales, by Whalebone	4
Sir G. Heathcote's br. c. Lorenzo, by Lottery out of Loretta.....	5

The ALBION STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—
Last mile and a half.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Samarcan</i> , by Blacklock out of Jane	1
Mr. Gardnor's Myrrha, by Whalebone—Gift	2
Lord Egremont's b. f. by Skim out of Centaur's dam	3

FRIDAY, August 9.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. :—two-year-olds, 7st. ; and three, 9st. 2lb. : fillies allowed 3lb.—Last three-quarters of a mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Gardnor's br. c. <i>Comet</i> , by Whalebone, 2 yrs (Pavis)	1
Duke of Richmond's Ketchup by Moses, 3 yrs	3

HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Coleman's ch. g. <i>Doctor Sewell</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs, 9st. (Coleman).....	2	1	1
Mr. Clark's bl. c. Raven, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.....	1	3	2
Mr. Kent's Baleine, 3 yrs, 7st.....	3	2	3
Mr. W. Day's br. g. Augur, aged, 9st.	4	4	4

The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs. :—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. 1lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr. Gardnor's bl. m. <i>Ida</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs (Pavis)	1	1
Mr. W. Day's br. h. Donegani, 6 yrs.....	4	2
Mr. Shackel's br. g. Trump, 6 yrs	2	3
Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, 5 yrs.....	3	dr.
Mr. Hodges's ch. f. by Tarrare, dam by Richmond, 3 yrs.....	5	dr.
Mr. Martyn's Herrier, by Merlin, 4 yrs.....	dis.	

DERBY MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 23.—**SIXTY GUINEAS** given by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Derby</i> , by Truant, dam by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (Whitehouse)	-	2	1	1
Mr. Robinson's b. c. by Lottery, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.	-	1	2	2
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Blank, by Lottery, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.....	1	3	3	3
Mr. Broomhead's b. c. by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.....	-	-	4	dr.
Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. Fear, 3 yrs, 7st.	-	-	dr.	
Lord Chesterfield's bl. f. by Chateau Margaux or Comus, 3 yrs, 7st.....	-	-	dr.	
Mr. Foster's b. f. by Bizarre, 3 yrs, 7st.....	2	dr.		

GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10gs. each.—Three miles.—13 subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. <i>Circassian</i> , by Sultan, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Darling).....	1
Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. Giovanni, by Filho, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.....	2
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb.	3
Mr. Chatterton's br. m. Christiana, by Filho, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb.....	dis.

The CAVALRY STAKES of three sovs. 2 ft. with 50 added.—Three miles.—2 subs.
Mr. Drewry's b. m. *Aiguillette*, aged, 11st. 11lb.walked over.

Second CAVALRY STAKES.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Statham's ch. f. <i>Queen Bess</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb.....	1	1
Mr. Chatterton's br. m. Christiana, by Filho, 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb.	2	2

WEDNESDAY, July 24.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—About one mile and a half.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Peel's ch. f. <i>Frenzy</i> , by Bedlamite (Spring)	1
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan	2
Mr. Ellis's b. c. by Figaro out of Lady Fulford	3
Mr. Thornhill's f. by Woful out of Mandoline.....	4

The FAT BUCK STAKES of 5gs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for horses not thorough-

bred, heats, two miles, was won at two heats by Mr. Foster's b. m. *Pessima*, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. (Jackson), beating three others.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—About half a mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Partridge*, by Buzzard, dam by Filho 0
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Rutland, by Sultan out of Belvoirina 0
Mr. Massey's ch. f. by Peter Lely out of Mermaid 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Middleton out of Ambiguity; Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Lottery out of Novice by Young Filho; and Mr. Orde's b. f. by Figaro, out of Harriet by Stripling.

After the dead heat Partridge walked over, and Mr. Houldsworth and Mr. Peel divided the Stakes.

SOUTHAMPTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 23.—The **SOUTHAMPTON STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 50 added from the Fund.—The second horse to receive back his Stake.—Two miles.—Fourteen subs. (three of whom paid the larger and six the smaller forfeit.)

Mr. Biggs's ch. h. *Little Red Rover*, by Tramp, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day) 1
Mr. Henley's br. f. *Cecilia*, by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. 2
Mr. Messer's b. f. *Dryad*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 7st. 3
Mr. Chamberlayne's b. c. *Tarquin*, by Moses, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb. 4
Mr. Reeves's br. m. *Harlot*, 6 yrs, 7st. 8lb. 5

MAIDEN PLATE of 50l. given by the Ladies of Southampton:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 150l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Sainsbury's br. c. *Easton*, by Luxborough, 3 yrs (P. Percy) - 1 1
Mr. Gauntlett's br. f. *Dusky*, by Luxborough, 3 yrs 1 2 2
Mr. James's b. f. by Sligo, 4 yrs - - 3
Mr. Smith's Fairy, by Partisan, 3 yrs 3 3 dr.
Mr. Balchin's ch. f. *Pamela*, 4 yrs - - dr.
Mr. Hewitt's Zebra, by Partisan, 4 yrs - - dr.

The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, for regular hunters not thorough-bred, two-mile heats, Gentlemen riders, was won at two heat by Mr. Sadler's *Latitat*, aged, beating three others.

The **HACK STAKES** of three sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, heats, once round and a distance, was won at three heats by Mr. Hopkins's *Shortcrist*, beating three others.

The **SILVER CUP**, the gift of J. Fleming, Esq. for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Farmers and Tradesmen in the Southern Division of the county of Hants, was won at two heats by Mr. Hewitt's *Vixen*, 6 yrs, beating two others.

WEDNESDAY, July 24.—**MATCH.**—Mr. D. Radcliffe's br. m. *Lady Betty* beat Capt. Codrington's Miss Martineau, one mile and a quarter, 50 sovs.

The **GOLD CUP** of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for regular hunters:—four-year-olds, 10st. 10lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.: half-bred horses allowed 7lb.; maiden horses, 5lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Scotland's br. h. *Sorub*, by Pyramus, 6 yrs (Gen. Wyndham) 1
Mr. Wreford's br. m. *Wilna*, by Smolensko, 5 yrs 2
Capt. Williamson's br. g. *Bittern*, 5 yrs 3

HANDICAP STAKES of three sovs. each, with 50l. added.—The second horse to receive 10l.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Messer's b. f. *Dryad*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 6st. 12lb. 0 1
Mr. Taunton's b. f. *Prosody*, 3 yrs, 7st. 3 3
Mr. Reeves's m. *Flora*, by Cannon Ball, aged, 8st. 5 4
Mr. Hewitt's Zebra, 4 yrs, 6st. 7lb. 4 dr.
Mr. Pearson's m. *Country Lass*, 6 yrs, 7st. 0 2

Dryad and *Country Lass* ran a dead heat, but the latter being disqualified, *Dryad* claimed the heat.

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Members of the Southern Division of Hants:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 8st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Scotland's br. h. <i>Scrub</i> , 6 yrs (S. Mann).....	4	1	1
Mr. Balchin's ch. f. <i>Pamela</i> , 4 yrs.....	1	3	2
Mr. Henley's br. f. <i>Cecilia</i> , 4 yrs.....	2	2	dr.
Mr. Smith's br. m. <i>The Witch</i> , 5 yrs.....	3		dr.

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Innkeepers of the Town, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—The second horse to receive 10l. ;—three-year-olds, 7st. 6lb. ; four, 8st. 12lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Six subs.

Mr. Henley's br. f. <i>Cecilia</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 4 yrs (Percy).....	1	1	
Mr. Chamberlayne's b. c. <i>Tarquin</i> , 4 yrs.....	2	2	
Mr. Sainsbury's br. c. <i>Easton</i> , 3 yrs.....	4	3	
Mr. Messer's b. f. <i>Dryad</i> , 4 yrs.....	3		dr.

The SILVER CUP, given by T. Chamberlayne, Esq. for horses not thorough-bred, was won at three heats by Mr. Hewitt's br. m. *Pizen*, aged, beating two others.

KENDAL MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 23.—PLATE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Mace's b. f. <i>Laurel Leaf</i> , by <i>Brutandorf</i> —Walton, 4 yrs, 8st. (Ferguson).....	2	1	1
Mr. Wilkin's b. g. <i>Ecclefechan</i> , by <i>Waulanajah</i> , 4 yrs, 8st.	1	2	2
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. by <i>Caccia Piatto</i> out of <i>Pecunia</i> , 3 yrs, 7st.....	3	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 sovs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Nicholson's br. g. by <i>Corrector</i> , dam by <i>Newcastle</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. (<i>Jaques</i>)	1	1	
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by <i>Cleveland</i> , dam by <i>Atlas</i> , 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb.	2	2	
Mr. Williamson's br. m. <i>Jessy</i> , by <i>Cacambo</i> , aged.....	3	3	
Mr. Walker's br. g. <i>Captain Broke</i> , 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb.	4	4	

WEDNESDAY, July 24.—CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. with 20 added.—Two miles and a distance.—Five subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Vrygan</i> , by <i>Canteen</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (<i>Templeman</i>).....	1		
Mr. Brookes's b. f. <i>Maid of Melrose</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.....	2		
Col. Cradock's b. c. <i>Brother to Homer</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.	3		

PLATE of 50l.—Heats, two miles.

Sir J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb. (<i>Templeman</i>)	3	1	1
Mr. Oaten's b. f. <i>Venus</i> , by <i>Lottery</i> , 3 yrs, 7st.....	1	3	2
Mr. Walker's b. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	2	2	3

THURSDAY, July 25.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added. Heats, one mile and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Oaten's b. f. <i>Venus</i> , by <i>Lottery</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (<i>Dodgson</i>).....	1	1	
Mr. Wilkin's b. g. <i>Ecclefechan</i> , by <i>Waulanajah</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.....	2		dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 7 sovs. each, with 15 added.—Heats, one mile and a distance. Three subs.

Mr. Williamson's ch. h. <i>Dr. Fraser</i> , by <i>Tramp</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (<i>Ferguson</i>) ...	1	1	
Mr. Mace's b. f. <i>Laurel Leaf</i> , by <i>Brutandorf</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.	2	2	
Mr. Robinson's b. f. <i>Miss Branch</i> , by <i>Corinthian</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.	3		dr.

BRIDGNORTH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 24.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 added from the Fund, for horses that never won 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Price's b. m. by <i>Master Henry</i> , dam by <i>Spectre</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 1lb. (<i>Hardy</i>)	0	1	1
Mr. Giffard's b. g. by <i>Brutandorf</i> out of <i>Polly Oliver</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.	0	2	dr.
Mr. Moss's b. g. <i>Doubtful</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Fuller's b. f. <i>Nell Gwynne</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb.....	3		dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. f. by <i>Pantaloon</i> out of <i>Eliza</i> (<i>Lear</i>)	1		
Mr. Fuller's b. f. <i>Nell Gwynne</i>	2		

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Tomes's b. c. by *Sir Gray* out of *Mishap* (fell) ; Mr. Foster's b. c. *Philosopher*, by *Astrologer* (fell) ; and Mr. Davis's ch. f. by *Tamworth*, dam by *Merlin*.

The MEMBER'S PLATE of 50 sovs. the gift of R. Pigot, Esq.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Moss's br. f. by Lottery, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (Harris) 1 1
 Mr. Smith's br. c. Parthenon, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. 2 2

THURSDAY, July 25.—The GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—The second horse to save his stake.—Three miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. *Russell*, by Corinthian—Creeping Kate, aged, 8st. 11lb. (Calloway) 1

Mr. Davis's b. m. Miller's Maid, aged, 8st. 11lb. 2

Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray out of Mishap, 3 yrs, 7st. 3

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 added.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. T. Pryse's ch. m. *Dandina*, by Young Pavillon, 6 yrs, 10st. 13lb. (Arthur) 1 1

Mr. George's ch. m. Acco, by Manfred, 5 yrs, 9st. 12lb. 4 2

Mr. Price's b. m. by Master Henry, dam by Spectre, 5 yrs, 9st. 12lb. 2 3

Mr. Painter's ro. g. by Cydnus, 4 yrs, 9st. 5 4

Mr. Moss's b. g. Doubtful, aged, 10st. 8 lb. 6 5

Mr. Child's ch. g. Heir at Law, 5 yrs, 9st. 12lb. 3 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, the gift of T. C. Whitmore, Esq. for horses that never won more than 50l. at one time.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom—Bustard, 4 yrs, 8st. (Arthur) 1 1

Mr. Davis's b. m. Miller's Maid, aged, 8st. 10lb. 2 2

KNUTSFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 30.—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—The second horse to save his stake.—Two miles.—Three subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *The Controller*, by Filho, 8st. 2lb. (Templeman) 1

Sir W. Wynn's br. c. by Waxy Pope or The Duke, out of Racket, 8st. 5lb. 2

PIECE of PLATE value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Committee :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 7st. 12lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—The second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the subscription.—Three miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. Bower's b. f. *Lady Stafford*, by Comus, 4 yrs (Dodgson) 1

Mr. Nanney's b. h. Penrhos, by Rowliston, 6 yrs. 2

PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses that never won a Plate of that value :—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 7st. 12lb. ; five, 8st. 6lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Sir T. Stanley's bl. c. *Eugene Aram*, by Banker, 4 yrs (Templeman) 3 1 1

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Kitty Fisher, by Bravo, 4 yrs. 1 2 2

Mr. Armitstead's ch. f. Miniature, by Teniers, 4 yrs 2 3 dr.

Mr. Ogden's b. f. Priscilla, by Tarragon, 4 yrs - 4 dr.

Mr. Palin's b. c. Shuttlecock, 3 yrs - dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 31.—The PROVER STAKES of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—A winner during the week once to carry 3lb., twice, or more, 5lb. extra.—Once round and a distance, to start at the distance-chair.—Eight subs.

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. *Caractacus*, by Conductor, 5 yrs (Templeman) 1

Mr. Bower's b. f. *Lady Stafford*, by Comus, 4 yrs 2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb.—Fillies and Geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once this year before the day of entry to carry 2lb., twice 3lb., thrice 5lb. extra : a loser once allowed 2lb., twice 3lb., thrice 5lb.—The second horse to receive 10l. and have his stake returned.—Heats, about one mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. *The Prince*, by Figaro, 4 yrs (Thompson) 2 1 1

Sir T. Stanley's b. f. Miss Lytham, 4 yrs. 1 3 3

Mr. Turner's b. c. by Figaro, 4 yrs 3 4 2

Mr. Leigh's br. c. Osman, by Muley, 4 yrs 4 2 dr.

The YEOMANRY CAVALRY SILVER CUP, value 50gs. with 10 sovs. added for the second horse, given by Lord Grey of Groby, was won at three heats by Mr. Davis's ch. m. *Miss Fanny*, 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb., beating four others.

THURSDAY, August 1.—SIXTY POUNDS :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Dawson's ch. g. *Pestilence*, by Cleveland, 4 yrs (Templeman) 3 1 1

Mr. Nanney's br. c. Captain Watlie, by Champion, 4 yrs 1 3 2

Mr. Palin's Pluralist, by Ambo, aged. 2 2 dr.

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